HOW THE WAR DEBTS CAN BE PAID

BY SENATOR ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

JUNE 16,
1934

Liberty

5¢

*Printed
in Canada*

JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

TROUPER — A Story of Love Behind the Footlights

by HELEN TOPPING MILLER

How 'bout a cooler one?

Summer afternoon. Cool drinks. Cool clothes. *Cool smokes!* For the knowing ones are learning that Spud's gentle menthol-coolness does for old-fashioned tobacco what a bit of a breeze does to the noonday sun.

Spud's secret. It's menthol, but not menthol in the *smoke.* Spud's tiny bit of menthol does its work *in the cigarette,* by simply *cooling* the smoke. So Spud offers just pure tobacco goodness, *with the heat taken out.*

Spud
Menthol-Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

25c THE PACKAGE

ROCK CITY TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED, QUEBEC

"Dandruff was driving me crazy"

I tried every kind of treatment but still my head and scalp itched and burned something fierce.

Next my hair began to fall out. I got worried thinking what a funny-looking fellow I would be, bald.

On top of that it seemed every time I went anywhere I wanted to look my best, those miserable particles of dandruff would drop off on my coat shoulder where everybody could see them.

In desperation, I called up my old friend Doc Harvey, and he gave me a swell tip. "Try Listerine," he said, "it worked wonders for me."

The Doc's advice is usually pretty good so I took it; everything to gain, nothing to lose. Out came the Listerine.

I let the old bean have it—full strength—and then put the scalp through a tough massage for about 15 minutes.

Did that Listerine go to work! I'll say. You could almost hear the dandruff flakes as they hit the floor. My scalp felt marvelously clean.

Boy, did I feel swell! That awful itching and burning was relieved at once and my scalp felt as cool as a cucumber.

Two or three days later I found a trace of dandruff when combing my hair so I repeated the treatment and waited for results.

It's three months now since I have used Listerine and my scalp and hair have never been healthier. Listerine sure did a job for me.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff, if your scalp feels hot and itchy, try Listerine now. Don't wait. Literally thousands of men have demonstrated to their satisfaction how quickly Listerine attacks ordinary cases of loose dandruff It has often triumphed even against stubborn cases, but usually such cases are best treated by dermatologists.

NOT A TRACE OF DANDRUFF SINCE USING LISTERINE

LISTERINE
LAMBERT

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *Toronto, Ont.*

PRODUCED IN CANADA

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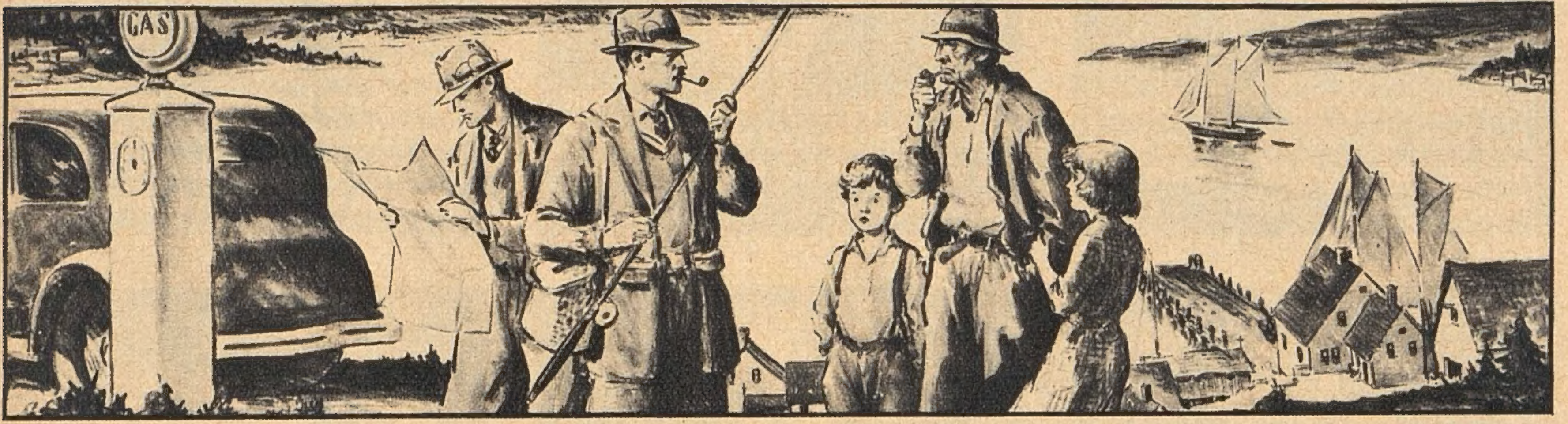
A SOB-SISTERLESS EDEN



DOWN among the picturesque Gaspé fisher folk is an object lesson for this sometimes too sophisticated world.

Last summer we stopped in one of their tiny villages for a filling of gasoline. The genial old mariner serving us was volubly concerned at his inability to make change for the ten-dollar bill we tendered. He was desolated in causing us this delay, but would we graciously await *l'assistance des confrères?* Half an hour later, with half the village in his wake, his straw hat disgorged a torrent of quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies—but mostly pennies. The total liquid assets of the little hamlet had obviously been recruited for this momentous occasion!

The villagers surrounded us, bestowing admiration, quite unmixed with envy, upon our dusty automobile. How guiltily we remembered that the car now commanding such excessive regard was the same " old bus " which occasioned us secret shame each time we parked alongside the opulent sleekness of our neighbors' motors. There was a touch of reverence in their timid fingering of our gleaming fishing rod and reel. And again the hot flush of guilt assailed us as we recalled the bitterly disconsolate mood in which we had purchased the second-best while we yearned for more de luxe equipment far beyond our means.

Pathos and grandeur were woven into this little drama. Here was a village with cash resources of less than ten dollars, and they didn't even feel sorry for themselves. Indeed, there was an unaffected happiness radiant in each weather-beaten face. Their cheery *bons voyages* would have been understandable in a community celebrating some fête of great plenty. They were quite beyond our ken in this isolated village, constantly facing the brutal actualities of its everlasting impoverished state.

Wealth and poverty alike are only relative terms. To most of us poverty consists of a lesser degree of wealth. It often simply means the sacrifice of a new car, radio, suit, gown, or permanent wave. What many of us would deem dire poverty would be affluence for these simple fisher folk.

What do the majority of us know of courage? We grow faint-hearted in a land which a bountiful nature has blessed with an overwhelming abundance. The Gaspésian remains stout-hearted in pursuit of the barest necessities of life, wrested laboriously from sullen seas or from the barren farm lands.

What do most of us know of neighborliness? " Love thy neighbor as thyself " is an almost forgotten philosophy in a world where individuals and nations have promoted the destructive doctrine of " Every man for himself." The Gaspé villager hasn't attained that stage of cultural development which culminates in this type of ruthless individualism. He still believes in the half-forgotten virtues of neighborliness, of community fellowship, of coöperative faith.

Yes, picturesque Gaspé has been left far in the rear of civilization's onward march of progress. And it would appear that they are still enjoying many of the virtues and values of life which our more sophisticated civilization abandoned long ago in favor of less old-fashioned modes of human behavior.

Pity the isolated Gaspé villager, so far away from the kaleidoscopic ebb and flow of modern life—that is, if you believe he is to be pitied more than you. He knows nothing of technocracy, bureaucracy, demagoguery, or any other fancy offshoot of the hectic thinking of the day. The comets of rising dictators and the falling stars of dying dynasties are none of his concern. The great depression was no news to him, simply because he has suffered a 300-year-old depression that he would be amazed to know had actually existed.

The Gaspésian's unawareness of his sad plight is due mainly to the fact that he is too busy enjoying what life has given him to worry unduly about what it has denied. Furthermore, professional reformers, maudlin sob sisters, and soap-box orators find these potential converts situated inconveniently far afield. Hence these humble fisher folk are denied the rather doubtful privilege of having themselves depicted as objects of self-pity.

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Sisters . . .

She LET LIFE CARRY HER ALONG

She MET LIFE AND CONQUERED IT

Is a Woman's lot HARD?

(IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE WOMAN)

● One woman blindly accepts all the hardships and lets life carry her along unresisting. *Her* lot *is* likely to be hard.

Another woman . . . possibly her own sister, and *probably* a bit younger . . . is not afraid to face the problems from which the older one shrinks. Marriage, feminine hygiene, the use of poisonous antiseptics—all these the younger women *investigate* and *understand.*

For many years there was no choice. A woman seeking for real, surgical cleanliness necessarily used a poisonous antiseptic. There was nothing else!

IT TAKES THE DANGER OUT!

Doctors and nurses have welcomed a new discovery that takes the danger out of feminine hygiene. Think of it! An antiseptic-germicide that carries no fear in its intimate use, and no threat to small children at play in the house! The name of this new "find" is *Zonite,* and its fame has spread rapidly over mountain, plain and valley, until women even in the smallest villages are telling each other about it.

It has long been the custom to measure the strength of all antiseptics by comparison with carbolic acid. Judged in this way, *Zonite* is far more powerful than *any dilution* of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body, yet carbolic acid is a deadly poison, while the action of *Zonite* is gentle and soothing.

With Zonite there is no de-sensitizing of delicate membranes. It leaves no areas of hardened scar-tissue. Zonite is pure, and it is safe at all times. Zonite is a giant in strength, but it is a gentle giant!

COMES IN THESE TWO FORMS

You can get Zonite in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both.

Give the news to your friends about Zonite, for sale at all drug stores, or send for the booklet which has been prepared in order to give frank, scientific information. Use the coupon below. Write today.

FACTS for WOMEN

Don't pass this booklet by

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below:
☐ Facts for Women
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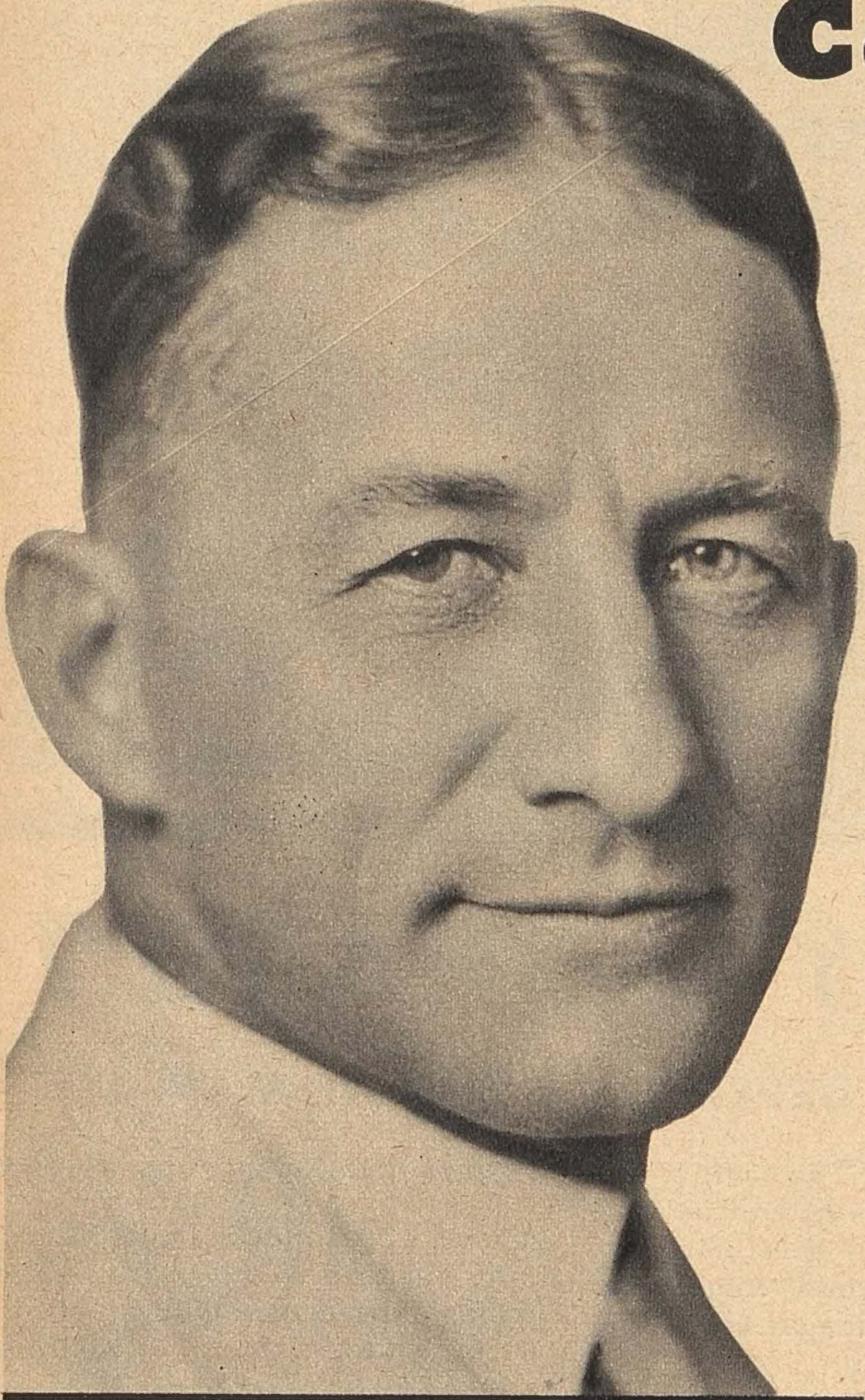
How the WAR DEBTS can be paid



Let's Clear Away the Smoke Screens of Diplomacy and Propaganda and Have a Look at the Facts, Says

ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

United States Senator from Indiana

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SENATOR ROBINSON DECLARES—

Cancellation is unthinkable. World peace is involved. So is future world credit.

We are being thwarted by diplomacy and by international bankers devoid of patriotism.

Europe can and will pay if we insist; but Europeans have been so hypnotized that they actually believe America is imposing an unjust burden and American public opinion favors cancellation. These fallacies must be corrected.

EUROPE can pay her war debts to the United States—if she will! And she will if America insists on payment.

Everybody admits the debts are due and should be paid. Every one knows that the obligations were contracted by the debtors and promises given in good faith for their payment. The only question suggested by even the most outspoken apologists for the debtors is, how the debts can be paid.

With traditional craftiness and greedy cunning, European diplomats have wielded their insidious powers of cajolery and deceit in an effort to saddle the American taxpayers with twelve billions in debts and thereby relieve their own countries of their honest responsibilities.

Europeans and others say that we are involved in world economic chaos; that the dollar, the pound, and the franc are unstable; that relatively steady currencies threaten to become unsettled and that world finances are in too much confusion to admit of sensible and clear-cut debt-settlement discussion. The real fact is, however, that Europe should pay and can pay, and that the American people are insistent that this be done.

We are being blocked and thwarted by two great forces which tend toward cancellation, or at least reduction, of the war debts.

First, there are debtor nations who resort to every expedient known to diplomacy, and to every argument known to sophistry, to conceal the real issue and their capacity to pay. So successful have their manipulations been that they have already done much whittling and unless we are on our guard will do much more.

Second, there is the international banker who wishes to protect his foreign private investments and his opportunities for additional financial operations in the foreign field. He is devoid of patriotism. His selfish interest drives him to propaganda that has only cancellation for its ultimate purpose.

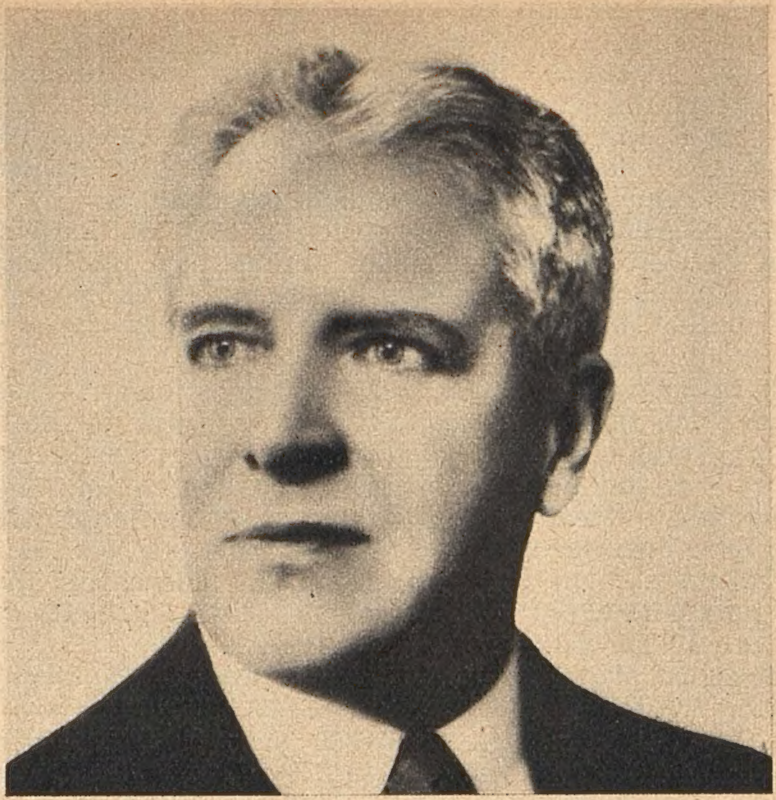
These two forces, one abroad, the other here, have been directing their efforts toward convincing the American people that the debts cannot be paid,

The Canadian Viewpoint

by Sir HENRY L. DRAYTON, K.B., K.C.

CANADA is not nor ever was involved in this war-debt problem, but is greatly interested nevertheless in a removal of all blocks to a restored prosperity. War debts, plus the hoarding of gold by the United States and France, have contributed more than any other causes to the present condition of international trade and the dislocation of international exchanges. These two destructive factors have been against the interests of all nations. They have killed the purchasing power of those countries with whom the United States formerly had flourishing trade. They have contributed enormously to the sad burden of unemployment resting on the United States.

The Senator complains about nonpayment. How can these war debts be paid to a country now possessing an enormous oversupply of gold—to a country which insists on gold payments, not in goods or surpluses? If payment could be made it would but add to the difficulties of President Roosevelt, who has already set aside two billion dollars for the purpose of stabilizing foreign exchanges. It is apparent that his policies favor a cheap, not an expensive, dollar. The purchase in gold of American exchange would inevitably defeat this objective.



The underlying causes back of the existence of war debts appear to have been lost sight of by everybody. I happened to be in Washington at the time when the United States entered the war. Her generally accepted position was in conformity with the principle that the American Republic, being a peaceful nation, was ill equipped for war, hence could not contribute fighting forces at a moment's notice. It was said at that time: "America will supply the necessary ' silver bullets ' to enable the war to be carried on until our own fighting forces are properly mobilized and equipped." The United States supplied the money. The Allies, the men. Is money alone of real value?

The American Republic is unique in many respects—particularly so with regard to the fact that historically she is the first great power to wage war without personal representation for many months on a fighting front. During this period hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers were killed and wounded. And during this same period a similar number of lives were saved the American Republic.

The agreements entered into show a startling disregard for the values of human life, for the cost of human suffering. In the spirit of an awakening recognition of the right of humanity in the light of the principles of President Roosevelt's declarations on his New Deal for men and women, no such agreement could today be entered into.

Proper consideration would be given the American lives saved and no effort would be made to obtain a return of the moneys that saved these lives.

meanwhile assuring Europe that public opinion in the United States favors cancellation. The net result is deception on both fronts, and a question raised about a matter wherein there should be no real controversy.

The campaign being conducted is selfish in inception and engineered from motives of greed. A verbal smoke screen is employed and the real issue obscured. Helpful in the campaign is the use of such high-sounding phrases as "international recovery," "economic reconstruction of the world," "trade revival," etc. When any of these magic phrases is used, note well the agency using it and examine its economic stake in the war-debt question.

The major need today is to show Europe that the American taxpayers not only expect but insist that these debts be paid. Cancellation is unthinkable. Let it be borne indelibly in mind that cancellation in any event is an utter impossibility. The fact is that the debts have been contracted and the money has been loaned to Europe. Some one must pay the bill. If Europe does not pay, the American taxpayers will. Cancellation is no panacea whereby the debts can be forever obliterated.

Furthermore, world peace is involved in the question. The war hounds of the earth are more than baying at the moon. Cancellation would have a tendency toward breaking the chains and releasing the beasts. Burdens which now act as checks against aggression would be removed. The danger of war in the Orient is too imminent and friction is too strong in Europe to permit us to release bonds that may be holding in leash another world catastrophe.

Again, cancellation would thoroughly undermine world credit. International promises to pay would become mere scraps of paper. Confidence would be gone and, in future years, even though a country were facing death it would be unable to borrow.

The war debts are of two classes—for money loaned to the Allied powers for prosecuting the war, and for that loaned for reconstruction purposes after the signing of the armistice November 11, 1918.

The debts were incurred in good faith by the Allied nations, who at the time of borrowing gave their solemn promises to pay. Their promises were represented by demand obligations of the respective debtor nations.

These demand obligations were later replaced by their own bonds. The United States Treasury now holds more than eleven billion dollars of such issues.

To make the burden easier for Europe to bear, and upon their urgent solicitation, America entered into funding agreements with the debtor nations, as a result of which we accepted their own versions of their capacity to pay, wrote off more than six billion dollars, and gave them sixty-two years in which to complete payment.

The bonds held by our own people represent obligations which the United States government must pay, and if our debtors discharged their obligations to us in full, in keeping with the funding agreements, our loss on the foreign loans would still be enormous.

Where are we today on the war-debt question?

Under the funding pacts, payments are due in semiannual installments. The conduct to date of the principal debtors is an index to the success of the debt-cancellation propaganda. Great Britain, whose word of honor had never been questioned in the family of nations, paid her last full installment December 15, 1932. Thereafter she made only partial or " token " payments, an aggregate of less than 10 per cent on the installments due.

France has proved to be an outright ingrate. Notwithstanding the fact that America went to her rescue when she had her back to the wall, she has defaulted, even though her treasury was bulging with gold. She has refused even to make a token payment. She will, of course, live to see the day when she will regret having broken her word of honor. Her sanest statesmen see this clearly. France will need friends in the next ten years as no other nation needs them. Where will she find assistance the next time?—and there will be a next time!

Italy has made token payments. But token payments fall far short of discharging the obligations.

Of all our debtors only one has shown the proper sense of honor and duty—little Finland. She has met her obligations promptly with payments in either United States bonds or dollars, all according to the terms of the debt-funding agreements. She has paid on the spot. This good-faith course of conduct on the part of Finland while other and mightier nations have defaulted will redound to the fame and good name of her people forever.

What a contrast is Finland's course to that taken by France, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, and Russia!

But, the propagandists ask, how can we collect the debts if they refuse to pay? Well, first of all, it is well to keep in mind that Europe can and will pay if we insist on it; but deceitful diplomacy based upon political considerations, together with cancellation propaganda and demogogy, is making our task exceedingly difficult. Europeans have been so hypnotized by the chicanery and false logic of their politicians that they actually believe this country is imposing an intolerable and unjust burden in asking payment of obligations made in good faith!

Furthermore, propaganda here and abroad has saturated them with the fiction that American public opinion favors cancellation. These fallacies must be corrected.

We have already made great concessions. We wrote off more than six billion dollars in the funding agreements. Then we gave them a respite of one year through the moratorium. We allowed them to pay installments last year in depreciated silver. Finally, the recent devaluation of the American dollar has had the effect of canceling an additional five billions. In common decency, what more can they ask?

Token payments should undoubtedly be discouraged. Acceptance of such insignificant sums on account inevitably lends encouragement to the hope that in the end we might consent to drastic reductions, if not complete cancellation. The device has been used as a face-saving instrumentality for Britain and other powers. But the time has arrived for a firm policy on our part. We have the bonds of the debtor nations in our Treasury. Let us

The War-Debt Picture Today, according to a Statement Furnished the United States Senate by the Treasury Department

	Total indebtedness	Amounts not paid according to contract terms			
		Total	Original funding agreements		Under moratorium agreements (Joint resolution of Dec. 23, 1931) (amount)
			Principal	Interest	
FUNDED INDEBTEDNESS (JULY 1, 1932-Jan. 4, 1934)					
A. Countries which have made payments in full of amounts due:					
Finland	$8,726,645.63	....	....	....	....
B. Countries which have made payments on account of amounts due, July 1, 1932, to Jan. 4, 1934:					
Czechoslovakia	165,283,195.35	$2,852,898.61	$2,670,085.83	....	$182,812.78
Great Britain	4,636,157,358.30	176,120,246.63	32,000,000.00	$134,399,481.58	9,720,765.05
Greece	32,583,338.65	1,379,690.83	694,000.00	605,384.00	80,306.83
Italy	2,008,103,288.76	13,687,010.12	12,300,000.00	490,854.24	896,155.88
Latvia	7,312,658.38	286,462.10	47,500.00	223,687.84	15,274.26
Lithuania	6,554,544.23	221,169.92	39,705.00	167,781.66	13,683.26
Rumania	63,871,783.49	1,048,750.08	1,000,000.00	....	48,750.08
Total	$6,919,866,167.16	$195,596,228.29	$48,751,290.83	$135,887,189.32	$10,957,748.14
C. Countries which have made no payments on account of amounts due, July 1, 1932, to Jan. 4, 1934:					
Austria	$23,757,934.13	$34,767.23	....	....	$34,767.23
Belgium	411,166,529.09	11,309,453.88	$4,200,000.00	$6,625,000.00	484,453.88
Estonia	17,784,695.59	989,985.29	135,500.00	817,900.00	36,585.29
France	3,960,772,238.30	82,308,312.22	21,477,135.00	57,784,297.50	3,046,879.72
Germany (reichsmarks converted at $0.2382)	724,186,740.53	959,377.17	....	595,157.59	364,219.58
Hungary	2,051,938.61	114,628.64	25,070.00	85,333.06	4,225.58
Poland	222,560,466.43	12,317,829.71	1,625,000.00	10,236,600.00	456,229.71
Yugoslavia	61,625,000.00	525,000.00	525,000.00	....	....
Total	$5,423,905,542.68	$108,559,354.14	$27,987,705.00	$76,144,288.15	$4,427,360.99
Total under funding agreements	$12,352,498,355.47	$304,155,582.43	$76,738,995.83	$212,031,477.47	$15,385,109.13
UNFUNDED INDEBTEDNESS					
Armenia	$20,313,416.66	$20,313,416.66	$11,959,917.49	$8,353,499.17	....
Nicaragua	416,550.13	416,550.13	289,898.78	126,651.35	....
Russia	337,223,288.14	337,223,288.14	192,601,297.37	144,621,990.77	....
Total unfunded indebtedness	$357,953,254.93	$357,953,254.93	$204,851,113.64	$153,102,141.29	....
Total	$12,710,451,610.40	$662,108,837.36	$281,590,109.47	$365,133,618.76	$15,385,109.13

give them to understand, once and for all, that the bonds will remain there until the debts are paid. If they are not paid we will still have the bonds, and knowledge of that fact will save us untold billions of possible bad foreign loans during the next century.

Some apologists insist that payment can be made only in goods and services. This theory is not tenable.

Present trends indicate that we are in an era of intense and veritably rabid nationalism. Practically every major country is well embarked on such a policy, expressed in "quotas," "embargoes," "tariff walls," etc. The nations are well on their way toward economic warfare.

The importance of the American market in this connection must not be underestimated. The internationalist's arguments are based upon the premise that foreign trade as compared to our domestic trade is all-controlling. Such is not the case. According to trade figures of the past few years, the American market consumes from 90 to 93 per cent of our total output. Moreover, recent figures indicate that foreign nations are trying to flood us with their goods, while we are finding little outlet in foreign markets. The years 1923-25 are taken by many as the base comparison years in all efforts toward recovery. This period is considered a "normal" period. Yet the volume of total imports for the five months from July through November of last year averaged 95 per cent of the 1923-25 import base! For finished or fabricated products the import totals for the same period were 83 per cent of the old base.

We cannot safely accept any more imports. An increase would only further demoralize us economically. The field of reciprocal tariff bargaining is virtually precluded from consideration, for two reasons: first, the growth of nationalism makes it utter folly to attempt to bargain; second, adoption of the National Industrial Recovery Act has made it more imperative than ever that we keep out foreign products which would be inimical to American labor and industry.

Payment in services offers little hope. The plan is wholly impracticable and is significantly put forward largely by those who favor ultimate cancellation.

But there are other means by which the debts can be paid. First, and most important, they can and should be paid with gold or its dollar-purchasing equivalent. While it is true that the gold supply of the world is strictly limited, it is likewise true that the time given for payments extends over sixty-two years, with relatively small semiannual installments required. These can be readily met on a gold basis by every country concerned.

THE international gold market is never completely dominated by any country. There is a constant ebb and flow of the precious metal between nations. All have some, and the capacity to purchase dollars is always far in excess of the actual gold supply of any power. Hence, all of the debtor countries can provide themselves with enough dollars to meet this semiannual installment, and without doing violence to their budgetary requirements.

When Great Britain went off the gold standard in September, 1931, press reports indicated she had but a few million pounds of the precious metal. Yet, last year, the world was electrified to learn that she had accumulated the largest supply of gold in her history—more than eight hundred million dollars. She now has a tremendous equalization or stabilization fund—how much of this is in gold we cannot say. Besides, she has a never-ending supply coming from South Africa, and India is a veritable treasure house for the British Empire.

France is reputed to have a gold stock of more than three billion dollars. Except the United States, her supply is greater than that of any other nation.

Italy too and indeed all other debtors could pay their honest obligations without any great difficulty.

While the debts could and should be paid in gold, this is not the only means available. When a debtor really desires to pay his obligations, he is willing to turn over his assets to his creditors. Our debtors have valuable territories, some right by our front door. Some adjustment might be made in this manner.

For example, Great Britain's empire embraces many areas that could be offered to the United States as partial payment. We might not accept the tender, but it would at least show her good faith. For instance, she has holdings in the Western Hemisphere which offer possibilities as payment: namely, Bermuda, islands in the Caribbean and elsewhere. In the West Indies are the Bahamas, Barbados, Jamaica, Turks and Caicos Islands, Cayman Islands, Leeward and Windward Islands, Trinidad and Tobago. All of these, of course, would not be acceptable; but some might be.

Should this method be considered by the contracting parties, however, the United States would need to be alert. Some territories we would not want. On the other hand, certain islands in the West Indies have no great intrinsic value but might mean much to our national security—certainly when it comes to safeguarding the approaches to the Panama Canal.

That some nations have given thought to possible settlement of this kind is evidenced by reports that England and other debtors have considered offering us some of their Pacific possessions. But it is by no means certain that America desires to be bothered with any more Pacific holdings.

GREAT BRITAIN and France both realize that the situation in the Far East is serious. Present conditions offer a twofold reason for these powers to relinquish certain islands in the Pacific. If they could palm them off on the United States as part payment of the war debts, they would be killing two birds with the same stone.

We should have to be very wary if such a deal were proposed. But there are holdings that might have some attraction for us.

France has territorial possessions in excess of four and a half million square miles, some of which is protectorate territory. She has certain territorial areas in the Caribbean which might be considered.

Cession of Guadeloupe and Martinique would take her partially away from our front door; cession of St. Pierre and Miquelon would remove her from proximity to the New England coast.

Transfer of capital account, too, might be mentioned as a possible method of payment. By capital account are meant, here, tangible (excluding territorial) possessions, cables and cable connections, armaments, landing fields, munitions (though not strictly capital goods), rights or concessions like leases of oil fields, etc., security issues—in short, financial assets as well as tangible goods which represent physical assets.

For example, all debtor countries have issues of securities floated in their respective dominions. The increment on those issues inures to the nation exercising sovereignty. Some of the proceeds of this increment could be charged against the issuing country and transferred to the United States. Of course the issuing country would have to make revisions in its budget; but here is a possibility.

Certain other securities are scattered about the world. These, in turn, could be so directed as to inure to the American people.

Some of the debtor countries hold important cable connections which might well be used by the United States. They could be ceded.

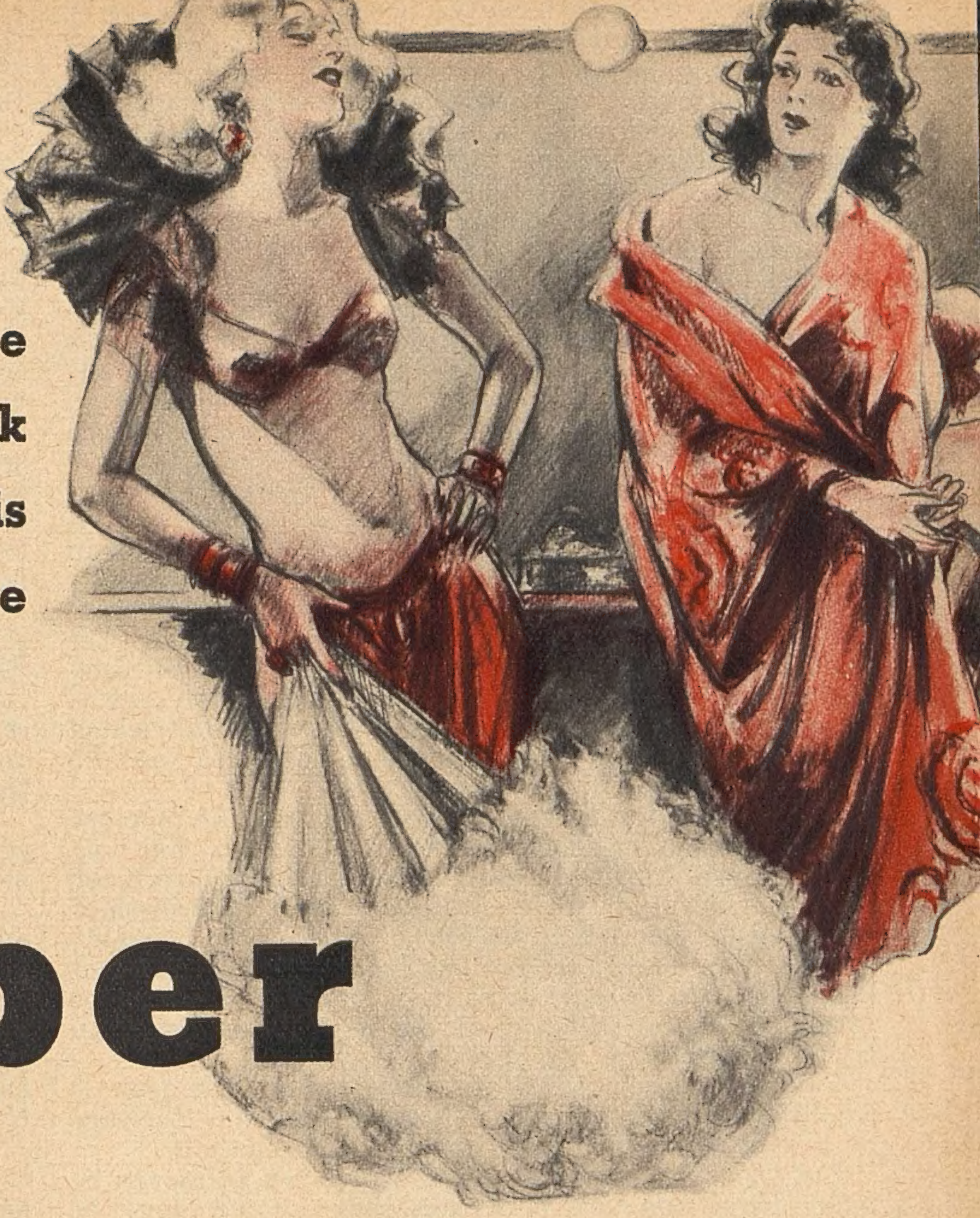
Had America not come to the rescue of European nations with men and money, a tremendous capital levy would have been necessary. This levy would have amounted to confiscation in the most extreme degree. Is there anything illogical about suggesting a mild form of capital levy at this time to repay these loans?

If transfer of bombing planes, warcraft, all manner of usable armaments not obsolete and the type that is assessable in definite monetary terms, were considered, care should be exercised that no harm came to our own industrial or employment situation.

But why go on? The debts can and should be paid. Furthermore, the installments will be met regularly just as soon as the debtor nations become convinced that we mean business. In the interest of the American people, already burdened as never before, our debtors should be given definitely to understand that there will be no further cancellation or reduction.

THE END

A Small-Town Girl in the Glare of Broadway . . . A Boy from Back Home—and Another . . . Here is a Deeply-Moving Story of Love Behind the Footlights



Trouper

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

ON either side of the round mirror a great light burned, hot and stark and merciless.

The heat of the bulbs made little moist places on the edge of Lucy's hair, threw haggard shadows under her eyes. She dabbed away the moisture with a make-up towel, dealt with the shadows with powder and a smear of white.

A painted dimple deftly inserted with a stick of blue eye shadow relieved the desolate drag of her mouth, but there was nothing that could be done for the wretchedness in her heart—nothing whatever.

The letter from Bruce was tucked in her purse. A casual letter enough, like all the letters she had from Bruce—except the last line: " May get up to New York before long," ran that last blithe line. The print of it, in letters of ice, was cold on her breast, freezing her with panic.

Down the long table the other girls were making up for the fan dance. One by one they stood on the bath towel while Cleo painted their thighs and shoulders with white liquid powder.

Unclothed and naïvely unembarrassed, they turned and posed, snapping the fasteners of the brief bits of jeweled fabric they wore, standing in line while Mrs. Gentry passed out the huge blue fans that smelled always of moth balls.

Lucy worked absorbedly with her eyelashes so that Billie and Carita would take their turns on the towel ahead of her. She suffered even when there was no one to see but Cleo, and Cleo, with the gentle sensitiveness of the African, suffered too.

Cleo knew quality when she saw it, knew that Lucy was different from Billie and her hard and casual sisterhood. She deferred to that difference delicately.

" Sure is a shame you got to ac' in a show like this, Miss Lucy. Nice girl like you. But these days the show business all shot to pieces—look like a girl got to take anything she can git."

" That's true, Cleo. I'm not complaining."

" Honey, got a burn on you' wrist. I got to white that out."

" I cook on a little electric stove—I'm always burning myself."

" Mmm-m! I bet you ain't never cooked at home, Miss Lucy."

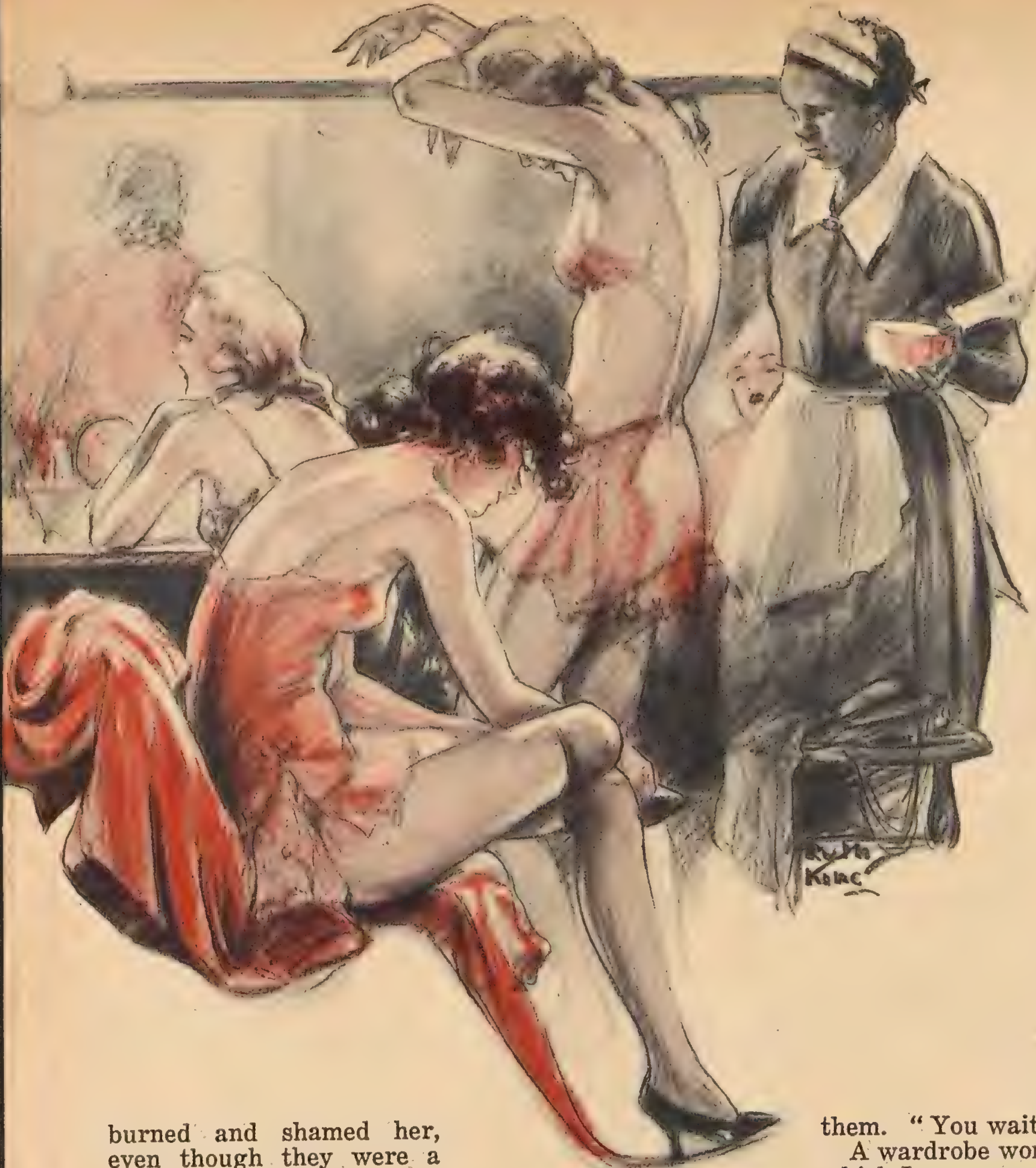
They could talk like this when Billie and Carita and the other girls had gone downstairs. It eased the dreary misery of this job for Lucy Waring.

Once you got into one of Crawford's shows you were booked for fifty-two weeks solid, unless you got fat or broke an ankle or something. Swell scenery and expensive lighting effects and the best orchestra in New York—and here was this Lucy Waring from down South, picked out of an old Russian show or something, crabbing because she couldn't wear tights.

" Dearie," Billie would say patiently, " you gotta remember this is New Yawk."

" My gosh ! " was Carita's reaction. " You'd ought to go back home, dearie, and lead the B. Y. P. U. You're too pure for this show ! "

Carita did not know, of course, that there was no going home. No home any more, except the little room she rented from Mrs. Mellichamp for dad; no money, except the little pension he had now from the bishop's relief fund. And Bruce. More and more the thought of Bruce was becoming an agony. It was the eyes of Bruce, so blue, so sure, that pierced and impaled her every night when the white spotlights sought her out—impaled and



Down the long table the other girls were making up for the fan dance. One by one they stood while Cleo painted their thighs and shoulders with white.

burned and shamed her, even though they were a thousand miles away.

Bruce thought she was still playing with Ellin Jervis's company. He did not know that in an opportune hour—just as Ellin Jervis was desperately searching the town for another backer—a producer named Levine, who was a right-hand man of the great Crawford, had wandered into Ellin's little theater and seen Lucy Waring playing a slave girl against a background of blue velvet.

"And because Levine liked my legs," Lucy told her mirror bitterly, "dad can have broiled mackerel and popovers and the other things he loves."

Poor old dad, with his saintly forehead, his gentle eyes, and his clouded, wavering mind! Dressed in his vestments, as rector of St. Paul's, he looked benignly out of a silver frame at his daughter, her body gleaming like moonlight, dressing herself in a fragmentary width of satin and two gold butterflies for her part in the revue.

At least Levine had not put her in a chorus. She had a good bit and she worked with gentle Luke Lindsay, the comedian, who happened to be the favorite of Broadway at that moment.

Lucy stepped into her gold ballet slippers and waited while Cleo fastened the laces. Then she held out her hands for the wide gold shackles and the musical linking chain. Levine had liked her as a slave girl, so somebody had written a foolish pantomime as a vehicle for Luke Lindsay.

Always she suffered, going down those iron stairs. She knew that this was foolish. The stage hands and electricians in the wings were blasé; an alabaster body more or less was nothing to them. They knew Lucy only by her smile. The men who had children thought she smiled like a child, and those who remembered old mothers thought her smile maternal. And the young ones who were in love smiled back with the lips of some other maid in their minds—which describes Lucy Waring better than I can do.

AT their entrance Luke Lindsay was waiting. He had on the vast turban, the absurd pointed shoes, the scarlet puttied nose and trick eyebrows which were already famous on Broadway. But over the nose his eyes smiled at her. Eyes like her father's eyes, gentle, brown; the sort of eyes in which pain often so patiently drowns itself.

"Raining," he said, "like a fire hose!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Lucy. "Of course I haven't any umbrella."

"I've got one," returned Luke, as the fan dancers whisked past them. "You wait for me."

A wardrobe woman held out the great velvet square in which Lucy wrapped herself. Later, with a clanging of drums and much absurd pantomime from Luke, she would drop this protecting robe and the light would find and sear her—Lucy Waring, who had once read little pale-lavender poems at the meeting of the Guild of St. Agnes—standing now white-limbed and brazen before the eyes of New York.

Sooner or later some one from home would be in the house. Jake Horowitz of the Racket Store; Van Quigley, president of the baseball club—men like that saw all the revues. She could almost see them out there, grinning. Hear them retailing the account to Bruce. The parson's girl acting in a leg show!

In the blackout at the end of their act she heard Luke Lindsay whisper, "Wait for me. Downstairs."

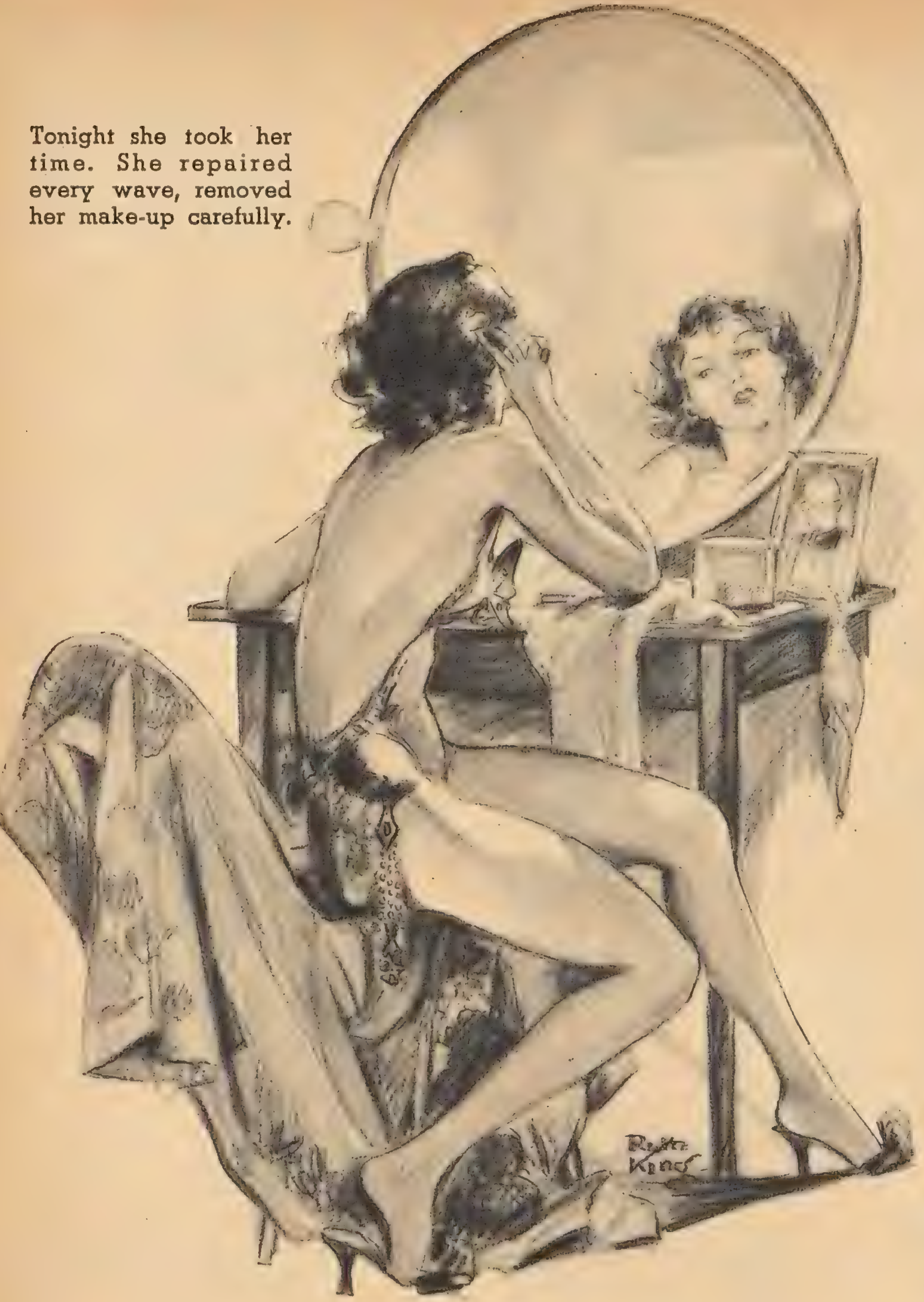
Always she hurried into her street clothes as into a refuge. But tonight she took her time. She repaired every wave with a hairpin, removed her make-up carefully, dressed at leisure. Luke had to work in the finale. He would be late. Billie and Carita edged through the door, maneuvering the silk-and-wire wings they wore in the helicopter number.

"Lord, the house is rotten!" grumbled Carita. "School-teachers and lady buyers—all sitting on their hands!"

Lucy smoothed her eyebrows and made a little round curl on her cheek. Then, because it looked like Carita, she brushed it back again.

by HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH KING



Tonight she took her time. She repaired every wave, removed her make-up carefully.

"What you waiting for?" Billie inquired. "Got a date?"

"She's waiting for Lindsay," said a fan dancer. "I heard him ask her."

"Is he taking you to supper, Waring?"

"No, he isn't. He's taking me to the street car—under his umbrella."

"He would! Did you ever see him in his street clothes? He may be famous on—but *off* he looks like something that doubles in brass!"

IN his street clothes Luke Lindsay did have a wistful, countrified look. His coat was smart but he wore it apologetically, as though it belonged to some one else. This attitude of apology colored everything he did. He even apologized for the rain, as though it were somehow due to his personal neglect.

"No taxis," Lucy smiled at him. "I take the surface car. And don't feel contrite about the rain. I like it."

He beamed gently. He was younger than she had thought, she noted; it was his shyness that made him stiff.

"I thought all girls hated rain," he said.

"You've met the wrong girls."

"I've never met any—except around shows. I was going to Tobins'—they have grand pancakes there and I like pancakes on wet nights. Would you go with me?"

"I'm sorry—I couldn't tonight. You're being very nice to me, saving my poor hat from the deluge."

They passed a window full of books. Luke edged near it.

"Mind if we look a minute? I never can pass a book."

"You should meet my dad," Lucy said. "If ever the library burns he'll have to be carried out, all unawares, lost in the delightful anæsthesia of a book."

"You don't belong in the show business," he said abruptly. "I knew that."

"I'm in it," she protested. "I hope I belong."

"No, you don't. Only people like me, who grew up in it, belong. I grew up in vaudeville." His eyes took on again that look of patience, of hurt trodden down to still depths until it died. "My mother and father were comedy dancers. They were always taking me out of school to work in the act. I started to draw a map of the world once, and I had to go on the road and do ten weeks on Shuster's wheel—I never did get Asia in. I've always wanted to finish that map."

THEY were passing glittering windows full of beautiful things, and Lucy thought briefly of Bruce. At night, going home along this shining street, she usually thought of Bruce. She would marry him sometime, probably. When she had money enough to make dad comfortable; when Bruce had put his cotton business on its feet.

She would have a tall old house with magnolias and crêpe myrtles in the yard, and sometimes perhaps she would come to New York with Bruce and walk along this street—but Bruce would not walk diffidently as Luke Lindsay did. Bruce stalked grandly, every inch of him arrogant with demands for the best the world had to offer.

But he was dear. Gorgeous to look at and dear!

The rain fell faster. "Look here," Luke exclaimed, "you're spoiling your shoes! Hey—taxi!"

Before she could protest he had thrust her into a taxi, snapped the umbrella shut, leaped in after her.

"Some of these drivers aren't specially reliable," he explained. "I'll ride out with you. Tell him where to go."

"You'll miss your pancakes," Lucy demurred.

"Oh, I gave them up when you wouldn't go with me. Pancakes are sociable things—like circuses and peanuts. You can't enjoy them alone."

Lucy gave way to a wild impulse. "I can make pancakes—if you'd like to come up to my apartment."

"Can you cook sausages?" he asked eagerly.

"Sausages—and coffee."

"Hey, fellow—stop at the next delicatessen! I knew you didn't belong in the show business."

"Oh, most women like to cook things. We may climb and reach for stars but we always keep a tight hold on blue dishes and dusters."

Package-laden they climbed the stairs to her little third-floor flat.

"One room and three holes," she had called it in her letters to Bruce. The one room was so small that when the bed came out of its den in the wall there was scarcely room to walk around it. The kitchenette admitted one person—sidewise. There were two chairs and a table that had to be a desk at times. The asthmatic radiator wheezed foggily. The wall held a portrait of Lucy's Charleston grandmother in a walnut frame, and there was no litter of signed photographs, no dressing table dusty with powder, no atmosphere of the theater. This was a place which belonged to that Lucy Waring who had written adolescent tragic little plays for the Drama League at home.

From the moment Luke Lindsay picked up the bundle of laundry on the threshold, he was at home.

He hung his own slicker in the bathroom, set the dripping umbrella in the tub. Then, very simply, he took down a book from a shelf and was lost in it. Lucy set the little table quickly. She had brought a few things from home—silver, the fine napkins the missionary to Turkey had given to her mother, and her grandmother's etched goblets.

She tossed the sausages into a pan, put the percolator to bubble. When the homely perfume filled the air Luke looked up to grin at her, but he did not offer to come into the kitchen and make masterly gestures with a fork as Bruce would have done. When she called him to supper he came gravely and pulled out her chair.

“No woman ever cooked a meal for me before,” he said.

“Not even your mother?”

“I don't believe my mother ever saw a cooking stove. We used to buy things at a delicatessen sometimes—ravioli and buns and buckets of chili. We'd eat them in the room after the show—but nothing like this. I've missed a lot,” he added wistfully.

“But you've had success,” she reminded him. “You're Luke Lindsay.”

“Yes, I'm Luke Lindsay. I get billed in twenty-four-sheets. I'm not complaining. I'm just gloating over my present luck. You wouldn't take a nice boarder, would you?”

“Sorry, the house is filled. Besides, I don't take troupers. They get grease paint on the towels and practice hoofing on the polished floors and there's never anything in their trunks but old clippings and photographs. Have another pancake?”

HELEN TOPPING MILLER

started writing in her youth and sold her first short story in 1910. Since then, she says, she has had stories published in every magazine in the country but one. She has lived so widely and diversely that she is listed on tax rolls as a “citizen at large.”

He took two. His hands were long and slender and quiet. Bruce was always tapping pencils on his thumbnail, emphasizing arguments with a pointed finger, gesturing. But Bruce crackled with nervous energy. He had to fight for what he got, he always told her. She found herself telling Luke Lindsay about Bruce.

“And does he like the show business?” he asked.

“He likes success,” declared Lucy. “At home, people think I have succeeded. I was with Ellin Jervis last year, doing gloomy things from the Norwegian. This year I'm not so intellectual.”

“But they don't know that?” he supplied quickly.

“They wouldn't understand. You see, Bruce has had a struggle. Cotton crashed after the war, then his father died, leaving a lot of debts. My father began failing—it's palsy. He had to give up his parish. It's a little town—provincial— But of course Bruce has a fine mind.”

“He has a noble sound,” said Lindsay. “I infer that you rather like him.”

“Oh, I'm going to marry him,” said Lucy Waring.

LUKE nodded. “He'll take good care of you. These masterful men take good care of their women. I always wanted to be masterful. I ended up being funny.”

“And I,” mourned Lucy, “wanted to be the American Duse. And I ended up doing slaves—in a half ounce of wardrobe!”

“Take another pancake,” advised Luke Lindsay.

Life was like that, Lucy thought. You yearned for high places, for the wild wind upon your lips, for the restless stars—and somebody offered you—pancakes!

“I hated being funny,” Luke went on without looking at her. “Once, when I was younger, I got the idea that I was a fairly decent chap. I liked the slant of my nose, and somebody told me my eyes were noble. I hated painting a rube mouth and blacking out my teeth and puttying my nose. I hated a splay-foot walk and baggy pants.”

“As I hate legs!” Lucy added feelingly.

“I went on—hating everything,” he pursued; “hating my job—blowing shows, sore all the time. Then one day a little man with a knobby head and sad eyes blew in to a matinée. I was mad—I didn't care whether anybody laughed at me or not. But this little guy laughed. He didn't want to laugh—I could see he was fighting it—so I tried to make him laugh harder. He fought me—all through the show. He wiped his forehead and buttoned his coat. He hated laughing. But at last I won. Afterward he came back—”

“Grateful patient?”

“Well, it was more than that. He'd planned to kill himself that night. He had the stuff in his pocket. His wife had died—he was crazy about her and all broken inside, couldn't stand it any longer—ready to crack—nerves all shot. But after he began laughing he got another angle on things. He saw then how she'd hate to see him beaten—how she'd want him to have courage. He gave me the stuff he had—four ounces of carbolic acid. I keep it in my trunk. Sometimes when I get low I take it out and look at it.”

“I'd need gallons and gallons of carbolic acid,” sighed Lucy. “But maybe some discouraged soul will see our show some night and behold me—all jeweled and shameless—”

“Then,” said Luke Lindsay simply, “he'll see beauty and go away a little richer than he came.”

A WARM wave flowed over the girl's face. “You make it sound lofty. If only I can make myself believe it!”

“Why can't you believe it?” he demanded. “If you think a thing is beautiful, that makes it beautiful. And if you believe in it, other people will believe in it too.”

“An elegant way of saying that if I walk on like a hussy I am one? And if I convince myself that I'm something done by Phidias I become flowing marble and poetry and grace?”

“An elegant way of saying that very thing. Didn't your father ever tell you things like that?”

“Oh, dad's an old saint. He'd never see that Carita and Terese and Babe had hard, predatory little faces and voices like money clinking on marble. He'd think they were brave little creatures out fighting an unsympathetic world.”

“He'd be half right,” argued Lindsay—“and we need a lot of saints.”

“He thinks I'm a gallant crusader,” she said. “He sees me riding among sword blades like Joan of Arc, in a white helmet and shield.”

Luke Lindsay's eyes grew meditative. Lucy read his thought. He was seeing her like that—helmet and buckler, fleur-de-lis, white limbs, white horse, flowing hair. Riding against a heraldic back drop with trumpets and a roll of drums. Good theater! She felt let down heavily, as from a height.

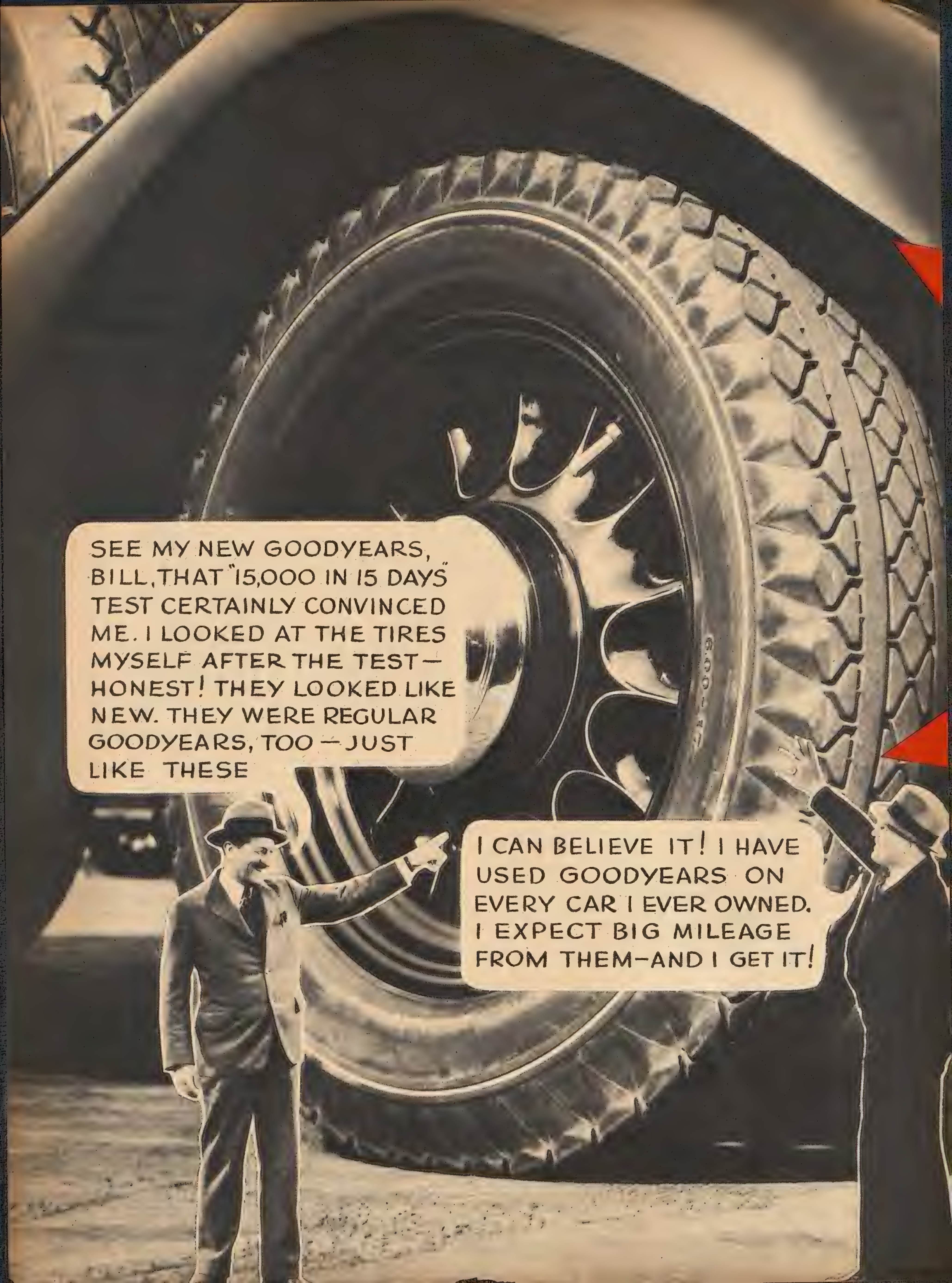
After a little Luke went away. Lucy pushed the dishes together, set the butter on the ice, brushed her hair. Luke had said, “Good-by, friend!”

When she met him in the wings next night he said, “Hello, friend!” And when their cue came he looked at her and said, “Marble by Phidias!”

Lucy breathed deeply and went on buoyantly, courage pricking her veins like fire. When she dropped her velvet wrapping and faced that stark revealing light, she did not wince. Her manacled hands upflung, her hair lying softly on her shoulders, she posed and seemed to feel beauty flowing in every vein, making her splendid. There was a little ripple, then the house gave her a hand. Luke clapped his hands comically, cutting a clowning caper.

But back in the dressing room she felt a desire to weep. She dressed quickly and slipped away. She had a feeling that Luke would be waiting for her, and something within her was on guard against the wistful claiming of his eyes. The man who told you his small secret loneliness chained your heart with a steel thrall, if it was tender, and she wanted to be free. She wanted to think.

(To be concluded next week)


SEE MY NEW GOODYEARS, BILL, THAT "15,000 IN 15 DAYS" TEST CERTAINLY CONVINCED ME. I LOOKED AT THE TIRES MYSELF AFTER THE TEST— HONEST! THEY LOOKED LIKE NEW. THEY WERE REGULAR GOODYEARS, TOO — JUST LIKE THESE
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And they weren't special 'racing' tires, remember. Just standard All-Weather tires—taken from a dealer's stock. You can buy them at any Goodyear dealer's and get just the same outstanding performance.

GOODYEAR

How I'll Lick CARNERA

A Revealing Self-Portrait and a Last-Minute Prophecy by the Blithe and Confident Challenger Who Hopes to Win the Fistic Crown This Month—A Left to the Solar Plexus Will Do It, Says

MAX BAER

as told to Curley Grieve

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IT was a blistering hot night in the Yankee Stadium just one year ago this month. The din of 50,000 howling voices was no gentle lullaby as I tried to snatch a few winks of sleep in my dressing room.

I had no sooner closed my eyes in peaceful slumber than my trainer, Mike Cantwell, delivered a couple of hearty digs to my ribs. " Come on, boy, it's time to put on the gloves," he growled.

" Professor " Billy McCarney, acting for his partner Joe Jacobs, manager of Max Schmeling, came in to watch me dress my hands and put on my gloves.

Billy was deadly serious. As he turned his head I whispered loud enough for him to hear:

" Don't put that in my glove—McCarney's watching."

Billy nervously rushed to my side and peered into the glove. As I doubled up in laughter he must have thought I was crazy. Ten minutes before the fight that was to mean a shot at the world heavyweight championship I was perpetrating an insignificant joke.

Ready for the ring, I took a long puff on a cigarette, grabbed Cantwell by the shoulders, and remarked:

" Come on, Mike, let's stroll down the avenue."

And so we went down through the aisles, into the ring, and face to face with Schmeling.

I knocked him out in the tenth round. I thought I would do it. Something seemed to tell me:

" Just paste him in the jaw and it will all be over."

That's what happened.

With a little variation, the same fate awaits Primo Carnera when I meet him in New York June 14. Only this fight won't last ten rounds.

No, it's not empty conceit. I believe in myself. I think I'm going to be the next heavyweight champion of the world—and I'll make a million dollars out of that title in the first year. I need it. I'm busted.

I've heard something about predestination. It seems to fit my case exactly. I was cut out to be the heavyweight champion. My destiny was sealed when I was a gawky country boy attending my first dance. I was nineteen years old, lived in Livermore, California, and aspired to be nothing more than a first-class butcher and rancher, like my father.

I remember the incident vividly. I was dressed in a sweat shirt with Colleen Moore's picture on the back. The dance was just outside the town of Galt.

Near the hall a big beefy man was painting a church tower in the dusk. In the back of his automobile was a bottle of burgundy. It disappeared as if by magic down our gullets. Then the bottle was returned to its hiding place—but not before he spotted the raid on his stimulant.

He rushed up and started for me. I was the biggest and, to his mind, the ringleader. Before I realized his intent he smacked me on the jaw, sent me reeling against the car, picked me up, and tossed me carelessly over his shoulder to the ground.

My blood surged. " I'll fight you fair! " I challenged.

A ring was chalked with a shoe and both of us stepped into it. He rushed blindly at me. I wound up my right like King Levinsky does—but I didn't know it then—and connected with his jaw. He crumpled up.

That incident was the turning point in my life. I saw myself as world heavyweight champion.

I have never lost confidence in myself since that day. On my first trip East in 1931, with experts ridiculing me, I held unwaveringly to the thought: " I'll be champion some day."

Even my mother was forced at times to laugh at what to her probably were ridiculous boasts but to me were merely assertions of what was to come.

One day before I had appeared in a professional ring we were riding past the Oakland Auditorium. Over it, in brilliant lights a block long, was the announcement of the fight that night. I turned to her and remarked:

" Some day, ma, my name will be in those lights."

It was a serious, sober statement. I must be a prophet. For my name has been there—many times. And in lights on Broadway as well.

I had just as much confidence for my first professional fight as when I met Schmeling.

It took place at Stockton, California, June 16, 1929. My opponent was Chief Cariboo, a relic of the ring.

I boldly consumed two bottles of pop and went to the dressing room with my father. Next door to me the Chief was quietly donning his tights.

I started to sing and whistle to annoy him. In between these musical endeavors I fired stinging shots at his fancy black-and-white shoes and huge feet.

I turned to dad and said, " I've got his goat already. Now I'll get some sleep."

I lay down and slept until we crawled into the ring and then proceeded to belt him out.

For that fight I got thirty-five dollars, ten of which went to my manager.

Speaking of huge feet, the flatboats of Carnera would make Cariboo's hoofs look like a ballet dancer's. And Primo is more sensitive about his. He almost swung at my chin for a few gentle comments on their gigantic size down at Miami last winter, while he was training for the Tommy Loughran bout.

Loughran, by the way, is one of the only five men who have beaten me. He did it in 1931 when I was too inexperienced to cope with his deftness.

BEFORE that bout I received a letter containing an apple seed and a blond hair. "If you carry these in your glove, you can't lose," the letter read. Like all fighters, I am superstitious. I decided to do it.

That night—well, I never saw so many left hands in my life. And I stupidly sat in my corner trying to shake the seed and the hair out of the glove!

Before the fight with Max Schmeling I received a truckload of luck charms and talismans—ranging all the way from rabbit's feet to a medicine man's bullet-proof salve from the jungles of Africa. If I had worn them all I would have collapsed before reaching the ring.

I always pull the right glove on first, wear the same dressing robe into the ring, and use white laces in my shoes.

Though I was cut out to be a fighter, as a kid I was a coward and a sissy. My sister did my fighting for me in those days.

My father and mother attribute that to the influence of a gentle grandmother who abhorred boxing.

Whatever it was, my fleetness of foot saved my nose from many pastings. But when I was ten years old my mother decided it was time for me to save more shoe leather and less skin. I can still remember when she said: "Mickey"—she still calls me that—"if any one picks on you, you fight back."

The next day I came home on the gallop, with a threatening youngster at my heels. She was standing at the gate. "Go in and change your shirt and come back and fight him," she commanded. I changed my shirt and came prancing out. But the kid had disappeared. It was a moral victory only, but from that time on I did no more running.

I was large for my age and strong. I worked from the time I was big enough to wield a hammer. Dad insisted it was the best way to keep me out of trouble, for even then I had the uncanny knack of getting into more trouble than a guy who leads with his chin.

I have never been able to shake that jinx. Every time I turn around I expect to find a process server. While training up at Lake Tahoe recently, I innocently chopped down a pine tree. Two days later I was arrested for destroying a forest preserve.

My first job was making lard crates and pork-loin boxes at Durango, Colorado, where dad managed a packing plant. I was seven and one half years old. From that I was graduated to trimming sausage meat. When we moved to Hayward, California, I helped my father kill calves and hogs. From Hayward we moved to Livermore. My shoulders broadened. It was no trouble for me to lift, swing, and carry a quarter of beef over my right shoulder. That chore built up my right side more than my left. But it gave me a strong supple body.

The first day I walked into a gymnasium at Oakland, Ray Pelkey, former boxer, said to my father:

"That kid has a million-dollar body."

It was shortly after we moved to Livermore that the incident of the pilfered burgundy crystallized my ambition. From that point on, I was determined to be a boxer. Dad scoffed at the idea, even though at one time he had similar ambitions which terminated abruptly when grandmother threw his gloves into the well.

"I've seen a lot of fighters and they all wound up as bums," he declared.

"You let me fight," I pleaded, "and if I don't get to the top I'll quit."

My mother settled it. She seemed to realize what I felt. She gave me my first encouragement. She made dad give in. She has never ceased helping me.

After my fight with Frankie Campbell, in which he lost his life, I had no heart to hit an opponent on the jaw. The picture of the dying Campbell would rush through my mind. That worry, I think, was responsible for failures on my first trip East.

It haunted me. When I fought Tuffy Griffith in Chicago I felt like jumping out of the ring. The crowd sensed I was carrying Tuffy. So did the referee and judges and the commission at the ringside.

I saw them whisper to Ancil Hoffman, my manager, and he told me between rounds: "If you don't knock him out they'll hold up your purse and suspend you."

I did it—with fear in my heart.

WHEN it was all over I went into Griffith's dressing room. I was so glad to see him recovered and alert that I cried like a baby.

Before I went East to fight Schmeling, my mother changed my outlook. "You and Schmeling are evenly matched," she said. "Everybody thinks Schmeling will beat you. He's the favorite. So now is no time to be chicken-hearted. You go in there and knock him out and bring me back the gloves you do it with."

She has the gloves. To her they symbolize the championship. Although Jack Sharkey held the title at that time, ma considered Schmeling the real champion.

Two months ago she told me:

"I'd give anything in the world to see you fight and whip Carnera. Won't you let me, son?"

I had to shake my head.

My mother has never seen me fight and I never want her to. She doesn't insist because she thinks it might bring bad luck, or make me nervous. Dad will be with me in camp and at the ringside.

But I'm drifting away from my story. Once both mother and father agreed to let me box, I wasted no time. First I needed equipment, and I had no money. I got a job in a gravel pit. It paid me fifty cents an hour. From dawn until dark I labored, coming home so tired at night I could hardly drag the dirty clothes from my back. But that rhythmic shoveling made my muscles long and smooth, and strengthened my legs.

I SAVED up $200. Then, with my mother and sister, I went to Oakland to buy gloves, punching bag, heavy bag, and tights. As I pulled those new-smelling gloves over my hands I felt as if some one had condensed the world into a little heap and thrust it into my lap.

In an old barn on the ranch I fashioned a gymnasium. The kids of the neighborhood gathered here each night and we whaled each other crudely. After watching one session pop made a decision:

"Son, you don't know anything about boxing. I'll take you down to Duffy's gymnasium in Oakland. You can see real boxers work out and you'll learn right."

Duffy's was the first gymnasium I had ever been in. On my first two excursions there I was too bashful to unpack my bag. Then I started to train and learn.

That was in 1929—only five years ago.

And just two days short of five years from my first professional fight I expect to be champion of the world!

During those five years I have fought forty-seven times. I have dropped five decisions, three of which have been erased by later victories. I also lost two fights on a foul.

I've never been on the canvas, or even dazed. The hardest blow I was ever struck occurred in the second round of the Schmeling fight. He smacked me flat on the nose with his right.

I seemed to feel my beezer spread out like a pancake—but I didn't lose my balance.

Since 1929 I've made $250,000.

I haven't a dime to show for it.

It's no joke that I'm cut more ways than a jig-saw puzzle. Money that didn't go for managerial direction or lawsuits just dribbled through my fingers.

This story is about me as a boxer—not as a lover—so I'm not going into the affairs of the heart. But they cost me plenty. I've been sued so often that I'm going to ask for a written release before saying, "Can I have the next dance?"

In a recent lawsuit in Sacramento my financial mistakes became public property. A few of the items are:

Real estate $23,000 (all definitely lost).

Automobiles $30,000 (sixteen-cylinder cars).

Attorney fees $10,000 (from New York to San Francisco).

Settlements on
Suits $8,000 (more pending).
Divorce $2,250 (a real jolt).
Total $73,250.

Realization that a fight holds no financial gain is not cheerful. Many times in the past I've entered the ring in a half-hearted way. But for Carnera it will be different. That's one fight I'm winning for myself.

I have no fear of Carnera. His bulk means nothing to me. I've seen him fight, and in the movie we made at Hollywood I actually tussled with him in the ring. At the first clinch in our picture I leaned over to Walter Huston and my trainer, Mike Cantwell, and remarked:

"I can lick this guy."

Another case of fat-headedness—perhaps.

PRIMO is big and he's strong. But I'm no dwarf or weakling.

He has a left poke—not a left jab—and frequently hits harder with his arm than his glove. He has a short right uppercut in close—the one he used to knock out Sharkey.

The uppercut is his most effective blow. To avoid it, I've been practicing for three months.

His huge glove can't possibly get beneath my chin when my shoulder is in the way.

How do I think I'll win? With a left hook to the solar plexus. My right has always been my reliable weapon. It was a right to the head that ruined Schmeling.

But Carnera is tall; I'll be hitting upward with the right. That means it will lose some of its force. So I'll be bobbing beneath his left paw and hooking my own left into his ribs until his stomach cries for mercy.

My left has never been equal to my right. One reason for this I have already named—my right was developed by heaving quarters of beef. Developing that left has not been easy. But I honestly think that now it has as much power as my right.

If so, it should be more effective in this particular fight because it will have an easier and bigger target at which to shoot. I have never measured the space on Da Preem's body, but the acreage must be immense.

By this time I've probably sold the idea that Carnera is a set-up. He's anything but that. I know it. It's not that I underestimate the strength and power of his giant body. But—

I believe in myself!

Carnera's chances against Baer, his much-criticized ring record, and his amazing and disarming life history as a giant gladiator who for fourteen years has been "on the spot," will be turned inside out by Dick Williams in Liberty next week.

"I met a man who laughed at the world-

He was the first genuinely happy man I'd ever met"

"Montreal calling Mr. James Collins . . . rush it, please, it's an emergency." That message destroyed my first real holiday in years . . . a lovely one away up in the Gatineau Hills . . . It was a call from the news editor.

"Hello, Jim . . . Red Brooks escaped to-night from the train just north of Montebello . . . stole a car . . . he's headed for the Gatineau. See Inspector McBrien at Maniwaki. Sorry to spoil your fun, but get going . . . try and catch the Final for tomorrow with something hot."

After two days of running blank clues to earth, I decided to play a hunch of my own . . . so I set out alone for Thirty-one Mile Lake at daybreak. As a woodsman I was a swell reporter . . . by nine o'clock I was completely lost. I floundered around for a time, when to my great surprise, on rounding a bend near a stream, I came upon a man fishing . . . He was a well set up, happy-looking fellow of about sixty . . . rather distinguished looking despite his rough clothes and a heavy coat of tan. Nearby was what proved to be his family . . . at breakfast.

"Hello there, stranger!" he sang out . . . "Hungry! . . . Smell our breakfast?" I told him who I was and why I was there. "Red Brooks!" he asked, "who is he, and what has he done?" I was aghast . . . with every paper in the east running flaming headlines about the escape of this famous killer . . . this man had never even heard of him. "Don't you ever read the papers?" I asked. "Sure, I do," he replied, "when I'm home . . . but I'm on a holiday now and I don't care if school keeps or not . . . I don't care if the budget is balanced . . . or about the styles for next year . . . I just laugh at you fellows rushing madly all over the globe . . . There's not much fun in that . . . Gosh, these fish are sure biting today!"

This was a new one on me. "You must be a millionaire," I said, "if world events mean so little to you." He laughed, "I am, in my own small way, but I haven't got a million . . . I've got a Dominion Life Retirement Policy and it's working for ME now. I tell you, my boy, I had the greatest kick of my life when I told my old chief I was retiring. You should have seen his face. 'Retire!' he said, 'why, I'm sixty-five . . . head of this business . . . and I can't afford to retire.'

"You see, thirty years ago I purchased this Dominion Retirement Policy because I looked ahead to a day such as this when I could forget trouble and care. This policy enabled me to stop work at sixty on an income of $150 a month . . . and I am guaranteed this monthly income for life. If I had died before I reached sixty, my wife would have received $15,000 in cash . . . If I should die tomorrow, my wife would receive this monthly income for a period that is designated in my policy . . . or a cash sum equivalent to the remaining monthly instalments. With these policies you can choose any retirement age . . . fifty-five, sixty or sixty-five . . . and you, yourself, set the amount of the monthly income."

Retire at sixty-five . . . if I only could . . . you say. Well . . . you can . . . let us show you how. Send in the coupon below for the booklet—"Retirement at 65".

Dominion Life Assurance Company
Waterloo, Ontario Dept. L

Please send me your booklet "RETIREMENT AT 65"

Name .... Age ....

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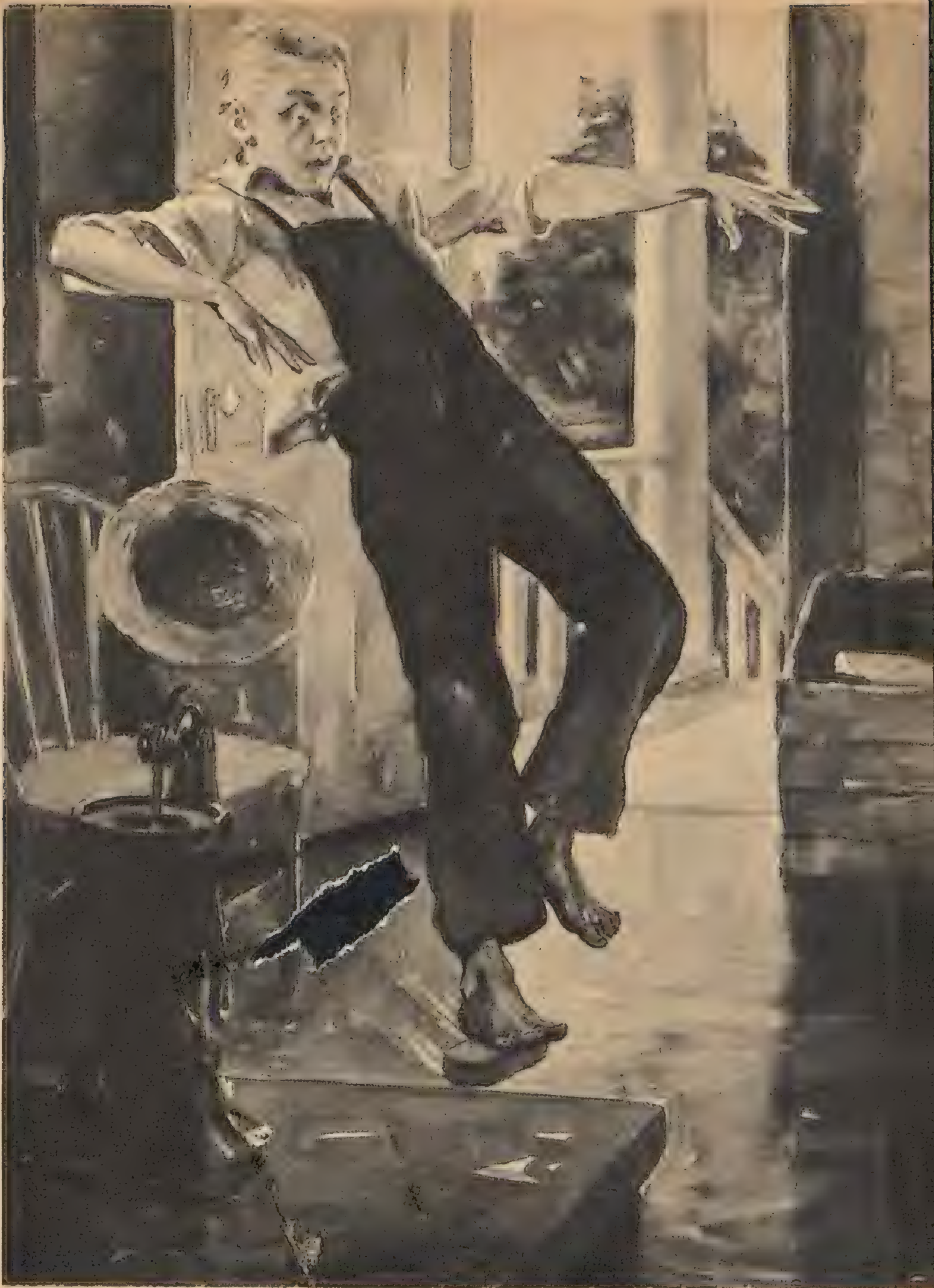
First time I ever saw Martha she was scrubbing a floor. I was a farmer boy, barefoot and dirty. I stepped on her soap and went sliding spang into her.

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD



A Love Story with a Surprise in It—of a Woman Who Learned a Thing or Two About Riches and Romance

The Carlon

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THEY began to talk at once as soon as they saw the doctor.

"At her age! It's scandalous! It's crazy!"

"A woman nearly fifty leaving her husband and her children and her new home for a gardener!"

"Mother's always been so quiet, so good! She must be insane!"

Dr. Entwhistle smiled tolerantly and motioned them to take seats. They obeyed like startled children. He turned to the older man.

"You are John S. Carlon?"

"Yes. And this is Ben, my son; and my daughter Isabel—Mrs. Boris Marloff."

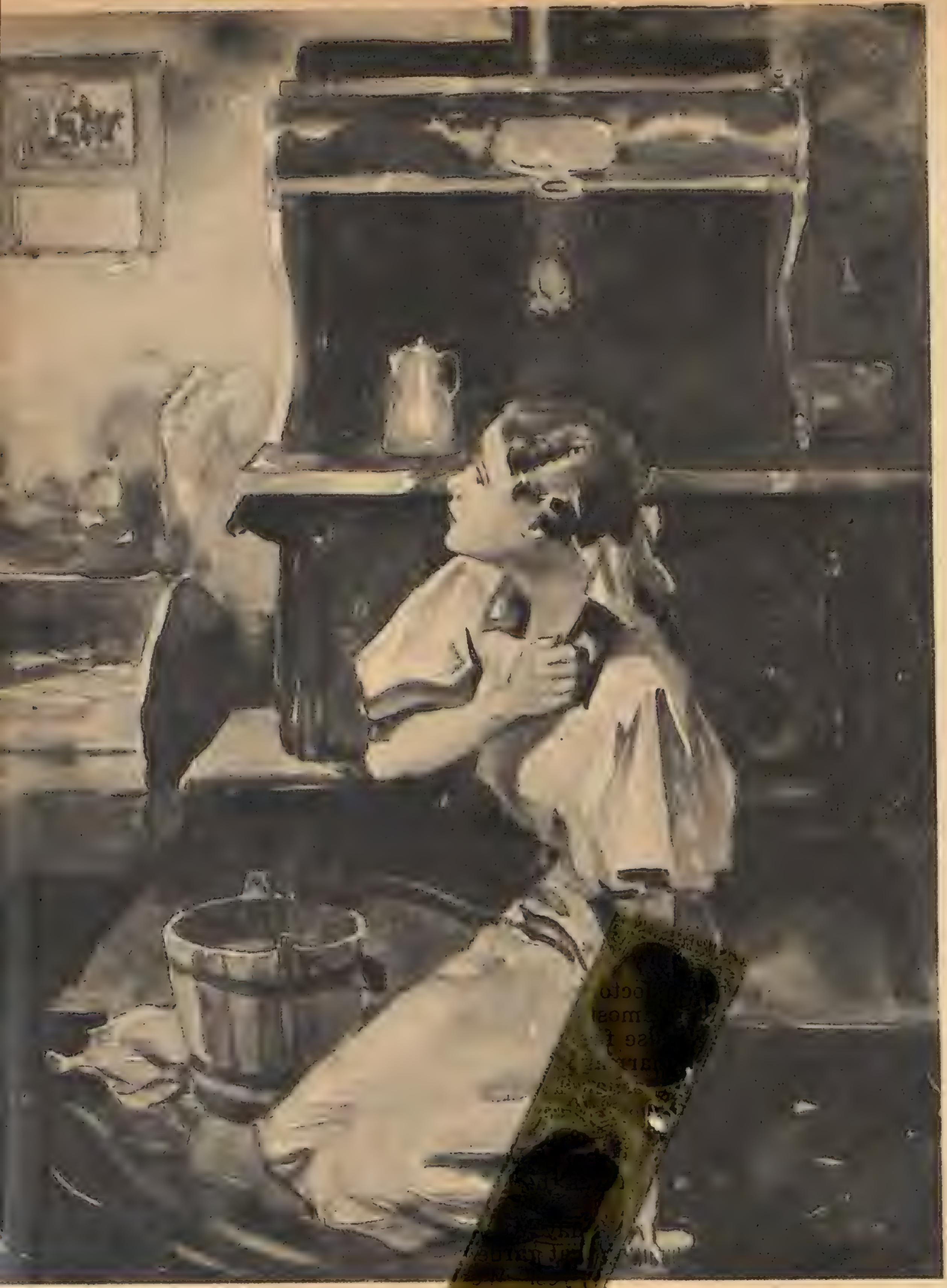
Mr. Carlon was thin, undersized. His large mild blue eyes, his red lean face, his white bushy hair, his tough brown hands revealed to the doctor a man who worked too hard and dreamed too much.

Ben, a fattish and foppish young man, slightly bald, moistened his lips and straightened his tie under the doctor's scrutiny. His popeyes squirmed.

The girl—Dr. Entwhistle remembered she had married an actor—was fair, pretty, and slim, a neurasthenic type who should be warned against dieting. He wondered what had become of her husband.

"I gather," he said, looking from the girl to her father, "that Mrs. Carlon has—ah—disappeared?"

"Yes," Carlon answered. "She left me for a gardener—a common ordinary gardener with dirty hands



Scandal

by EDWARD DOHERTY

and patches on [illegible] pants. One of our own servants! And I've given her everything, doctor, everything a woman could wa[illegible]. [illegible] got through building a wonderful n[illegible] cost me over two hundred thousan[illegible] dollars."

"More like a [illegible] of a million," Ben interrupted.

His father t[illegible] puzzled glance at the boy, as if he had just noticed [illegible], then looked down and went on talking.

"Over two [illegible] thousand dollars. And she's keeping house [illegible] in two little rooms and a bath over a garage [illegible] Street. At her age, I say, it's scandalous and it's crazy!"

"How old is she exactly?"

"Forty-five," the girl said quickly.

"A grandmother?"

"Certainly not."

"You are the only daughter?"

"Yes, I am. Oh, doctor, you must do something for her! But I don't want her locked up in a—a madhouse. Isn't there some way we can keep her at home?"

"I shall have to make my examination first, of course," Dr. Entwhistle said. "She may have had reasons that seemed very good to her. You love her, Mr. Carlon?"

Carlon squirmed.

Isabel came to his rescue—a slight smile on her red lips.

"The poor old darling hasn't heard the word in many years," she said. "But he does love mother. He didn't sleep a wink last night, worrying about her. He asked me a dozen times if I thought she needed anything, if I thought she was comfortable, if I thought she was happy."

THE doctor, his attention on Carlon, ignored her.

"You do love her?" he asked gently.

"Yes," Carlon said. His voice was harsh and a little aggressive. "Yes, I do."

The doctor beamed.

"Very good. Now—did Mrs. Carlon leave you because of a quarrel?"

"We quarreled," Carlon admitted, but a gesture of his hands dismissed the quarrels as though they did not matter. "Every married couple quarrels. It wasn't anything I said."

"Nor anything you'd done, Mr. Carlon?"

Carlon shook his head from side to side.

"I never looked at any other woman," he said, "in all the years we've been married. Twenty-five years, doctor. No, it wasn't anything I did. I'm sure of that."

"You'd take her back?"

"I'll forgive her, yes. But if she's crazy—"

"And you, Mr. Carlon Junior—you love her too?"

"Ah—yes. She's my mother. I was the one went looking for her when she disappeared."

"You thought she had wandered away—met with some accident?"

"No—I'd seen her talking to this gardener, and something about her—well, when I couldn't find her in the house I went looking for the gardener. And he was gone too. So I called the detectives."

"When did she disappear?"

"Yesterday afternoon. Late."

"Hmm! And you found her—when?"

"Last night. There was a note with the address written on it. She must have dropped it out of her pocketbook or something. I found it on the floor of her room."

"You are a millionaire, Mr. Carlon?"

John S. Carlon sat up straight, and for the first time he spoke in the manner expected of him.

"Yes, I'm a millionaire. And if you can bring my wife back to her senses you can have anything you ask."

"If I ask you personal questions, it isn't with the idea of fixing my fee," the doctor said. "Now I will excuse these young people, and you may tell me all you know about Mrs. Carlon."

John S. Carlon, when his children had left the room, seemed to acquire stature, authority, dignity. He brought out an old-fashioned stogy and lit it, and threw the match on the floor. A gleam of humor came into the mild blue eyes.

"First time I ever saw Martha she was scrubbing a floor, and her back was to me, and she sassed me. I was a farmer boy, barefoot and dirty, and she thought I was one of her brothers walking across her clean floor. I was so put out that, unawares, I stepped on her soap and went sliding spang into her. And there we were, sitting in a pool of soapy water, both of us mad as a couple of banty roosters. She started in to give me another dressing down, but we both got to laughing, and then all of a sudden I reached out and caught her and kissed her."

He unbuttoned his vest, crossed his knees, and went on. It was almost an hour before the doctor bowed him out.

EDWARD DOHERTY *who has long experience as a reporter on New York and Chicago newspapers. He has also been a frequent contributor of articles to Liberty, and is the author of two novels, The Diamond Eye and Murders on the Roof. His home is in Larchmont, N. Y.*

DR. ENTWHISTLE shrugged his shoulders and called for his car.

As he gained the stair landing outside the little flat over the garage in Kinsell Street he paused and listened. A woman was singing, singing happily, and making swishing noises as she sang.

He knocked on the door. "Come in," a voice called, "but be careful of the floor."

Dr. Entwhistle pushed open the door and took off his hat.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Carlon," he said.

Mrs. Carlon turned her head and let her scrubbing brush fall into the water. She smiled a welcome, not at all embarrassed, wiped her hands on her apron, and rose.

"You're John's lawyer, I suppose," she said. "I thought it was the man with the chintz. Come in, please."

"I'm a doctor," he said.

"Is anybody sick?"

It was nice to see that look of concern.

"No. I just came to have a talk with you. I'm just a friend of your husband—here unofficially—just to talk."

She emptied the scrub bucket in the sink, wrung out the cloth, turned the hot water on it, wrung it out once more, put the soap in its dish, and dried the place she had just scrubbed.

She was quick-moving, strong, self-reliant. She looked much younger than forty-five, and properly dressed, the doctor thought, she would be rather good to gaze upon. There was a subdued excitement in her that he felt keenly.

He glanced about the kitchen, noting it was wholesomely clean.

Mrs. Carlon, with a smile that said, "Excuse me, please," went into the other room.

She reappeared after a few moments in a clean house dress of green-figured linen, a necklace of green wooden beads about her throat, her hair combed into a pleasant waviness, her feet in green slippers with high heels.

Dr. Entwhistle rose instinctively.

"I almost stepped on your soap," he said.

She smiled. "John told you that?"

She sat down across the table from him.

"You've come to—lecture me?"

"Lecture you? Oh, I see. You think I'm a doctor of divinity. No, I'm not that sort of doctor, Mrs. Carlon. I haven't come to save your soul. I just want to—well, take your picture."

"Oh, you're a psychiatrist. John thinks I'm crazy."

She looked at the clock. "Mr. English will be home at five o'clock," she said. "We can talk until four thirty. I must have dinner on the table for him when he comes."

"Thank you. Mr. English is the—the gardener?"

"He was. But he's going back to his old trade now—hanging paper."

"Mrs. Carlon, you were singing. Are you happy?"

"Happy enough. I've ordered some chintz for the bedroom. I've half finished a sweater. The house is clean at last. You should have seen it yesterday! Of course there's a lot of noise downstairs, day and night. That's a nuisance. I didn't get much sleep last night. But we'll get used to it, I guess."

She was not being flippant, he decided.

"It would be a fine place for John," she said with a sudden brightening of her nice brown eyes. "He thinks about nothing but motors. I really believe they'd lull him to sleep."

The doctor began to leaf through some notes.

"Mrs. Carlon, you were married in—let me see—in 1907. When you married, your husband was a poor boy, working on his father's farm. For over ten years he was desperately poor, but you stuck to him, worked for him, encouraged him, suffered with him. Now you leave him—for this sort of place. Do you mind telling me why?"

"There isn't much to tell. He's given you our history—only he wasn't exactly poor when we married. He had inherited his father's farm, and had just sold it for several thousand dollars."

The doctor made some rapid notations with the stub of a pencil, flipped over the papers.

"You were keeping house for your Aunt Isabel at the time—scrubbing, dusting, washing, cooking, milking the cows, collecting the eggs, churning, and taking care of your two younger brothers."

"Yes," she said.

The doctor put away his sheaf of papers with a smile.

"For most of your life, Mrs. Carlon, you've been keeping house for somebody. You went to Milwaukee after your marriage."

"Kenosha. Then Milwaukee. Kenosha was our first real home. We spent our honeymoon there. It was a beautiful little house, with a garden in back. I used to sit out in that garden for hours, sunning myself, and thinking I was the happiest woman in the world."

"AND one day Mr. Carlon came home and moved you out of that garden forever."

"In a way, yes. We lived in Milwaukee two or three years. Ben was born there. We left when John got a job in that Detroit factory. That led to his becoming so rich."

"It was in Detroit he patented his first invention, wasn't it?"

"His carburetor. He made it in a little shed he'd fixed up in the back of the house. That's why we were so poor, doctor. Johnny spent all our savings, and most of his time, fooling with motors and tools.

"He'd work there, usually, until one or two o'clock in the morning. I used to go to sleep there, sometimes, with my head on his workbench, and Isabel—she was the baby then—asleep in [illegible] I never could sleep when he wasn't in the house. [illegible] work away and scarcely notice me until he was done."

"Now, after the money started [illegible]ing, Mr. Carlon sold that house, moved you into a [illegible] apartment, began building a mansion, and se[illegible]en to boarding schools."

"Yes. That's when we had [illegible] voice, [illegible]tter quarrels. He wanted the children to have [illegible] advantages he'd never had. I wanted to send them [illegible] public school, but John wouldn't hear of it. Well, [illegible] his way."

"You didn't want that mansion [illegible] for you?"

Mrs. Carlon snipped a dead leaf [illegible] geranium and rolled it in her hands.

"You could hardly stroll through th[illegible]," she said, "without walking over a dozen servants. I couldn't do a thing.

"It was like living in a railroad station. We had no intimate friends. The neighbors I had known dropped us. We'd become too grand for them, or they thought we had. The children were away. And John was so busy I seldom caught a glimpse of him. If it hadn't been for the war I think I'd have lost my mind."

"I understand," the doctor said. "You can't take a major general's army away from him and give him toy soldiers. What did you do during the war?" he asked.

"I worked in a hospital, scrubbing floors, emptying slops, waiting on the nurses."

"But after the war," the doctor said, "Mr. Carlon opened his offices in New York, and started building another castle for you. Your daughter married. Your son— By the way, what does he do? Is he married?"

Mrs. Carlon shook her head.

"No, he isn't married; and he doesn't do anything I know of. He's just—well, just a rich man's son."

"I see. You didn't see much of him, then? And your daughter—I suppose she has her own set, leaves you pretty much alone?"

Mrs. Carlon nodded.

"THE same old story all over again. You were lonely. You didn't fit in. You felt you must escape. The gardener gave you the opportunity to flee—to dip your arms into hot suds again, to make another home, to make yourself useful to somebody once more. At first the idea of eloping was, I imagine, repellent. But the more you thought about it, the more you became convinced it was your only salvation. Isn't that true?"

"Perhaps."

"Your husband and your children are still very fond of you, Mrs. Carlon. They all want you back. And if you can forgive them for neglecting you—"

"But what about Mr. English?" she asked.

"You love him?"

She laughed at his surprise.

"Does that matter? I didn't leave because I loved Ed English. John doesn't need me. And I can't help him. He's more of a stranger to me than his gardener. He doesn't care two pins for me. If I hadn't left him he wouldn't have remembered I was alive."

"Ah!" the doctor said, with the elation of one finding the right clue to a puzzle.

"If I went back [illegible] continued, "what [illegible] Ed English?"

"But, Mrs. C[illegible] man's success [illegible]—s[illegible] your husband [illegible] him enough money, on lo[illegible] notes, to get him started [illegible]."

Mrs. Carlon [illegible]m her chair, lifted the st[illegible]d poured the crumpled pi[illegible]nium leaf on to the fire. [illegible] reached for his hat.

JOAN: Now you've learned how smooth olive oil keeps your skin.

JACK: You were right, dear—Palmolive certainly makes shaving easier too.

Get *Close* Clean Shaves

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A skin-line shave doesn't mean a touchy, tender face when you use Palmolive Shave Cream. Because it contains olive oil, Palmolive keeps your skin smooth, cool and refreshed, no matter how closely you shave.

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IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED RETURN
WHAT'S LEFT OF THE TUBE
YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

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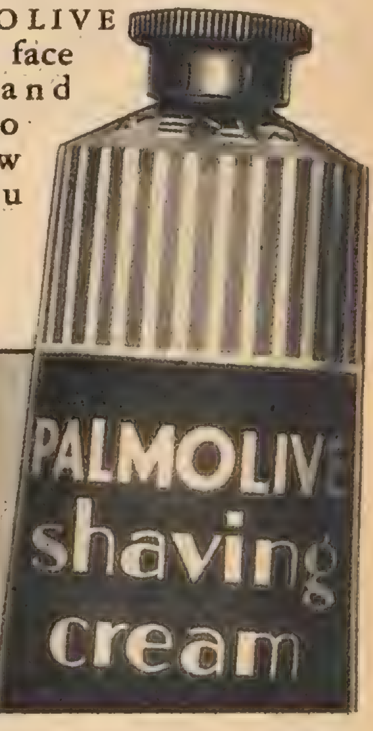

“ No,” Mrs. Carlon said, replacing the stove lid. “ Ed English must do it all by himself—or think he did—just as John Carlon does.”

“ You don’t love this man—and yet all your husband’s millions cannot buy him from you? ”

“ And what are millions? Money hasn’t brought either of us happiness. It hasn’t made the children happy. It has spoiled them. I want to live my life, free and happy. I want my own home, and I want to do as I please in it. I want love, of course, if I can get it. Even a woman of forty-five is entitled to love.”

“ Mrs. Carlon, maybe you don’t realize it, but you left home so that your husband would come after you, woo you all over again, take you away from Ed English or anybody else you chose for your experiment. Do you mind if I bring him here tonight? ”

“ Not at all,” she answered, “ providing it’s after dinner. I’d love to have him meet Ed English socially. I don’t think he ever really met Mr. English. Say eight o’clock, doctor, and thank you very much.”

Promptly at eight o’clock the doctor again knocked on the door of the little flat. Mrs. Carlon opened it, smiling easily.

“ Come in, doctor. Come in, John. Come in, Ben. And Isabel— Why, dear, you’re crying! ”

Isabel rushed into her mother’s arms.

“ Oh, mother,” she was saying, “how could you? ”

John S. Carlon stepped past his womenfolk and strode belligerently into the room. Ben followed.

Ed English, a tall stooped man with a thick mat of uncombed blond hair, rose slowly from his seat at the kitchen table and thrust his hands into his pockets. The doctor noticed that his eyes were on the doorway, watching mother and daughter.

At sight of him, Isabel tore herself from her mother’s arms. She went toward him with quick little steps, her cheeks flaming.

“ How dare you? ” she cried. Her voice was shrill, shrewish. “ Get out of here! ”

The tall man straightened, smiled, but made no move to go.

“ That will do, Isabel,” Mrs. Carlon said. “ We’ll talk this over calmly.”

“ Yes, mother,” Isabel said meekly. She sat in a chair and began to cry again. Mrs. Carlon patted her shoulder and whispered something that the doctor couldn’t overhear.

“ John, you know Mr. English, I believe. Won’t you sit here? And, doctor, you sit next to Ben, please.”

John remained standing, scowling at English. English was looking at the girl.

“ Now, as soon as everybody sits down,” Mrs. Carlon said, seating herself and looking at her husband, “ there are two questions to be settled. First— Do sit down, John. Thank you. First, you all think me crazy, don’t you? ”

“ Not at all,” said the doctor, breaking an ominous silence.

Mrs. Carlon smiled. “ Thank you. Now the second question. Why should I leave Mr. English and go back to my husband? Suppose that you answer that, John.”

John’s mild blue eyes turned almost black. He stood on his feet and glared at her.

“ I’ll not answer such a damned-fool question. Why shouldn’t you come back to me? What can he give you that I can’t? ”

“ His company. His constant attention. His time. His worries.”

John lowered his eyes. He growled.

“ Your turn, Ben,” Mrs. Carlon said quickly.

“ What reason? Well, you’re my mother, and I can’t stand this sort of thing. It isn’t decent.”

“ Because it’s unconventional? Ben, you’re nearly twenty-four years old. You’ve never done a day’s work in your life. You’ve never paid any attention to me, nor to anything I’ve told you. Yet you’ve been conventional all your life, and you are probably the unhappiest person in the world. Why should I be conventional? Why shouldn’t I be happy if I can? ”

“ But this is different, mother. Women can’t do the things men do and—and get away with ’em. If the newspapers found out about you and this—this ”—he strove to overcome anger and hysteria—“ this man, they’d ruin you. The—the Carlon scandal, they’d call it.”

“ So. You’re worried about my reputation; my future. I’ve worried about yours for a good many years—but it didn’t do any good. I’m afraid you’ll have to find some other reason, Ben. Isabel, what have you to say? ”

Isabel was still crying. Her words came through her handkerchief.

“ This is all so sordid, so cheap. And—and you’re killing dad.”

“ Am I, indeed? I hadn’t noticed that. He looks better tonight than he ever did. He’s had me around for twenty-five years, and never noticed me except when he needed something. You left Boris after only four months.”

“ But Boris is pig-headed! ” Isabel cried angrily, tearing her handkerchief to shreds. “ Insufferable, selfish, cruel! I hate him! I loathe him! I despise him! ”

She jumped up, as her [illegible]d done, and started toward Ed English, cr[illegible] his man you call Ed English—”

Mrs. Carlo[illegible] n’t raise her voice, but the doct[illegible] which she halted her daughte[illegible]

“ Isabel. S[illegible]

There was menace in that gen[illegible] authority not to be denied. Isabel turned a s[illegible] o her mother and went back to her chair.

“ Yes, mother,” she said.

“ You may have been right an[illegible] Mrs. Carlon said. “ And perhaps he fou[illegible] ed too, and selfish, and intolerant. Bu[illegible] to understand him, to give in to hi[illegible] romise, to

THE LINE OF SAFETY

By TOM A. BURKE

[Editor’s Note: This is the thirteenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

ANOTHER chiseler who sins notoriously is the motorist who, at an intersection stop, pulls over into the left lane of traffic in order to be at the head of the procession when the green light flashes.

Now, he knows full well that he hasn’t any business crossing the center line, but he figures that no one will observe his little trick, and then when traffic starts he’ll be able to sneak back into line ahead of the others.

The possibility of causing a jam or a smash-up doesn’t seem to bother him a bit. The others will wait, he figures, until *he* can squeeze back into line.

If this gent only realized the contempt that such an act arouses, not only from the oncoming traffic line but also from those who have displayed good sportsmanship by staying in line, he would think twice before chiseling up to this off-side position in the first flight.

It is mighty poor sportsmanship—and besides, it is dangerous.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

sacrifice. You don't know anything about sacrifice, do you?

"I used to think your father all those things sometimes. But I stuck to him for a quarter of a century—most of my life. I might just as well have been married to a combination motor car and counting machine. I seldom saw him. I seldom talked to him. I seldom knew what he was doing or where he was. I know less about him now than when I married him. Yet you want me to go back to him."

"Damn it all, Martha," Carlon cried in aggrieved tones, "you're bitter hard on me! I was busy working for you night and day, for you and the kids, getting for you and them everything I could, protecting you, providing for you. And now you—you bite the hand that fed you."

Mrs. Carlon's face lighted in a smile that was almost tender.

"SIT down, John, please. I've begged you time and again to stop working. You can't deny that. But you wouldn't stop. You never will. You'll never get enough money. You couldn't. You started in getting money for us. I'll admit that, but that was long ago. Now you're working for yourself, for your own vanity, your own ambition. You love to hear people say, 'There goes John S. Carlon, the motor king.' You love to hear them ask, 'Did you hear what John S. did to the Penley people?' You work for that. You live for that. You've forgotten your children. You suffer when you see them. They annoy you. They make you remember that while you can beat the world with your inventions, you haven't had gumption enough to put your son to work, or to make your daughter happy."

"It's a lie!" Carlon shouted. "You're just trying to blind yourself with lies. You know you're lying, and you don't care. But I've had enough of this. Either you come back to me now, or I'll get a divorce. Do you hear?"

"I hear you perfectly. Don't shout, John. You're acting like a boy. Ed English wouldn't shout like that, or tell me that I lied. Would you, Ed?"

Ed didn't answer.

"Get your divorce, John. That will allow me to marry Ed."

"Then I'll not divorce you." John was not shouting now. "I'll never divorce you. And I'll hound you both so long as you live. With my money—"

His wife's curious smile stopped him.

"You forget, John," she said, "that most all you own is in my name."

For long moments nobody breathed. John broke the spell by sighing.

"All right," he said. "You win. Keep the money. Do as you like with it. We'll get along somehow. Come on, Ben, Isabel—let's go."

"Mother!" There was agony in Ben's voice. "You can't do that. You can't ruin him. You didn't mean that, did you?

● *"Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"*

● *"Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and* OVER, *baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery* —CAREFUL!*"*

● "OUCH *—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't hurt, but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"*

● *"There's a big difference in the texture of baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. Hasn't a speck of orris-root or zinc stearate in it, either!"*

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream.

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MONTREAL CANADA
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JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

TENDER LEAF TEA
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In 2 convenient sizes

Only the tender leaves

RICHER IN THEOL

SOME tea leaves are tender—some coarse and rank. Tender Leaf Tea is made up of the tender leaves alone. It is *richer* in theol.

Theol is the oil that gives tea its fragrance and flavor. It is found in all tea, but in varying amounts. When tea is flat and tasteless, you know that the leaves are poor in theol.

Tender Leaf Tea contains *more* theol than any but the most costly blends. The leaves are picked when they are not only tender, but at the peak of their flavor and potency—during the favorable dry season.

Your grocer has Tender Leaf Tea in two convenient sizes. Try it!

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

"He'll quit working. Ask him if he won't. He'll do anything for you, mother. And so will I—and Isabel. I'll get a job. And Izzy will go back to her actor. We'll do anything you say, if you'll only come home."

Mrs. Carlon rose.

"Is that true, John?" she asked. The doctor thought he detected a quaver in her voice.

"No," John roared, "it's not true! I'll not be blackjacked into doing your bidding. Keep the money. To hell with it! I can be happy in a pair of overalls and a dirty workroom. I always could—and I suppose I always will, even without you. I came here tonight expecting to talk some sense into you—to forgive you and to be forgiven. Oh, I know it isn't all your fault. Take my money. Take my gardener. And be happy if you can!"

He put on his battered and crumpled hat with a flourish and started once more for the doorway. Mrs. Carlon darted after him, caught him by the shoulder, and whirled him around.

"Do you love me?" she demanded.

John stared at her, saying nothing.

"Say it!" she said, her voice excited, fierce.

John Carlon's hat fell to the floor. His hands went out to her. His voice roared:

"Of course I do, you fool!"

He clasped her to him clumsily, awfully, tears in his eyes.

"Let's get the hell out of here," he said, "before I start to bawl."

The doctor smiled and winked at Ben.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked.

"Yeah," Ben said; "but first I want to paste this guy in the jaw."

He started toward Ed English, belligerence giving his popeyes and his paunch a comic touch. His sister stepped in his way.

"Go on home and let us alone," she said.

Ben sputtered.

"You fool!" she cried, half angry, half amused. "Don't you know anything? Haven't you got it yet?"

Ed English laughed.

"It's all right, Ben," he said. "I'm only Boris, doing an act. Run along with the doc now, won't you?"

"Well, hang me up!" Ben said. "Ain't women the clowns?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How did the word "bloomers" come to be applied to an article of wearing apparel?

2—How many ex-Presidents of the United States are still alive?

3—What are the respective populations of Europe and Asia?

4—What is a catalyst?

5—Which and where was the first Greek-letter society in the United States?

6—Who was Michelangelo?

7—Where was the first successful oil well drilled and operated in the United States?

8—Who was Sir Ronald Ross?

9—What are members of Congress from Porto Rico and the Philippines called?

10—What is an apiary?

11—To which nations does the island of Borneo belong?

12—Who is Thomas G. Masaryk?

13—Commercially speaking, what are the only precious stones?

14—Where did the phrase "They shall not pass" originate?

15—Which is the largest national park in the United States?

16—What does auld lang syne mean?

17—Who was called the Hoosier Poet?

18—What is russet?

19—What is a hautboy?

20—Where are the Black Hills?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I'LL have a *puchero*," said Edward Tomlinson.

Somebody had told him that was one of *the* things to eat in South America. So the waiters brought him his *puchero*—and Mr. Tomlinson found himself right in the middle of an embarrassing moment.

"Just imagine," he says, "five New England boiled dinners piled up on a platter in front of you. That's what a single portion of *puchero* looks like. You're expected to eat it all—all by yourself. Hardy old boys down there eat one every day. If you can't get away with your *puchero* they don't think you're much of an *hombre*."

Edward Tomlinson writes, lectures, radio-talks about South America. Every year he goes back for fresh information. This year he flew 20,000 miles over the Andes—traveling part of the way with a cargo of lobsters from Robinson Crusoe's island.

"Soft-tailed lobsters," he told me, "are shipped all over S. A. by airplane. They come from Juan Fernandez Island, where Crusoe was shipwrecked." Then he told me some more strange facts about that part of the world. Did you know:

That Brazil is now a greater melting pot than the United States? That Venezuela is one of the few nations on earth with absolutely no foreign debt? That Lima, Peru, has regular London fogs?

School kids in South America are crackajacks at geography; they learn by building miniature continents in sand on vacant lots. A hot-dog stand made a hit in Rio. The words *hot dog* tickled people. So an enterprising vender of ice-cream cones put up a sign advertising *cold cats*.

EDWARD TOMLINSON

A WOMAN I know is working so hard and saving money so passionately that friends are wondering if she is the victim of a "miser complex." She isn't. But she has an aim and object in life which are to her life itself. She has a daughter of fifteen. She says:

"I must have enough money within a few years to be able to stand back of my daughter if she makes any emotional mistakes. She will probably fall in love with some boy when she is pretty young. Maybe that love will just flower and pass. Maybe it won't. Perhaps the 'mating call' will be too strong and she will marry the boy. Perhaps the marriage will turn out well. If it doesn't, if she has children, and if after a time she finds her man incompatible, if she wants to go back to finishing or completing her education and taking up work which interests her, I must be in a position to help her do that. I don't want her life to be *marred* by an early emotional and physical mistake."

Some of you will undoubtedly condemn this mother's attitude toward her daughter, call it too unconventional. I will disagree with you. To me this is *real* mother love, magnificent in its understanding and friendship. My friend recognizes the fact that her girl has a mind—a fine mind. She recognizes too that she is a healthy animal. And she knows that a mind should be allowed and assisted to develop unhampered by the emotional ecstasies of youth, which so often become the tragedies of maturity.

YOU hear people say, "I long for the mountains."

You hear people say, "I long for the sea."

Circumstances often compel those who long for the mountains to live by the sea, while those who long for the sea live on the mountains. Also there are people who long for the flat desert country when it is out of their reach.

Our yearning for another altitude can be a fierce nostalgia. The urge is chemical, perhaps, or biological. Science may some day give us little pills with which to cure it.

In the meantime the automobile is our first aid. Valley dwellers who love the mountains get into their cars and climb up. Sea lovers of the upland plains coast down to the sea. Praise be for gasoline and the combustion engine! If they were in our shoes, our more religious forefathers would be saying grace before each motor trip just as they said it before meals.

BEST book I have read this week is Maria Paluna, by Blair Niles. (Published by Longmans, Green & Co.)

ONE of the smartest semiformal ensembles I've seen: a sweeping skirt of heavy black sheer, topped by a simple shirt-waist tunic, three-quarter length, fastened with rhinestone buttons down the front. The costume is completed by a three-quarter Directoire coat of black taffeta sprigged with tiny rosebuds. Large rhinestone buttons fasten the coat. A tiny black hat, forward tilted and trimmed with roses under the brim, gives a final piquant touch to this get-up.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

Schoolhouses in

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE bankers are not the only heroes who have blown up of late: there are also the bright fellows who operate the public schools. Back in the Coolidge Golden Age nothing was too good for them. Every year they gobbled up billions in tax money, and every year they made larger demands for the year following. But the taxpayer has gone broke at last, and pedagogy has gone broke with him. Thousands of public schools are closed, and thousands more are running on greatly reduced appropriations. The pedagogues turn to Washington for relief, but even Washington has begun to dry up of late, so it seems a pretty good guess that it will be a long while before they are back to where they were in 1928.

In that fat and happy era the little red schoolhouse of American tradition almost disappeared. In place of it there arose in all the county towns vast consolidated schools that dwarfed every other local building. They went up east, west, north, and south; it was a general epidemic. And in every such edifice there was a large hall for concerts, plays, pageants, debates, and speechmaking, and into it all the townspeople crowded once a week or so to hear the pedagogues tell them how much the New Education was doing for their children.

In the wild, primitive, barbaric days of the United States—say, down to 1920—the children used to trudge to school on Shanks' mare. But under the New Pedagogy they were hauled to their labors in luxurious busses, sometimes for thirty or forty miles, and all at the expense of the taxpayer. And when recess time came they didn't have to entertain themselves with leapfrog, tops, jacks, I spy, ring around a rosy, catty, shinny, hopscotch; instead, they had swell swimming pools to splash in, swell cinder tracks to run around, and a staff of elegant experts to teach them the fine points of soccer, lawn tennis, high jumping, basketball, the Australian crawl, and sometimes even golf.

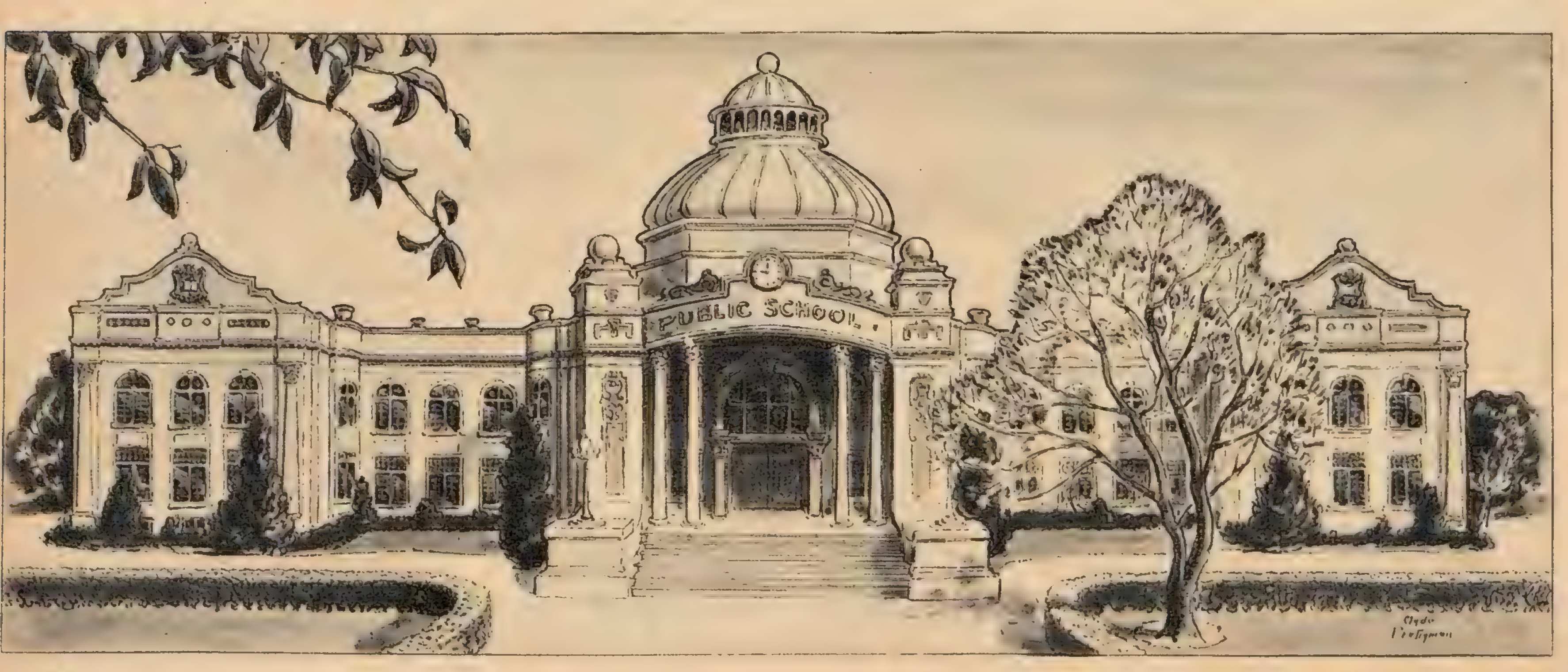
In the wild, primitive days the boys and girls going to school took their lunches with them. Sometimes they carried them in retired lard cans, sometimes in shoe boxes, and sometimes wrapped in newspapers, but nearly always they had the same bill of fare: a sandwich or two, a slab of chocolate cake or angel food, an apple, and maybe a homemade pickle to top it off. But the experts of the New Pedagogy quickly discovered that this diet, though it had fed five generations of young Americans, was deleterious, and even poisonous. The children needed more calories and vitamins, and they needed them hot. So elaborate kitchens were set up in the schools, and from them issued lunches fit for the Ritz—and paid for, in part if not altogether, by the taxpayer.

In these new schools the three Rs were pretty well abolished, and it was possible to reach almost the high-school grades without knowing much about them. But in place of them there was a long list of new studies. The girls were taught how to make the dresses in Vogue, and to prepare seven-course dinners for ten people; and the boys were instructed thoroughly in scoutcraft, salesmanship, and parliamentary law. Both devoted a great deal of time to learning just how to salute the flag, and both were well grounded in public speaking, American ideals, and artificial respiration.

These changes caused a great deal of talk throughout the land, and some of it was unfavorable. It was common to hear a mother complain that her little Johnny, though he was a thirty-third-degree scout at eleven, was hardly able to add up a grocery list. Or that her little Mary, though she could set a table with five knives and six forks at each plate, was shaky about bounding Kansas and a complete flop at darning socks.

Some of the fathers of the children also did a little quiet growling. Whenever their tax bills came in they were in low spirits for weeks. Undoubtedly it was better for little Johnny to ride twenty miles to school than to walk one, and undoubtedly it was better for him to learn soccer and tennis than to put in his time chasing cats and stealing apples, and undoubtedly it was better for him to sit down to a lunch worthy of Rotary than to stuff himself with sandwiches, cake, and pickles—but all of these benefits, translated into taxes, began to look almost as costly as keeping race horses or yachts.

But whenever this father ventured to speak his doubts, the pedagogues quickly put him in his place. Who was *he*, they demanded, to have an opinion on so abstruse and complicated a question as the education of the young? By what right did he venture to criticize experts who held high degrees from Columbia University, and were paid large salaries for condescending to live in his town, and had their pictures in the paper every time there was anything going on at the school? Did he want his children to grow up into dull, sordid, wooden-headed clods of the kind that he was himself, or was he willing to let them be lifted up to a new level, and made fit for citizenship in the Republic of the Future?



the Red

They Were Little Red Schoolhouses Once—but How Times Have Changed!

by H. L. MENCKEN

© Davart Co.

This forthright Baltimorean is famous as the idol-smashing champion of America. His Prejudices alone fill six volumes; until lately he was editor of the American Mercury. This article is the second of a series he is contributing to Liberty. The first, on the Brain Trust, appeared in the March 3 issue, and the response was abundant proof that whenever H. L. Mencken speaks, the whole country pricks up its ears.

PUBLIC SCHOOL

So it went on for ten glorious years, from 1920 to 1930. Back in the middle '80s, when most of these wicked fathers and taxpayers had been in the public schools themselves, it had cost less than ten dollars a year to teach them, but by 1920 the bill had quadrupled to forty dollars, and by 1925 it was nearly seventy-five dollars. Five years later the cost in many a town had passed $100, and in some it was actually close upon $150. The total burden upon the whole country ran to billions a year. It was three or four times as great as the cost of the army and navy, and almost as much as the entire expense of running the federal government, including the swollen pension roll and the service of the war debt.

NEW schoolhouses were being built so fast and on so lavish a scale that it was impossible to pay for them out of current taxes, so billions were borrowed for the purpose, and future generations were saddled with the interest and amortization on the loans. Moreover, they were being built so fast that it was impossible to find children enough to fill them, so they had to be given over mainly to public halls, gymnasiums, locker rooms, dress-making parlors, kitchens, laboratories, and so on.

In my own city of Baltimore, which is careful of its money beyond the average, the pedagogues hullabalooed the politicians into putting up palaces with immense spires and steeples, in which less than half the space was occupied by classrooms. The school debt of the town was increased more than 100 per cent and the amount spent on new schoolhouses was more than three times the amount spent on all other kinds of public buildings, though these latter included a magnificent new public library and a large municipal office building.

How far this mania would have gone if times had continued good there is no telling. The pedagogues had it all their own way. Any one who ventured to hint that they were ruining the taxpayer was denounced as an enemy of childhood. Some of them began to argue that all the children of the country ought to be handed over to them at the age of three and left in their care until twenty-one, and others went so far as to maintain that even adults ought to continue to come to them, for they alone, they said plainly, were really wise, and the country would go to pot if they were not permitted to teach every one what to think about everything.

Unfortunately for these wiseacres, there was a crash in the stock market toward the end of 1929, and thereafter the country plunged full tilt into the worst depression ever heard of. The taxpayers who had been unable to get any relief by yelling now got it by going broke. It was impossible to squeeze any more money out of them, and impossible to do any more borrowing. The school appropriations now began to diminish sharply. Teachers everywhere had their pay cut. All the plans for more and more and larger and larger schoolhouses had to be filed away. Many that were already finished had to be closed.

This catastrophe paralyzed the pedagogues, and for a couple of years nothing was heard from them save moans. But with the coming of the New Deal they began to take heart again, and ever since last summer they have been busy with plans to unload the public schools on the federal government. Indeed, they are now operating one of the most active chapters of the Why-Not-Me Club. If the farmer is getting it, why not me? If the bankers are being succored, why not me? Alas, it seems unlikely that they'll ever really reach the trough. Even the Brain Trust is now talking of reducing expenses—and all over the country the poor gogues are in bad odor, and if it were proposed seriously that they be put on the federal pay roll there would be a hurricane of protest. Thus the chances seem to be good that they will never roll again in the catnip that made them leap and exult so handsomely in 1928. The schools will go on, of course, but running them on the scale of Hollywood is apparently out.

All this grief and calamity the head pedagogical dignitaries are disposed to blame on a hellish conspiracy against them, concocted by sinful men. In their principal trade paper, the Journal of the American Education Association, they charged that conspiracy to Wall Street, and from other forums they denounced other Black Hands. But what really ruined them was simply their own stupendous folly. If they had shown any decent moderation, any reasonable prudence, any sign of Christian mercy while they had the taxpayer down, he'd be for them today. But he remembers painfully what they did to him then, and so he is hostile to them now.

His aversion, I believe, runs a little over the border of exact justice—and I say it as one who has no natural veneration for them, and warned them long ago that they were heading for disaster. They are, taking one with another, very foolish fellows, but nevertheless they are probably honest at bottom, and in the midst of all their bull roaring they have probably accomplished something valuable for the American public school, and hence for the American people, for civilization, and maybe even for God. When they began their dizzy rise in the world the schools were the sport of politicians, and teaching was any one's job. A precinct leader's niece took the A B C class to kill time until her beau was ready to marry her. An ambitious young fellow taught geography and long division until he could work his way through law school and qualify for a job in the state attorney's office. The average school superintendent in those days was a decayed political hack. Perhaps two times out of three he took commissions from the textbook publishers, and very often he did some quiet seducing of young schoolma'ams.

The New Pedagogy put an end to all that in most places. It tried to formulate reasonable standards for teachers, and to get rid of the drones and idiots. It tried to improve the curriculum so that the children would learn more than the bare three Rs. It tried to make the schools more sanitary and more comfortable. It tried to displace the political superintendents with men who were really interested in pedagogy and eager to carry it on in the best possible manner. Above all, it tried to give teaching a new professional dignity and security, and to attract to it a new and superior class of young men and women.

THESE objectives, in the main, it really achieved. The public schools of the United States are actually much cleaner and more attractive today, both physically and spiritually than they were when the New Pedagogy got on its legs. Unfortunately, the poor gogues, once they had got going, didn't know when to stop. Having made the schools sanitary, they proceeded to make them palatial. Having provided the teachers with professional self-respect, they went on to convert them into uplifters and world-savers. And having lifted pedagogy itself out of its old wallow and given it a certain intellectual respectability, they began turning it into a profound and complicated mystery and hocus-pocus, full of highly dubious tricks and secrets, and incomprehensible to any rational man.

The literature of the New Pedagogy bristles with evidences of this lamentable excess. In it I have actually encountered articles arguing that the schoolma'am is the embodiment of all the world's wisdom, that she alone can save us from catastrophe and chaos, and that if she got $10,000 a year for working her magic, she would be cheap at the price. And along with such bombastic rhetoric there has gone a silly attempt to overelaborate the teaching process, filling it with needless and often imaginary difficulties.

The poor schoolma'am, forced to swallow the nonsense of these wizards on penalty of losing promotion and a due lift in wages, is herded into hot, preposterous summer schools and subjected to a cruel addling of her wits. And the taxpayer pays the bills.

There is, of course, no support in the known facts for all this highfaluting. The teaching process, in reality, is very simple, and any one who has a taste for it can master it in a short while. Mothers who know nothing whatever of so-called scientific pedagogy teach their children quite as successfully as the most adept professionals, and among teachers themselves those who have passed the most examinations are seldom the best teachers. One of the things most necessary to teaching the elements is a natural sympathy with and understanding of children, perhaps even a natural childishness, and that is certainly not increased by trying to make every teacher a solemn and aloof professor, comparable to a paleontologist or an astrophysicist.

To be sure, it helps a teacher if she knows something about psychology, and especially about the psychology of the young; but what she can know is not much for not much is really known. All the rest that she tries to master is only hooey, and to the accumulation of that hooey the great stars of the New Pedagogy have addressed themselves with frantic diligence. As one who has waded through their professional literature for many years past, seeking light and leading, I can testify to the shocking imbecility of most of it. It is full of discoveries of fact that are obviously not so, and of deductions therefrom that lack all sense. In order to find a match for it you must go to the writings of the numerologists and the testimonials for patent medicines. In their haste to set up a science of pedagogy they have simply set up a grotesque pseudo-science, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

NOR do they show any loftiness of character to compensate for this deficiency in judgment. Their schemes to wring more and more money out of the taxpayer only too often reveal all the eager self-seeking and brutal obtuseness of conscience that characterized the politicians they have displaced. In the days when the Anti-Saloon League dominated the federal government and two thirds of the local governments, they were hot for prohibition, and their chief trade organ proposed that the teachers be forced to whoop it up in the schools. But when the Anti-Saloon League went out and the Brain Trust came in, they dropped prohibition like a hot potato, and began howling loudly for a Planned Economy—with largely increased appropriations, of course, for their own racket.

Smart? It might have been smart if they had not been caught. But they have been caught.

What they face today is a general public suspicion, and that suspicion has ample justification. The plain fact is that while the going was good they ran amuck in an almost insane manner, and wasted an immense amount of the taxpayers' hard-earned money. Now that his sheer necessities have forced him to tie them up, it would be an almost unimaginable folly for him to let them loose again.

We need the public schools, but there is no reason why they should be so intolerably expensive. They'd be much more valuable if they ceased being free cabarets and country clubs and went back to being schools.

In the same way, the teachers would be happier if they could dispense with their laborious cramming for credits and degrees and be free to devote their whole time and energy to teaching. And even the Master Pedagogues, I believe, would be safer, more useful, and more contented men if they could bring themselves to throw overboard all the bogus science which now crazes them, and stop making speeches for a while, and retire from pressure politics, and give themselves honestly and whole-heartedly to the great task of trying to give the children of the United States the maximum of education at the minimum of cost.

THE END

from HORROR to HILARITY

by BEVERLY HILLS

A Nightmare Story, a Wartime Romance, and a Blithe British Farce Run the Gamut of Emotions in a Trio of New Pictures

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★½ DOUBLE DOOR

THE PLAYERS: Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing, Anne Revere, Colin Tapley, Virginia Howell, Halliwell Hobbes, and others.

THE Van Brett house on Fifth Avenue where the action of this picture takes place is a homy little *pied-à-terre.* In its darkly paneled dining room the ashes of Papa Van Brett are on the sideboard; his wife's remains are on the serving table. The living room upstairs is lighted at all times by candles: not because the Van Bretts cannot afford electric light but because they keep the shutters closed. The bedroom where old Victoria Van Brett lives is furnished in the manner of a mid-Victorian undertaker's parlor.

It opens into what turns out to be the handiest chamber in the house, almost in fact the living room: a cozy little soundproof den, black as pitch and equipped with double safe doors. This handy boudoir, originally built by Old Man Van Brett to keep out fresh air when he wished to sleep, is being used as a hiding place for valuables, when the picture opens, by Victoria Van Brett, a winsome old lady among whose most endearing qualities are megalomania and homicidal lunacy.

Victoria Van Brett—Vicki to her friends—believes in the theory of waste not, want not. It would seem extravagant to her to use a whole room as a hiding place. From time to time she puts one of the younger Van Bretts into the soundproof closet as a punishment for childish misdemeanors. The result is that the cozy family circle of Van Bretts would make the Wendels, whom their house resembles, look like boisterous extraverts. Caroline Van Brett, aged forty-two, is sent by her older sister to sit in a chair whenever she speaks out of turn. Handsome young Rip Van Brett (Kent Taylor) has grown up in mortal fear of Vicki because when he was a child she planted firmly in his head the notion that his father's ghost was always watching him. Double Door starts when Rip Van Brett brings home a charming and attractive hospital nurse (Evelyn Venable) and marries her.

There may have been more alarming female sadists in the cinema than Vicki Van Brett or uglier melodramas than Double Door. If so, we have happily forgotten them. What makes Double Door unusual in the class of horror pictures is that its characters are not creatures of fantasy but laboratory specimens from a psychiatric clinic. In its nightmare story, creeping to an appalling climax in the secret soundproof room, the element that makes the struggle between Vicki Van Brett plotting to get rid of the young wife, and the wife's struggle to break Vicki's domination of her husband, truly terrifying is the fact that what happens is abnormal but never unnatural.

Mary Morris's performance as Vicki makes the picture a brilliant portrait as well as an absorbing melodrama. Double Door is not intended for the innocent amusement of little Junior on his birthday. If you are becoming a trifle sick of sweetness, cheer, and the love life of the crooners, it will be a satisfactory antidote.

Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor in Double Door—a good antidote for too much sweetness and sunshine.

All Men Are Enemies is an affecting romance, with Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees in leading roles.

★★★ ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES

THE PLAYERS: Hugh Williams, Helen Twelvetrees, Mona Barrie, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Halliwell Hobbes, Henry Stephenson, Lewis Stone. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

ALL Men Are Enemies is derived from a novel by Richard Aldington which was hailed last year as one of the greatest love stories written since the war. The picture is something considerably less than that. The adapters, perhaps out of exaggerated respect for their material, tried to keep every smash scene and situation in the book. The cast is several notches below perfection. Fitzmaurice's direction is conscientious rather than inspired. None the less, because it is brilliantly photographed and honestly presented, All Men Are Enemies can be classed as a sincere and generally affecting romantic chronicle.

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook in a scene from the humorous film When Sinners Meet.

The hero (Hugh Williams) is a young Englishman with artistic leanings. The heroine (Helen Twelvetrees), whom he meets at Capri just before the war, is a Viennese girl with a pretty singing voice and sympathetic habits. The villainess (Mona Barrie) is a girl who has grown up in England with the hero. The story, it will not reveal too much of the plot to explain, deals with what happens when the war separates the lovers just after they have decided to get married.

Among the apparently necessary evils of the moving picture as a story-telling medium is the stencil method of dealing with unavoidable recurrent episodes and situations. Thus, in the code of the talkies, a shot of moving train wheels means a journey. Calendar leaves fluttering like a pack of cards in a magician's coat sleeve mean that time is passing. The Tour Eiffel means Paris. It would be picayune to object to that portion of All Men Are Enemies which defines the war with library shots of gas flares, shrapnel whistlings, and shells exploding against a dark and hazy battlefield—particularly since this department, in an amateur capacity, has no better method to suggest—were it not for the fact that in a way these scenes are characteristic of the methods of the picture. Dealing with important and unusual matters, it does so in stock terms, some of them straight off the bargain counter.

For example, Lewis Stone as an older friend of the young architect is completely the trite counterpart of a hundred other gruff and sympathetic Englishmen. The Capri scenes are beautifully composed but their mood is of a picture post card. The villainess is a dog-show lady without individual or redeeming traits of character. That the honest worth of All Men Are Enemies emerges at all, as it definitely does, is due to the mysteriously indestructible quality which belongs to most good simple stories, and to Helen Twelvetrees' gentle wide-eyed gracious face and her straightforward and well modulated acting.

★★½ WHEN SINNERS MEET

THE PLAYERS: Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray, Gilbert Emery, Phyllis Barry, and others. Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

DERIVED from an A. A. Milne comedy called The Dover Road, When Sinners Meet belongs to that special category of British farce in which the humor is based upon the supposition that the characters have no important motives for their actions, and hence that action thwarted is not tragic but amusing. Thus when two gentlemen running off with ladies not their wives are kidnaped on their way to Paris by an eccentric millionaire (Clive Brook) whose hobby is correcting misalliances, it becomes apparent, before the two couples have been the millionaire's prisoners and guests for many hours, that both of them are ill-assorted. You know that they will presently be reassembled and you know almost exactly how the trick will be accomplished. What would happen if the millionaire interfered in the same way with, for instance, Tony and Katha, the unmarried but more solemnly devoted couple in All Men Are Enemies, it is unpleasant and unnecessary to imagine.

The precise mechanics of extracting laughter from such situations as arise in When Sinners Meet you will be familiar with; they are the manipulations of all parlor farces, which, when practiced by an expert cast, can be immensely funny. For example, Reginald Owen, unaware that the act of sneezing while he eats a breakfast of kipper and kidneys makes him seem irresistibly and unpleasantly ridiculous to the lady with whom he is eloping, is a spectacle with much more predictable comedy in it than most of the consequences in When Sinners Meet.

The best laughs in the picture come from such unpromising trifles as the oversolicitous tone of voice in which Billie Burke asks Alan Mowbray to have another piece of toast; the way Clive Brook looks at his butler; Diana Wynyard's lazy enigmatic smile when she realizes that Brook has saved her from a disastrous situation. When Sinners Meet, acted, with the exception of Miss Burke, by an English cast, will probably be more popular abroad than it will be here. None the less, if you like A. A. Milne and do not object to a language in which the word "rather" means "absolutely" and "I say" means "what the hell," you are likely to enjoy it.

SCREEN COMMENT

There follows a short list of pictures previewed too late for review in this issue.

LOVES OF CELLINI: Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Constance Bennett, and Fay Wray impersonating celebrities of Renaissance Florence in a costume comedy romance which, derived from The Firebrand, contrives to be handsome, constantly amusing, and daring without being dirty.

LITTLE MISS MARKER: Damon Runyon's story of the New York bookmaker and the child left with him as a pledge for a bet—with Adolphe Menjou, Shirley Temple, and Dorothy Dell.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women.

★★★—Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup.

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MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

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Joan Blondell WARNER BROTHERS STAR

Bright Girl

A Stirring New Chapter in the Story of a Heroine Who Was Man-Crazy

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

by VIÑA DELMAR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

AT the age of eighteen Kay Warren quits her first husband, Billy, eleven months after their flashing society wedding. She tells her wealthy mother and stepfather, Leonard Walters, that Billy has found a "dish-water blonde" more to his liking. But secretly, the beautiful and talented Kay has another reason.

As a child, her most beloved and constant playmate had been her father, the late Clyde Bronson. She had absorbed his brilliance and delightful whimsicalities into her own nature, and these clash with the life she finds after he dies. Her flighty mother's remarriage to Walters leaves her coldly disinterested. The young society of the Mid-Western city where she lives is despised by her. She regards the girls as empty-headed; the boys as young animals in their would-be love-making.

Finally Kay Bronson seeks refuge in the companionship of Jessie Ryland, a homely girl, and joins with her in a burning ambition to be a school-teacher. Kay shows great promise of becoming a brilliant educator at training school. But something happens. A hidden characteristic of which she was not aware suddenly exerts itself to plunge her madly into love with an uneducated, wise-cracking young drug clerk, who is Billy. They get married, at her insistence, and for a time Kay thinks she has found her life ideal, simply in the arms of the darkly handsome clerk. But she realizes finally that this is all she can ever expect from him, and so, when she hears of his rendezvous with the blonde, she seizes upon this as an excuse to board a train for New York, where she dreams she may find something more worth-while in life.

PART THREE—THE CALL OF ADVENTURE

WHEN faced in open combat, the city was more terrifying than anything you could imagine. Kay wasn't afraid of the noise or the crowds or the traffic. She wasn't a yokel or a shrinking violet. She knew that she wouldn't get run over or lost or caught in a white-slaver's net. She looked about her and saw that no one was garbed more smartly or correctly than herself, and she knew that no one would take her for a young hick fresh from the Middle West.

But there was something else. It was dreadful not to know your way around. Never before had she stood on strange ground and wondered which way to turn. It was easy to find out. If you weren't dumb and weren't penniless you reached your destination without the slightest difficulty. Still, it was terrifying to have to ask questions and to realize that you alone of all the hurrying, scampering mob didn't know which exit to choose, nor even which street in the large city you wanted.

The porter carrying her bags came up to her. "You want a taxi, miss?" he asked her.

"Yes, a taxi."

"This way."

That was simple. You followed him to a taxi, mentioned the name of a hotel to the driver, and then sat back and waited to be delivered at the door. That was the system. Probably none of this hurrying crowd knew his way about. No doubt they were all looking for taxi drivers. That made Kay feel better.

She gave the porter fifty cents and settled back in a cab.

"Where to, miss?"

"The Torrance."

"Where did you say?"

"The Torrance Hotel."

"Where is it?"

Now that was a fine how-do-you-do. Where is it? Here was a taxi driver she had trusted and he had failed her.

"I don't know where it is," she said. She tried to remember if Daddy had ever mentioned on which street or even in which section of the city the hotel stood. He had always lived there on his brief trips to New York.

"Well, I don't either, miss."

"Oh, it doesn't have to be the Torrance. Take me to any nice hotel that's clean and quiet and decent."

"Quite a lot would answer that description. Let me see now." He turned and looked his passenger over. He didn't miss the sheer expensive stockings nor the trim fit of her coat at the shoulder line nor the confident cockiness of her hat. "You want a real first-rate place, don't you?"

"Yes."

"O. K. We'll try the Castle."

"O. K. Let's," she responded gayly. She couldn't know at that moment what a compliment was being paid her. The taxi driver had never before suggested the Castle to any young unchaperoned woman because in his life he had discovered that you never could tell. But there was something in the set of the shoulders under the tailored line and in the face under the cocky hat that made you say "the Castle" to this girl as easily as you said "the Creslian" to a lot of others.

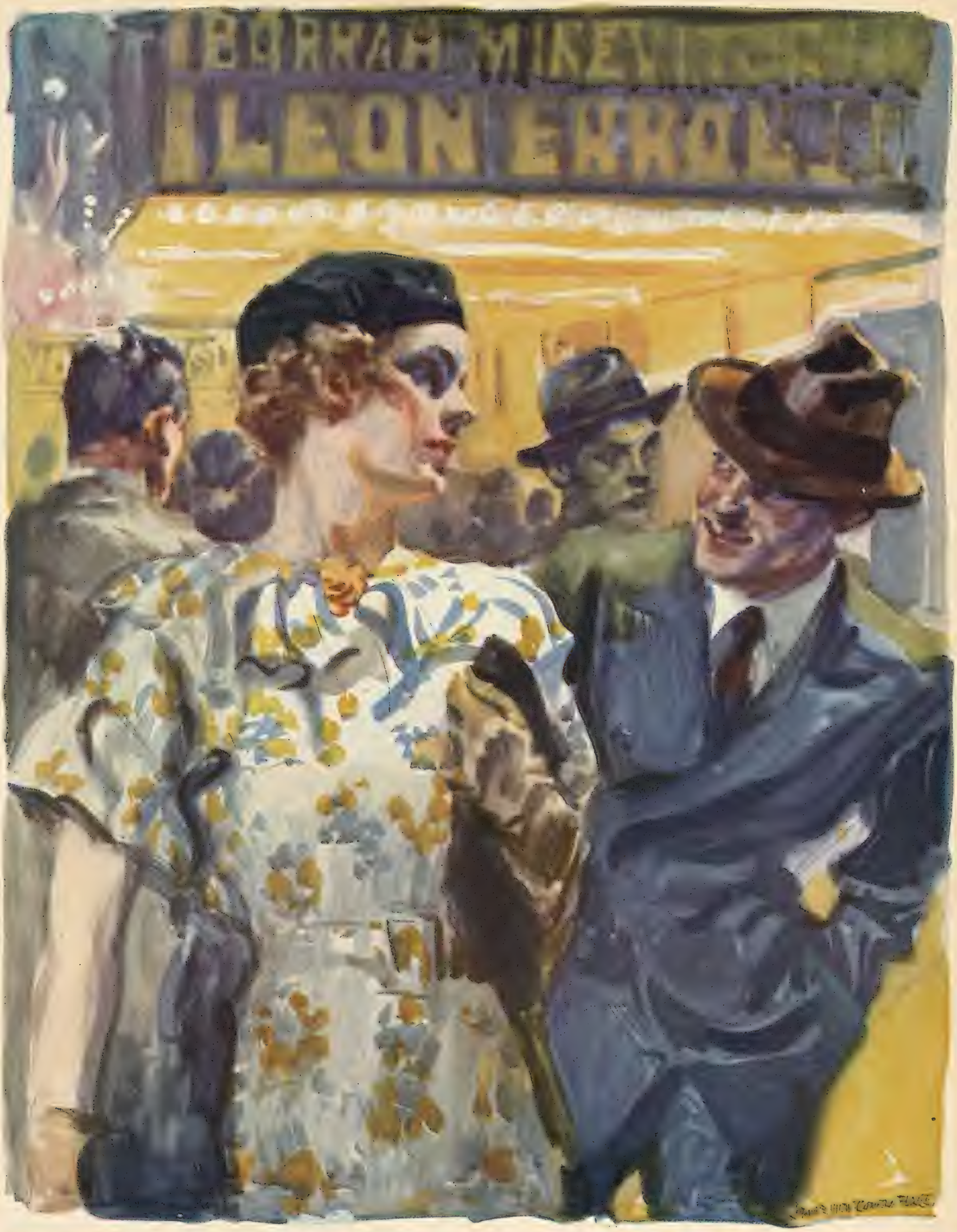
After the bell hops had carried her bags into the somberly elegant lobby, the taxi driver dawdled for a moment at the curb. He wanted to see his judgment indorsed. Would the precise and perfect reception clerk of the Castle accept this young unheralded female?

"How long will you be staying, Miss—" a furtive glance at the register—"Bronson?"

"I'm not quite sure."

"I think four sixteen will suit you nicely. You didn't want a suite?"

(Continued on fourth page following)


BORRAH MINEV
LEON ERROL

WHEN THE SHOW WAS OVER, KAY WALKED UP BROADWAY. A MAN WITH A SOILED FEDORA WALKED UP BESIDE HER AND SAID, "NICE EVENING, ISN'T IT?"

APP

by "GOOD

Now, for the first time in history, *Good Housekeeping* has awarded its coveted seal of approval to ice cream. American women know the stringent requirements a product must meet before it is eligible to wear the star of *Good Housekeeping.*

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Good ice cream, you know, is not merely a festive dessert for special occasions. It is a pure food, appropriate and appreciated at all times. It is stored with the body-building vitamins of sweet cream, fresh from sparkling dairies; the quick energy of pure sugar; the nourishment of fresh fruits and meaty nuts; and the tongue-teasing appeal of pure flavors.

Herewith are the approved brands, produced under a single standard of excellence and stamped on the carton with *Good Housekeeping's* official seal of approval. Listed also are the communities in which they are already favorites. Find your local brand, look for the safety-seal . . . in the store, on the carton.

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. . . these popular brands of delicious ice cream

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Rockford, Ill., and Monroe, Wis.

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BREYERS ICE CREAM
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CASTLES ICE CREAM
Brooklyn and Staten Island, N. Y., and Northern New Jersey

CHAPELL'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Chicago, Ill.

CLOVER FARMS ICE CREAM
Memphis and Western Tennessee, Eastern Arkansas, and Northern Mississippi

CLOVERLEAF ICE CREAM
Decatur and Northern Indiana

CREAM CREST ICE CREAM
Louisville and Lexington, Ky.

THE CREAM OF PITTSBURGH
Greater Pittsburgh, Pa.

CREME-FREEZ ICE CREAM
Boston, Mass.

DETROIT CREAMERY VELVET BRAND ICE CREAM
Detroit and State of Michigan

ECOMA ICE CREAM . . . Erie, Pa.

FRANKLIN DUBL-EX ICE CREAM
Kansas City and Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Southeastern Nebraska

FRECHTLING'S ICE CREAM
Metropolitan Cincinnati and Hamilton, Ohio

FRO-JOY ICE CREAM . . . New England States, New York State, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and Northeastern Ohio

HARDING'S ICE CREAM
Eastern Nebraska and Western Iowa

HOFFMAN'S ICE CREAM
Altoona, Barnesboro, Bedford, Pa., and Cumberland, Md.

HYDROX ICE CREAM
Metropolitan New York, Metropolitan Chicago, Greater St. Louis, Southeastern Missouri, and Southern Illinois

JERSEY ICE CREAM
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KENT'S ICE CREAM, State of Vermont

KIMBALL'S ICE CREAM
Malden, Mass.

LOCKWOOD'S ICE CREAM
Utica, N. Y.

LUICK ICE CREAM
Milwaukee and Wisconsin, Northern Illinois, and Upper Peninsular Michigan

MANCHESTER DAIRY ICE CREAM
South Manchester, Conn.

MILLIKIN'S ICE CREAM
Youngstown and Warren, Ohio

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GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

(Continued from fourth page preceding) "No, I shan't be entertaining. One room will be sufficient."

Four sixteen was really very nice, Kay thought. It was no doubt a room furnished for lady guests. It was done in ivory and robin's-egg blue, but grace and comfort had come first and the ivory and blue had not been allowed to run riot. The bathroom was just white. No ivory. No blue. No wall paper. Gotham, Inc., hadn't been asked in on this job.

Kay looked out of the window and wondered what street she saw. She went to the desk and looked at the hotel stationery. There was nothing to be learned there. In the tiniest of all engraving she read "The Castle." That was all. She picked up a telephone book and searched for the Castle. The street address must be there. It was. Park Avenue. It annoyed her that she didn't know where she was. The name of the street was one thing, but its relation to shops, theaters, the zoo, or anything at all was completely unknown to her. That gave you a lost feeling.

She unpacked her suitcases. Then she bathed and dressed again. It would be fun to go out and see a little of the city. She would have to walk because she had no definite goal that she could name. Walking was foolish, though. You might exhaust yourself without seeing a thing of interest.

She went to the precise and perfect reception clerk and said to him, "I've never been in New York before. I want to see things. Where can I go?"

"Alone, Miss Bronson?"

"Yes. Oh, I don't mean the cafés and things of that sort. I just want to look at the city."

The clerk seemed relieved.

"Where is Fifth Avenue, for instance, or Times Square or Washington Square or Columbus Circle or Central Park or any of the places you hear about?"

He smiled. "Some of them are quite close. Would you like to hire an automobile and go on a private sight-seeing tour?"

She shook her head. "I'll manage," she said, and walked away from him. He had made the whole thing sound so stuffy. A private sight-seeing tour! A barrel of fun that would be. She looked at her watch as she passed through the lobby. It was seven o'clock and she was hungry. A sudden idea came to her. She would have dinner and go to a theater. Never would such a thought have entered her head had it not been for the clerk's shocked tone. Young ladies really shouldn't go places alone. But what should young ladies do if they had no one? That would be a question for the clerk to answer. Perhaps he would say that young ladies should stay at home with their husbands, mothers, and stepfathers.

Kay got into a taxicab and said, "Times Square."

"Any particular corner?"

"No. Any one will do."

IT was a long ride taken from the standpoint of time. Actually it was a short ride but a long period of sitting in a corner of the cab waiting for traffic to let the cab ooze a few inches closer to its goal. Kay wondered if everybody in New York was going to Times Square.

The driver let her out at the northeast corner. Kay looked around for a place to eat. She didn't see anything that looked like a nice big friendly restaurant, so she went into a drug store and had a malted milk and two sandwiches. She walked along Forty-second Street after that and bought a ticket to see a play whose praises had been sung so loudly that she had heard them back in the Middle West. There was still a half hour to kill before curtain time, so Kay walked up Eighth Avenue. She didn't deliberately choose Eighth Avenue, but it was a street and it was there, so she walked on it and found it very dull exploring.

In the theater she sat in front of a young man whose cousin knew the author of the play. He knew just what was coming next and obligingly saved his companion and the people in all surrounding seats from suffering suspense. When the show was over Kay walked up Broadway. A meager little man with a soiled fedora hat walked beside her and said, "Nice evening, isn't it?"

Kay said quickly, "Yes, and keep it that way."

He fell back out of step with her. He could tell when they weren't fooling.

She saw a motion-picture theater that was running a midnight performance, so she went in and sat in the last row. She didn't really want to see the picture, but she liked being out in the strange city and learning things about it. Already she knew that the smart gay places to dine and dance were not on Broadway, as song and story would have you believe.

It was very late when she returned to the hotel. After the picture she had found a crowded restaurant on Broadway and had been placed at a table with a man and a woman who weren't sure that they could play the matinée if they made the jump by automobile.

There was a new clerk on duty at the Castle. He said good evening to Kay and at the same time looked at the clock. Despite his smile he was obviously annoyed. She wasn't acting like a true lady of the Castle.

Kay stepped into the elevator and went up to her blue-and-ivory room. This was the end of the first New York day. And she was tired.

WITHIN a week she was a New Yorker—or as much a New Yorker as ten and a half million other people who pass for such. She knew where the shops and the theaters were to be found, and from careful reading of newspaper columns she knew all the smart places to go. Of course she didn't go to these places. She had no escort and no desire to see the smart night spots, but like a true New Yorker she knew where the places were located and she read about them. In order to know a town you must read its newspapers, and Kay wanted to know New York. She wanted to know its history, its geography, and its psychology.

It was like the year she was sixteen and had gone stark mad on the subject of Napoleon and had read more than a hundred books concerning him. She had intended to write of Napoleon herself and to become some day a great authority on the emperor, his life and times. At eighteen it was laughable to picture that ardent sixteen-year-old. She knew now that it had all been an absurd dream. Some day, however, she would write of New York, when she had learned enough. Perhaps she could become the world's greatest authority on New York City. But that would come later. The first thing she would write would be the novel about herself and Billy.

It pleased Kay to find that she suffered not one moment of loneliness. It had always been a pet theory of hers that only stupid people were lonely. You didn't have to have a companion if you weren't so empty-headed that you bored yourself. There were plays and concerts for those who could afford them, and public libraries and shop windows and no end of things for people who were poor. Life was too full to be lonely. Life was an adventure for the imaginative soul. Always something fresh and new if you could appreciate it.

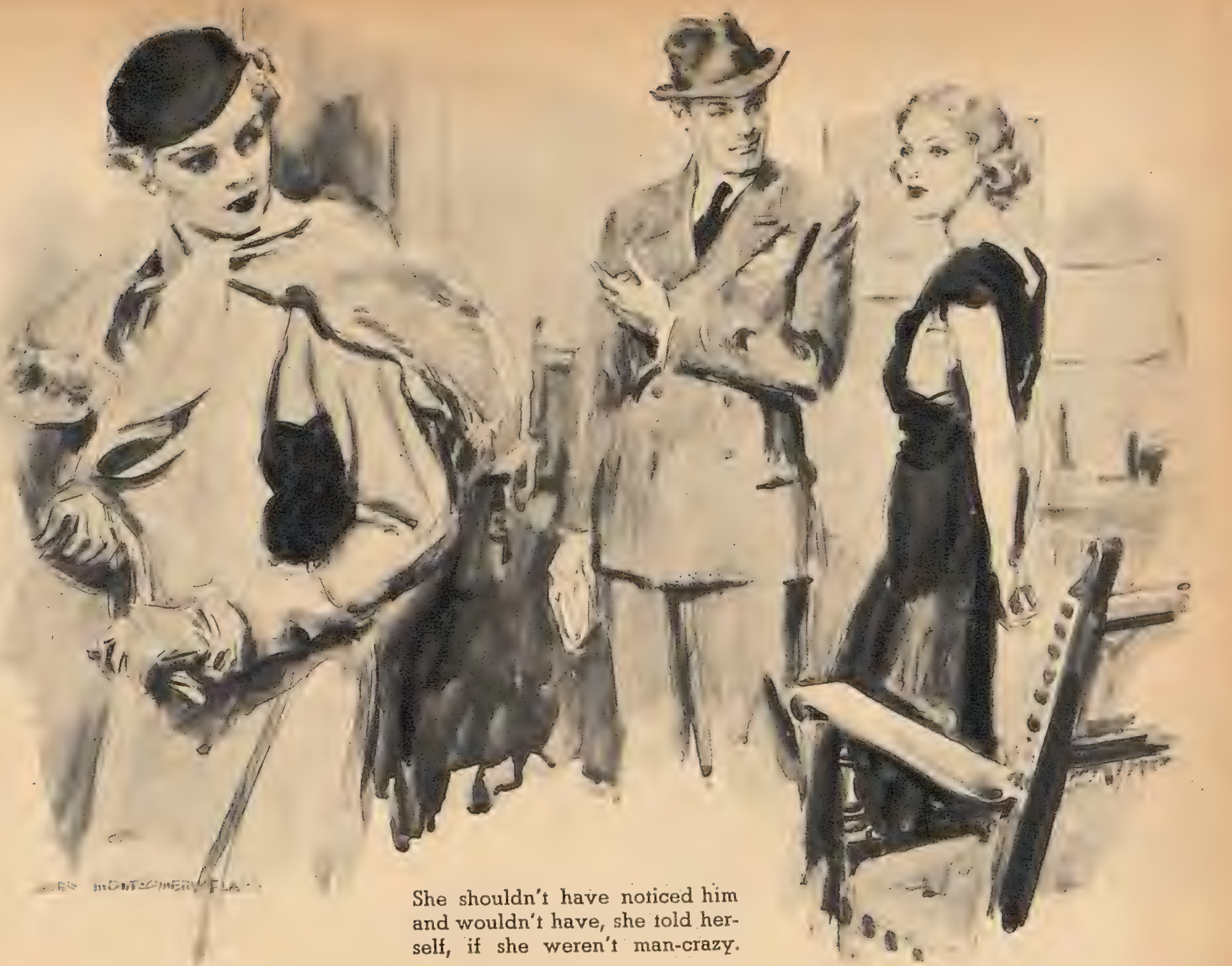
She wrote home and told Mama where she was and that she intended to go to work and do something splendid with her life.

"It is a thrilling town," she wrote. "I could live here forever without being bored."

Mama answered, "Leonard says he could live in New York forever, too, without being bored if he could live at the Castle and go to the theater every night."

Leonard indeed! He was bored every minute that there were less than a dozen people with him. And she didn't go to the theater every night. Some nights she stayed in her room and read. Other nights she drove around looking at Little Italy, the Ghetto, Chinatown, the Bronx, Greenwich Village—oh, there were so many things to see!

Only at odd moments was there a noticeable flaw in the beautiful holiday; only once in a while did this lovely, exciting freedom seem less lovely. It wasn't a wave of loneliness that washed over her. It wasn't like loneliness at all. It was something else—that crazy feeling that came when she saw trim young men in dress clothes hurrying to a date. She would sit in the back of a hired limousine and stare through the window at them. Sometimes they would stare back at her. Once one of them



She shouldn't have noticed him and wouldn't have, she told herself, if she weren't man-crazy.

smiled, but Kay looked away from him. Looked quickly away, for she had a sudden clairvoyant vision. He had a taste for adventure, too. He would forget his formal engagement and follow her. He was broad-shouldered and his eyes were dark and bright with ready laughter. It would be foolish to know him. Foolish even to look at him again. Things happened. Inexplicable things that made you forget really worth-while matters. If women had no moments of forgetfulness mankind would soon disappear from the face of the earth.

The young man had passed from her range of vision. He was gone. It had been a narrow escape. Kay opened her purse and took out her mirror. She wanted to see how she had looked when the young man had smiled at her. Stupid vanity, but there it was.

She looked at herself and enjoyed the view. It was a pretty face and a passer-by had appreciated it. That part was nice, but she resented the fact that she had appreciated the handsomeness of the passer-by. She should not even have noticed him. Still, she argued, any girl would have noticed him. But was that true? Maybe she was different from other girls, more aware of handsome young men.

The possibility frightened her. She said to herself, "Why, you're man-crazy, you poor fool, man-crazy!"

The idea that the accusation might be true spoiled her entire evening. Man-crazy. She shuddered. Mama had once had an Irish upstairs girl who was man-crazy. The poor soul had ruined her life on account of men. But you didn't do things like that unless you were dumb. You let your head rule your heart.

Oh, you did, did you? You didn't fly off with a drug clerk and marry him?

Good Heavens, how could you tell whether you were man-crazy or not? Wasn't it normal to admire a handsome young man? Men never tired of pretty women; still, the world accepted that as normal, and a man like Billy who wanted every attractive woman who crossed his path never became a textbook case. The double standard again. A man is normal if he wants every pretty girl in sight. A woman is a pathological case if she notices that quite a few young men are attractive.

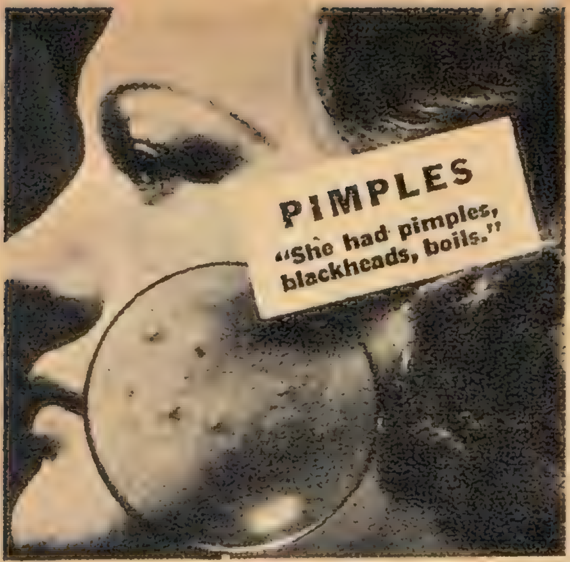
AND how inconvenient to be man-crazy. Nature had arranged things so that it would be inconvenient. The same obviousness again. Nature hadn't even troubled to be subtle about anything. And railing at nature was like complaining to the post office. You had no choice.

Kay drove to Coney Island and watched the waves for an hour, but it wasn't a pleasant evening. She had looked more closely at Kay than she had looked at Napoleon, more closely than she would ever look at New York, and she wished desperately now that she had asked no questions and had furnished no answers.

It was very expensive living at the Castle. The main extravagance was the hired limousine. Kay took to taxis after the second week and entirely gave up the Bronx, Coney Island, and all far-flung places. They were an expense completely out of proportion to their attractiveness. There were other snares, too, for catching your money. Gorgeously dressed shop windows that made it necessary for you to buy the most useless trinkets, a sudden-made yearning to learn Italian, horseback riding in the park. Oh, a dozen things.

Kay was not worried when she saw her funds melting away. She knew that she could get work. It was only a question of setting about going after it. She was determined not to turn to Mama for money. It would please Leonard too much to see her appealing for help. Also it was time she made her own way. It was an obligation she owed to the brains God had given her.

When she was down to a hundred and fifty dollars she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began to think seriously of work. How did a person begin? She thought of the female architect she had read about in the paper. But you had to study to be an architect. You didn't wake up one fine morning and discover that you had taken in a knowledge of architecture through your pores. Most things had to be studied, and at the moment there was no money or time for study.

For the present she would have to take a job just to keep going. She had to have something to save herself from begging charity of Leonard.

She answered an ad in the paper. It was an ad that wished a reply by mail. A young woman of refined type was required. She did not have to know stenography or bookkeeping. Appearance, personality, and intelligence were all that counted. Kay was amused. How could they tell from a letter what the appearance and personality of the writer might be?

In her smart distinctive handwriting Kay explained that she had never before gone to business but would now like very much to do so. She told what education she had had, and concluded with the hope that she would be interviewed for the position.

She had an answer by telegraph the following morning. Miss Crane at the Iris Dawn Shoppe on Fifth Avenue would see her at half past one.

The name Iris Dawn was familiar. Mama had always used Iris Dawn creams and powders. Kay went to the appointment in a taxi and was not disappointed by the size or appearance of the Iris Dawn New York branch.

The luxurious fittings of the shop made Kay give a fleeting thought to the profits there must be in creams and powders. The Iris Dawn people did not " do " hair or nails. Only complexions interested them, and the glory of the shop proved that they had made America complexion-conscious.

Miss Crane came toward her smiling. She was a stylish-stout type of woman with beautiful blue-black hair.

" You are Miss Bronson? "

" Yes."

" Sit down, my dear."

KAY was swallowed by a huge dove-gray roll of satin as she relaxed in the nearest chair.

Miss Crane looked at her. " You are a lovely-looking child."

" Thank you."

" I'll tell you about the position. We need an appointment clerk, and, as you see, nothing is commonplace or vulgar here, so naturally we don't want a commonplace or vulgar girl. We want somebody like you."

She paused and Kay smiled.

" There is nothing to the position except answering the phone, writing down appointments, and saying 'Good day' very sweetly to our clients. Simple, isn't it? "

" Oh, yes, indeed. Too simple."

Miss Crane turned inquiring eyes upon the young applicant. " What do you mean by that, my dear? "

" Why, only that a position as simple and as routine as that certainly can't pay any salary worth mentioning."

" We pay twenty-five dollars a week. That's exceedingly high, but we want an exceedingly fine girl."

Kay said, " Twenty-five dollars! "

Miss Crane said, " It's a high salary." She waited a second, and when Kay did not speak she continued, " Your letter said that you had not gone to business before. Are you by any chance a social secretary at the moment or a companion? "

" No."

" Your address intrigued me, I must say. Do you expect a salary that would keep you living at the Castle? "

" Oh, no, probably not—of course not. I expect to move, but I want a clean decent place to live."

" Certainly, we all do. Many girls live beautifully on twenty-five dollars a week." She eyed Kay for a moment. Then, " Have you run away from home? "

" NO, nothing so romantic. I'm just a person who finds it necessary to work."

" I see."

" Will you tell me, Miss Crane, just for my information, how do girls live on twenty-five dollars a week? It sounds like a snob's question, I know, but I'm a stranger in New York and in the workaday world."

" They live in respectable rooming houses, of which there are many, or in small obscure hotels. Sometimes two or three friends will take an apartment together."

" Oh! "

" The rooming houses are all right. Many of them are charmingly furnished and very comfortable. If you have to work, you'll have to find these places, child."

" Yes, I understand that."

There was a moment's silence. Kay stood up. " Thank you," she said.

Miss Crane smiled. " You don't want our position? "

" I don't think so. I'm sorry."

The smile grew into a light brittle laugh. " You better go home to your family, child. Runaway is written all over you. I dare say your father has detectives searching the country at this very moment."

" No; but I'd better do something. You see, I couldn't become absorbed in jotting down appointments. I want to do something interesting, and I couldn't go home night after night to a rooming house."

Miss Crane looked at her. " No, I guess you couldn't," she said. Her words surprised herself. Always she had considered Adèle Crane three cuts above every one she had ever met; still, for nine years she had lived in a rooming house. " You'd be too miserable. You wouldn't do here, my dear. You're quite right. Find something else."

" Oh, I will. I must. Good-by."

" Good-by."

It had been a peculiar interview, Kay thought later. Almost like a dream. To make it really fantastic she should have ended it by going into a booth and having the famous Dawn Debbie massage. It would have made a nicely rounded-out story for Miss Crane to tell people.

What was this urge to round out people's stories for them? Was it the writer's instinct in her? Probably. She must get to work on a novel. She must get started on something. And she must get a job.

It was after midnight when Kay went to sleep. Two hours later she awakened. That was unusual for her. She lay in the dark, blinking her eyes and trying to recall what she had been dreaming. Then suddenly she knew. It was an idea—a good idea and forceful enough to have pulled her out of her dreams.

Or had it only come now since awakening? That was one of the things she'd never know. Still, the idea was there, so what difference did it make where it came from?

She would become a governess. That was the idea. And how perfect it was! She liked children and could certainly manage one. That was another thing that was only a matter of intelligence and system. You could buy a book and study children's diets, and your common sense and sympathy could be trusted in all emergencies. It would be fun, too, and a lot nicer than being companion to some grouchy old woman. A child was sweet and clean and interesting.

And the governess idea routed the rooming-house horror. A governess lived in some one's home and did not have to think about room or board. She would take a job where she would be given a pleasant room. During the evenings she would start writing her novel. When the novel was selling well she would give up the job and study something, or else continue to write if she chose. Well, that was all settled, so Kay fell asleep again.

IN the morning she went down to the desk and asked which was the very best employment agency in town.

"For what type of help, Miss Bronson? Maids, secretaries, or what?"

"Governesses. The help at home is hopeless. My sister wants me to hire a young woman here to send West."

"Oh, I see." It took him a little time, but at last he presented a list which named a half dozen first-class agencies. "You could telephone and they would send the people to you."

"I prefer to go in person."

At the first agency Kay told the truth. To a tall efficient young woman she confided that never before had she been a governess but now wanted to become one.

"Nobody wants to trust an inexperienced person with a child," the young woman said.

"That's foolish," Kay protested. "A person's integrity doesn't improve with years. You're either trustworthy or you aren't. A mother is taking a chance, no matter what stranger she hires, and a past record nine miles long isn't going to insure her child's safety."

"I know that, but I'm only the agent, not the employer. I'll file you and maybe somebody will be willing to give you a chance. How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"That's a disadvantage, too. You'd be considered too young by many people."

"How much do these people pay for a governess?"

"That depends. You'll be doing well if you get seventy-five dollars."

"A month?"

"Certainly a month. I've gotten as high as a hundred and fifty for a very well educated lady who came here seeking employment. She was very experienced and had had a little Italian princess for two years. She spoke four languages."

"I guess I'm hopeless," Kay said.

"You can't tell. Somebody might take you for your refinement and poise. I thought you were an employer when you walked in."

"Really? How nice."

"I suppose you've read up on all the things you have to teach a child—table manners and polite replies and when to rise and all that?"

Kay looked at her. "Yes, I've read up on them."

At the next place that she visited Kay told a dif-

PAST THE CENSOR

By FRANCES INGRAM

Frances Ingram

I saw Fred Astaire the other night. Since scoring a hit in "Flying Down to Rio," he has been filling an engagement in England but is back now to star in "The Gay Divorcee" with Ginger Rogers. Fred played in this on the stage for almost a year, you know, and was a great hit. The role is ideally suited to Fred's dancing and comic abilities and as one who saw him in the play, I predict another success for him in his new picture.

Charles Laughton rivals Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as a Trans-Atlantic commuter these days, what with working on pictures, both in London and in Hollywood. He is back here now doing the "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Norma Shearer and Frederick March. Following that, he will appear with the Montreal girl again, in "Marie Antoinette."

I am looking forward to Washington Irving's immortal classic, "Rip Van Winkle," which is coming to the screen in the form of a musical comedy. W. C. Fields, veteran comedian and sleight of hand artist plays the lead, supported by Lyda Roberti.

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Mrs. Thurston James, 4521 Sixth Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.; Belle Witkin, 568 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.; Glenn Christman, Civilian Conservation Corps, Finance Office, Camp Custer, Mich.

ferent story. She was twenty-one years old and had worked for the Franklyns of Akron, Ohio, for three years. She pronounced the name of Franklyn in such a manner that no one would have dared to inquire who the Franklyns were. You saw twenty servants, a yacht, and a Riviera palace all in the way she said the name. She had been governess to Stuyvesant Franklyn the Third.

The agency was impressed. There were two women here. One asked the other if she thought Miss Bronson would like the Carter family. There was quite a to-do about the Carters but it came to nothing. The Carters were holding out for a woman aged fifty who would be a real Nana to the little girl and would still be able to play a smashing game of tennis with the growing boy.

"What can you do in the way of outdoor things, Miss Bronson?"

"Swim, play tennis, golf, and ping-pong. Drive a car. Ride horseback—oh, let's see—yes, badminton, croquet, and—"

"It seems enough. Any foreign languages?"

"No."

"That's too bad; however, we'll file you. I'm sure I can place you."

Kay was considerably less certain. If there had been some home that very hour that would have welcomed her, all would have been well. But now the agency would have time to inquire about those beautiful awe-inspiring and nonexistent Franklyns. Damn it, she hated to lie. Lying was stupid. Why did they make her lie before they would trust her?

She completed the rounds of the first-class agencies. They all filed her name and promised action, but she heard from none of them during the next few days.

And finally it wasn't the agencies at all but a little ad in the paper that made Kay Bronson begin her career in the workaday world:

> GOVERNESS wanted. Must be intelligent young woman under thirty with experience and refinement.

Kay decided to go after the job. You never could tell. Sooner or later somebody was going to be too lazy to check on the Franklyns. She was in a taxicab and on her way before she realized that the street address had three figures, and that always made an expensive taxi jaunt. But she was on her way now, and besides—where was the subway?

SHE was set down before a building that was probably the world's gaudiest apartment house. Nothing had been missed either on the exterior of the building or in its tremendous foyer. Colored lights, bright carpets, striped awnings, tapestry bricks. Everything was there. It was called the Ethan Allen Arms and a colored doorman proudly carried above his heart the largest gold E and A that his ample frame permitted.

The foyer had many chairs. In each sat a young woman under thirty. Probably an intelligent young woman under thirty with experience and refinement. Many other young women were standing. The switchboard operator was glaring at them. He didn't glare at Kay until he discovered that she was another applicant. Then he glared.

"How do you get to Mrs. Gordon's apartment?" she asked.

"You wait till you're picked."

"And who picks you?"

He waved toward the elevator. The door was just opening. Two young women came out looking crestfallen. Behind them marched a colored maid dressed like an advertisement for servants' uniforms.

Black alpaca with white at neck and wrists. Dazzling white apron. White cap. She was a good-looking colored girl with sharp bright eyes. The young women crowded toward her. Kay did not move from her place at the switchboard.

The colored girl looked at her. She seemed about to speak, then turned away. A timid, painfully neat young woman caught her eye.

"Are you experienced?" the colored girl asked.

"Yes."

"Have you references with you?"

The timid young woman began fumbling in her bag.

"Don't show 'em to me. I just don't want you to take Mrs. Gordon's time if you ain't got 'em. You can come upstairs."

She looked at the other girls and then back at Kay. Again she seemed about to speak.

She walked to the switchboard and whispered to the boy.

"Yeh," he said, "she's one of them."

THE colored girl smiled in answer to Kay's smile. "I wasn't sure," she said. "Come on along upstairs."

A great sigh rose from the others left in the foyer. There was no word spoken in the elevator. Kay thought, "She never asked for my references. I'll bet Mrs. Gordon doesn't either. I'll be disappointed if she doesn't, after my brilliant scheming."

The colored girl ushered them into a living room that was fairly attractive. Good furniture, decent enough rugs and pictures. It wasn't a decorator's job. Mrs. Gordon may have gone a trifle wrong on her drapes, but it was at least her honest opinion of what belonged there and she hadn't paid for somebody else's mistakes.

The timid young woman was ushered into Mrs. Gordon first. Within five minutes she was back, drawing on her gloves and carefully refolding her references. The colored girl beckoned to Kay.

Mrs. Gordon was holding audience in the dining room. She was a small and very blonde woman well under twenty-five. Quite pretty and doing her best to look stern and important. She had a pencil and enough paper in front of her to make complete physical and mental records of every applicant who appeared before her.

"Won't you sit down?"

Kay sat down.

"What is your name?"

"Kay Bronson."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-one."

"What experience have you had with children?"

"For three years I had little Stuyvesant Franklyn. You know, the Akron, Ohio, Franklyns."

"Was that your only place?"

"Yes."

"Did they discharge you?"

Kay smiled at the very idea of the beloved Franklyns discharging her. "No, they went to live in Europe, and I didn't care to go. They brought me to New York because I wanted to come here. Then they sailed."

"I see. Have you a reference from them?"

"ONLY this." Kay opened her purse and drew forth a telegram which she handed to Mrs. Gordon.

Mrs. Gordon read:

IN EXCITEMENT OF LEAVING FORGOT TO WRITE YOUR REFERENCE STOP WILL MAIL IT FROM PARIS STOP NO ONE WILL EVER TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THIS FAMILY AND IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND JUST CABLE AND YOU WILL HAVE YOUR FARE IMMEDIATELY STOP A KISS FROM JUNIOR AND UNDYING AFFECTION AND ADMIRATION ALWAYS FROM MR AND MRS STUYVESANT FRANKLYN STOP

Mrs. Gordon handed back the telegram and looked at Kay with a new interest. "I should say they don't have to mail the reference," she smiled.

"They are such nice people," Kay said.

"That was sent in New York."

"Yes, I couldn't go to the boat with them. It would have killed me to wave good-by."

"I see. You—er—you live at the Castle?"

"Yes. You see, the Franklyns brought me there and paid my rent for another week so I wouldn't have to move as soon as they left."

"That was nice. Now, what salary did you receive with them?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Would you consider less?"

"Yes, if I had a comfortable room to myself and I liked the child."

"The governess's room here is as good as my own room. Plainly furnished but very livable. The child—well, of course, I think he's wonderful."

"I'm sure he is," Kay murmured and loathed herself.

"He's never had a governess or a nursemaid. He's four, and I've taken complete charge of him myself. I don't believe in trusting babies to strangers."

"Bunk," Kay thought. "Your husband probably just got a raise, and at last you can hand the kid over to somebody else."

"Miss Bronson, I'd like you to see the child and of course the room."

"The child is more important," Kay said.

Mrs. Gordon's voice suddenly rose in a high, shrill scream: "Robbie! Rob-bee!"

There was a patter of small feet, a dull thud, and then the patter of small feet again.

"He fell down," Mrs. Gordon explained somewhat unnecessarily.

Robbie entered the room. He was a tiny child with a dark Dutch bob and wide gray eyes. He was as sweet-looking as a governess's dream of what her own child would be like if she could only get around to having one.

Kay held out her arms to him and unquestioningly he walked into them. Mrs. Gordon was sold.

"He never acted like that with any one before," she said. Swiftly she jumped from her chair. "I want to show you the room. I hope you like it."

Kay picked up the child and followed her.

"Isn't he too heavy for you?"

"No, I'm very strong."

The room was bright and clean and painted a pale blue. The furniture was cheap but passable. Kay knew instinctively that it had been Mrs. Gordon's own bedroom furniture during the first year of her marriage. There was a vanity table, bureau, double bed, small table, and a chair. There was also a desk which matched nothing but advantageously filled a wall space.

"Is it all right?" Mrs. Gordon asked anxiously.

"Yes."

"Your bathroom is here, you see. It adjoins Robbie's room."

They walked through a pink bathroom into the nursery. Kay was astounded. She had heard of such things but never before had she seen one. A wooden soldier six feet high guarding the door. A bed built to look like an airplane. Jack climbing a different-colored beanstalk on every wall of the room. Lights designed so that they shone through the windows of miniature Zeppelins. Teddy bears, toys, games, books. The furniture painted a bright canary yellow.

The floor was covered with a linoleum upon which danced every character out of Mother Goose.

"WE had it made special," said Mrs. Gordon.

"Did you? And does he sleep well in here?"

"Why not?"

"I just wondered. It's so very exciting."

Mrs. Gordon was slightly vexed. Not at Miss Bronson but at the damn' Franklyns. She knew those conservative millionaires who put their children to sleep in bare white rooms that looked like hospital wards. Her child was going to have everything she had missed.

Miss Bronson would absorb her viewpoint in time. The nursery just looked different to her after the cold emptiness of the Franklyn child's.

"Well, I guess there is no more to

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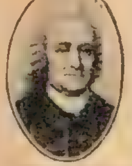

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discuss right now," Mrs. Gordon said. "You're hired if you're satisfied."

"What do you pay?"

"I had planned on seventy-five. I'll give you eighty-five."

"Very well, I'll take it."

Over the child's head the two young women looked at each other for a moment. Suddenly they both spoke at once.

"I don't know a foreign language," Kay said.

"I give only Thursdays off," Mrs. Gordon said.

They both laughed. Their remarks had betrayed them to each other. There was no doubt now that each was more satisfied than she had hoped to be and fearful lest there might be a slip-up.

"Thursday is fine," Kay said.

"English is enough," Mrs. Gordon said.

Kay set Robbie on his feet and he ran to his toys.

"Could you move in tonight so that you could start to work tomorrow?"

"Yes. Is there a storage section in the building for my trunks?"

Mrs. Gordon asked, "How many have you?"

"Two."

"We can find room for them." Mrs. Gordon had a second of misgiving. What did a governess do with two trunks? Maybe this was the wrong sort of girl she was taking into her home. You couldn't tell in New York. But those kind of women didn't look like Miss Bronson. They didn't have that outdoorsy complexion and fine bearing.

"There is no housework," Mrs. Gordon said.

"Oh, of course not," Kay replied. It had never occurred to her that there might be housework.

Mrs. Gordon was slightly vexed at the Franklyns again. There were women who made their governesses do housework. Mrs. Gordon knew of a couple who did. People like the Franklyns spoiled a girl so that she accepted concessions as her just due.

"You'll like it here, I'm sure. There's myself and Robbie and my husband and my brother. You'll eat with Robbie, of course, earlier than we eat. It's not a hard job."

They were in the hall now, moving toward the door. In the living room the timid young woman cleared her throat and Mrs. Gordon was reminded of her existence. She called the colored girl.

"Martha, tell that girl and the ones downstairs that the job is taken."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you'll move in tonight, Miss Bronson?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gordon."

The timid young woman had quietly gone her refined, intelligent way.

Kay walked toward the door. Mrs. Gordon stood uncertainly in the middle of the floor. Did a lady go to the door with a servant? Was a governess a servant?

Kay hadn't quite reached the door when it flew open. A young man as tall and fresh-looking as Robbie's soldier bounded into the hall.

"Great smokes, Georgia, what are you doing with all those females downstairs? Are you going to open a—"

"Hush. Behave yourself. Miss Bronson, this is my brother. David, this is Robbie's governess."

"How do you do, Miss Bronson? Honest, Georgia, I never saw so many women in all my life."

He had turned right back to his sister. He had scarcely glanced at Kay. He didn't care that she was smart-looking and pretty. Still, she had troubled to notice that he was about thirty, attractive, keen-eyed, grand teeth, broad shoulders, curly hair. She shouldn't have noticed him and wouldn't have, she said to herself, if she weren't man-crazy.

How does Kay make out in this job into which she has bluffed her way? And who is brother David whose sudden appearance so pointedly reminds her that she is man-crazy? Don't miss the thrilling revelations in next week's installment.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW** by Louis Bromfield. Harper & Brothers.
Good yarns, all four, that make up this book.

★ ★ ★ **SAINTS, SINNERS AND BEECHERS** by Lyman Beecher Stowe. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
All of this is good, but the story of how Uncle Tom's Cabin came to be written is superb.

★ ★ ½ **DOCTOR ARNOLDI** by Tiffany Thayer. Julian Messner, Inc.
Humor, horror, imagination, and degeneration in a world gone mad because people can no longer die.

★ ★ **RIDGEWAYS** by Frances Renard. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
Story of the old South. Five generations of the Hardison family and their poverty through the Civil War. They rise again to present-day times. If one loves the South one will love Ridgeways.

VACATION DAYS

They're Close at Hand—Consider These Novel and Sensible Ways of Spending Them

by

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IN defiance of investigation committees, I am going on record as being in favor of the planned vacation! Let us suppose we glance at our savings-account book and discover that there is a grand total of twenty-five dollars. This may be discouraging, but the ways and means committee should go into executive session immediately and plan the most satisfactory spending of this appropriation. Here are a few twenty-five-dollar vacations which some friends of mine have planned.

A young couple I know have heard that there are many parts of their own city which they've never explored. There's a foreign quarter, a little bit of Hungary transplanted. There are one-day motor trips down a winding river on which are an old fort and lovely old houses with historical backgrounds. These all-day motor trips include a picnic lunch and probaby several lazy hours of lying in the sun on some friendly farmer's field.

Another woman I know who spends most of her working day doing the household chores has decided that the most beneficial vacation she can imagine is to hire some one for a couple of weeks to take this work off her hands. She'll be free to sleep late in the morning, and to go with her husband on leisurely excursions.

Two modern young mothers have agreed that during their respective vacations each will take care of the other's children. This will entail no expense. One woman plans to spend her days fishing with her husband. Their courtship was carried on over a couple of fishing rods, and although they have always wanted to recapture this romance, they have been deterred by the knowledge that their two small children do not fully appreciate the calm and quiet of sitting all day in a boat. The other couple have accepted a long-standing invitation to visit some old school friends in a near-by city.

Now let's consider those fortunate people whose savings come within the hundred-dollar vacation bracket. Probably no country offers as great a variety of mountain, lake, and seashore resorts as we do. If new contacts are interesting, choose some near-by resort which is convenient to a main motor road where people from other parts of the country will be likely to stop.

If you don't own a car, all travel agencies are more than supplied with pamphlets telling of excursion rates by rail, bus, or boat. Collect a young mountain of these and spend a few evenings reading all the alluring details. Your only difficulty then will be to make a choice between so many paradises.

I know of several men who think the ideal vacation for them would be to stay right at home for a while. All winter they have been noting things they would like to do around the house. The garage has needed painting; that grape arbor has been crying to be built. These are men who find real relaxation in manual labor.

I know a girl who has always wanted to ride horseback. This summer she plans to spend her hundred dollars for a riding outfit and daily lessons. She feels—and rightly, I think—that a vacation spent in learning a new pastime is one which will prove of permanent value.

For those who like to rough it there are camping trips, pack trips on horseback, and mountain climbing.

With two hundred and fifty dollars, you have almost infinite choices. If for years you have been a golf vacation widow, couldn't you gently suggest that you divide the money and each go on your separate holiday way? Why not gayly wave good-by to your husband's golf bags and spend your time and money in a trip to New York, if that's where you've always wanted to go? New York has plenty of nice inexpensive hotels, and window shopping and skyscraper gazing are free.

There are plenty of two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar trips for the air-minded man or woman. Besides the excitement, there seems to be a special feeling of camaraderie between fellow passengers in a plane.

Does it fascinate you to visit foreign ports? On two hundred and fifty dollars, provided you live fairly near the main line of traffic, there's a variety of cruises and trips to Bermuda, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Panama, Cuba, Mexico, and Canada.

One family I know has rented a log cabin on a near-by lake for the entire summer. The father plans to spend his two-weeks vacation and every week-end there. There the children may romp and swim all summer long.

One young married couple, both holding jobs, have made reservations at an adult camp where they will swim, hike, and meet mutual friends as well as new acquaintances. The camp offers movies, lecture courses, and dancing, as well as other social pastimes.

One ambitious young man I know is planning to go to a near-by university summer-school session. Of course he's taking a longer time than two weeks. He has chosen a variety of courses in subjects which interest him—psychology, modern drama, and economics.

The open road has a great lure for many of us, and the modern way to satisfy this urge is to take a vagabond motor trip, with no definite route or destination. When the road forks, flip a coin to see whether you keep to the right or the left. Let hunger be your guide in stopping and fatigue your determinant in the night's repose. The charm of the unexpected will be your reward in this venture.

NOW, if your Uncle Ezekiel overwhelms you with a sudden decision that you might as well enjoy that thousand dollars now instead of when his will is read, plan for a vacation de luxe. If you've always longed to see the lake country in England or the hill towns of Italy, get your travelers' checks and hail the next boat.

If you have Irish blood in your veins, of course you will make for Galway or Queenstown and make your way north or south.

If you're the type who looks before you leap, and you realize that this thousand dollars is a once-in-a-lifetime windfall, you may follow the example of two young city dwellers I know. They decided to go "back to the land" for vacation purposes, and scoured the countryside near their city for a summer home. They found an old stone house tucked away on a hillside by a rocky brook. Part of their thousand dollars went for a down payment and some of the rest for a leaky roof and some necessary plumbing.

A vista of years has stretched out before them. Here will go the daffodils—there a clump of bridal wreath. Eventually, on the north side, will be the addition for the growing family. They are scraping the paint off the old pine mantelpiece themselves and refinishing it with wax mixed with plenty of elbow grease. The dammed-up brook has provided a swimming hole. "Our farm" has become the byword of that family.

They wouldn't dream of spending a vacation any place else in the world. They are creating a home and even talk about retiring there.

The only rule for a relaxing and refreshing vacation is—be a hedonist: do what you want to do most.

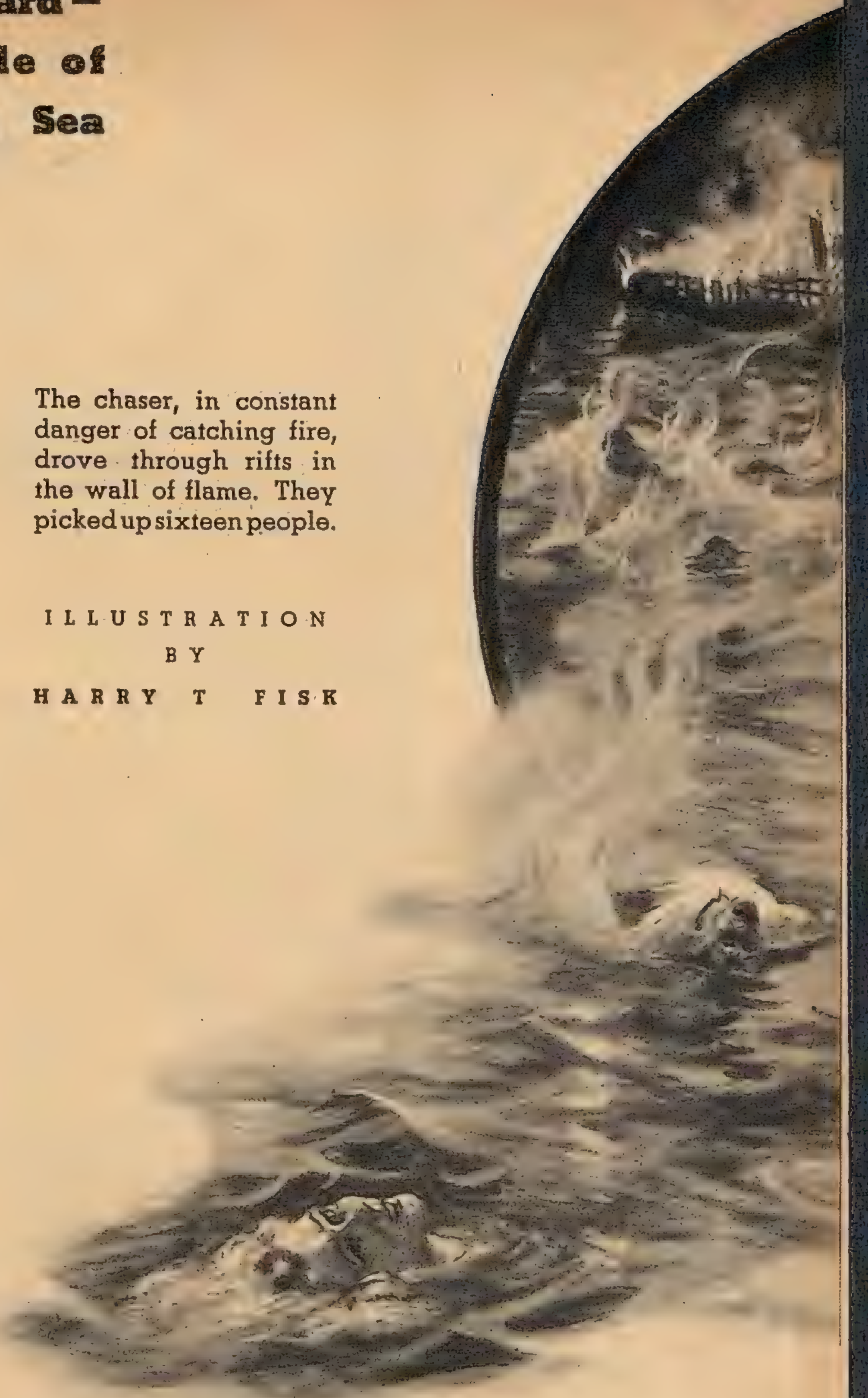
Forsake as many everyday responsibilities as you can and recapture the care-free and spontaneous spirit of real youth.

THE END

Behind the Scenes with the Coast Guard—Concluding a Thrilling Chronicle of Courage Against the Perils of the Sea

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART FOUR—THIS AGE OF GASOLINE



The chaser, in constant danger of catching fire, drove through rifts in the wall of flame. They picked up sixteen people.

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T FISK

THAT June night the surfman on watch at the Great Egg Life Saving Station, United States Coast Guard, noted as the reluctant summer darkness settled down that a sudden breeze had blown up a sea. The lights of small pleasure boats dotted the seascape, and with the freshening of the wind, the lookout began to swing his marine glasses from one of these to another. They were all behaving in approved manner. And then—a dull distant explosion. He stood breathless, trying to guess the direction of the sound.

On the horizon burst out a point of light like a new star. It grew until it was a flare, a slender column. A half a minute later Boatswain Charles Turner, commanding the station, rushed with his crew behind him toward his fast rum chaser. With a wide-open throttle the Great Egg life-savers slapped across a choppy sea and against a head tide. The column of flame widened to a cloud. As they approached it, their sharp sea eyes made out the cabin cruiser Crystal riding deckless and aflame in every joint. About it the sea blazed with burning gasoline. And as they slacked their engine they heard moans, wails, screams of agony. Sinister sounds, yet encouraging—at least they were not too late!

Some details of the rescues that followed are quite too horrible to print. Let me quote just once from the official report: "We would get hold of a person and lose our grip on account of their flesh being burned and the skin would slip . . ." The chaser, in constant danger of catching fire itself, drove through rifts in the wall of flame. Flotsam from the explosion strewed the surface; their craft had to side-step like a boxer to escape shipwreck. With mates holding to his legs, a surfman would reach out, grasp a survivor, lose his balance, and be hauled in with the rescued. So they picked up sixteen people—all very young. A slower boat from Longport arrived to rescue four more.

The two boats paused with searchlights circling as the surfmen looked and listened for more survivors. Then the Great Egg boat raced for shore, the spare hands giving such first aid as they knew for serious burns. "She was a hell ship," said one of the surfmen afterward. Some of the victims were collapsing from cold, and yet they screamed whenever a rough navy blanket touched them.

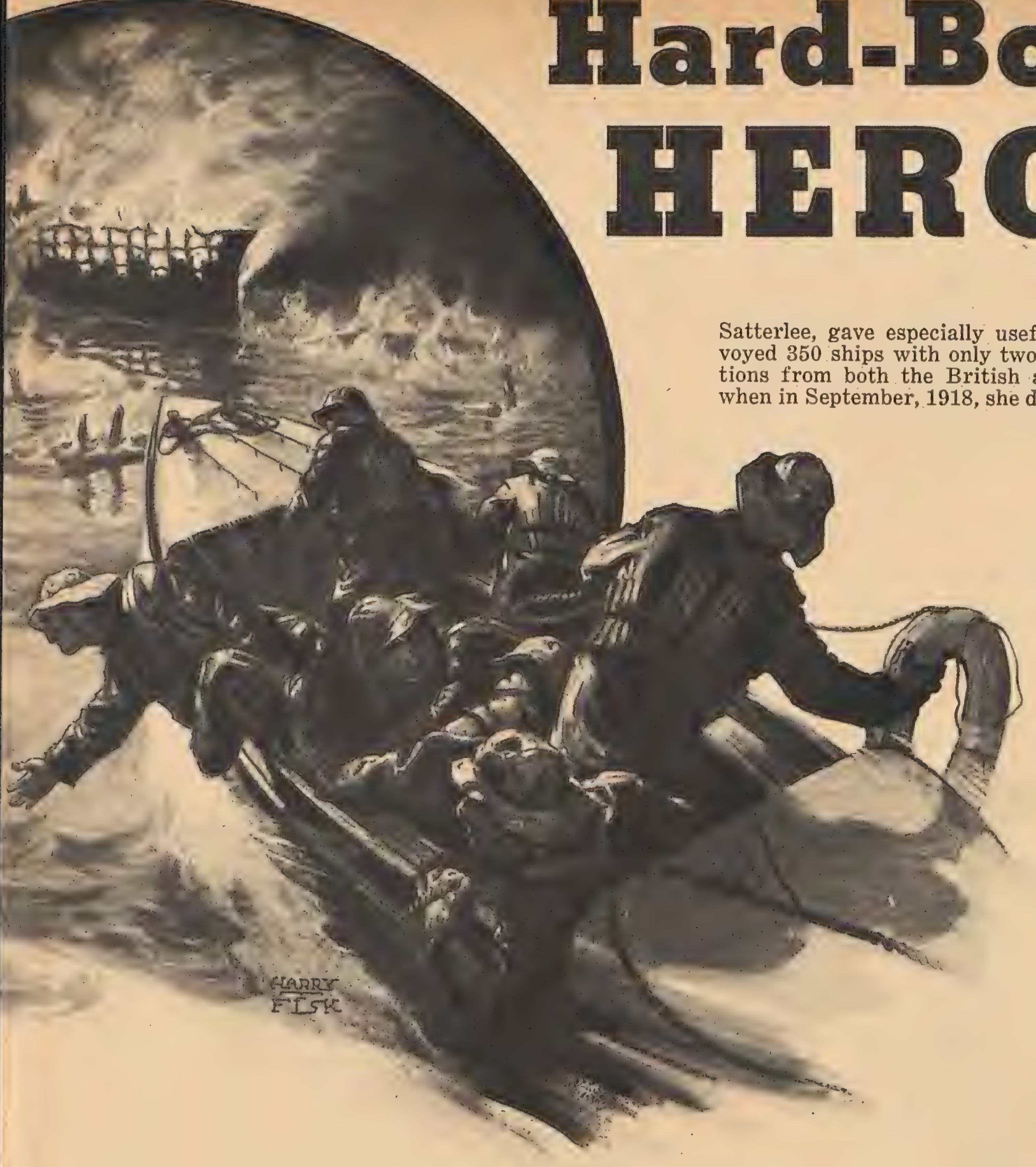
This was the tragic end to the Senior Excursion of the Pleasantville High School. One instant, the boys and girls had been singing on deck; the next, they were swimming dazedly through liquid flame. Probably some one dropped a cigarette into an open or leaking fuel tank. On a final check-up only five were missing. These the explosion killed instantly or injured so badly that they sank at once. However, but for the superspeed of the Coast Guard rum chasers, all might have died that night.

This dash of the Great Egg boat in June, 1925, expresses the new era. In the decade preceding the end of the World War, maritime conditions changed more rapidly than in twenty previous centuries. Steam and fuel oil had conquered at last. The deep-seagoing sailing vessel became first a rarity, then a novelty, then a freak; meanwhile, the gasoline engine became as reliable as a coffee mill. The coast trade clung to sails, a schooner rig. But these shore-hugging craft installed auxiliary gasoline engines. And finally, the application of power engines to surfboats and lifeboats gave the Coast Guardsmen a new and powerful weapon.

However, for its effect on the work of life-saving—indeed, for effect on all life at sea—the perfection of motor engines was as nothing to the invention of radio. When in 1909 Jack Binns flashed across the ocean the message which saved a sinking liner, he opened a new chapter in the annals of the sea. For one thing, now that shore and sea could talk to each other across two hundred miles of storm, the Revenue Cutter Service and the Life Saving Service could work together. Congress wedded them in 1915 as the Coast Guard—partly recognition of the inevitable, partly a stage in our slow drift toward the World War. For by an old law, the Revenue Cutter Service became at the outbreak of hostilities a part of our armed forces. This law was now extended to cover the new force. And on April 6, 1917, wires and air carried to every cutter at sea and to every station ashore the brief vital message, "Proceed on Plan Number One." The Coast Guard—ready, as it always is, to the very last

by WILL IRWIN

Hard-Boiled HEROES



man and gun—had become part of our first line of defense.

What branch of our armed forces had the greatest percentage of its personnel killed in action during the World War? Probably the marines; but certainly second, the Coast Guard. The army, for example, lost 1.42 per cent of its enlisted men in battle; the Coast Guard 1.74 per cent. For the bottling up of the German fleet and the submarine campaign rendered this a peculiar naval war. It was the minor fleets—harrying submarines, sweeping mines, convoying merchant ships—which bore the brunt.

BY equipment and training, our Revenue Cutter Service was especially fitted for this job. Early in the war six cutters slipped out to sea, bound for a base at Gibraltar; from which, until the very day of the Armistice, they convoyed ships back and forth to the ports of Wales and southern England.

This patrol traversed an edge of the Bay of Biscay and the mouth of the English Channel, the most dangerous waters in the World War. For a year they worked in a monotony of danger, and although they had many a brush with submarines, they bore themselves like ships with charmed lives.

The Tampa, under that ideal officer Captain Charles Satterlee, gave especially useful service. She had convoyed 350 ships with only two losses, and had won citations from both the British and American commands, when in September, 1918, she delivered her last convoy to the shore patrol off southern England and headed by night — following orders—for Milford Haven, Wales. The rest is conjecture. An hour or so after they parted company, the lookouts of the convoy heard a distant explosion; and the Tampa never came to port. Almost without question, she had fallen victim to the German U-53 which had been trailing the convoy. "Sunk without trace" — and 111 officers and men perished.

A FORTNIGHT later the cutter Seneca was guarding a southbound convoy when in broad daylight a submarine torpedoed the big and valuable British collier Wellington, "porpoised," and, evading a barrage of depth charges, got away. The Wellington's stem was almost blown away and her Number One hold flooded. She rode the water nose down; but she still floated. Lieutenant F. W. Brown, navigating officer of the Seneca, believed that she could be brought into port and got permission to try. Eighteen of the Seneca's men volunteered to help. They boarded the disabled vessel. When the torpedo struck, the crew of the Wellington had taken to the boats. Now the captain and eleven of his men came back.

Here let us pause for a moment and consider the quiet bravery of this performance. In the World War naval strategy dictated that a convoyed fleet must abandon a wounded comrade and go on about its business. If the other vessels crowded round, they merely afforded a static target for a second torpedo. Further, in such circumstances, the German submarine often waited for the convoy to disappear and came back to finish off the disabled ship at its leisure. The volunteers of the Seneca knew all that; knew also that the Wellington had now only one little inadequate lifeboat. But they buckled down to the job under perfect discipline. When, an hour after going aboard, Russel Elan, a cook from the Seneca, served Lieutenant Brown his dinner on the bridge, he was wearing his regulation white waiter's coat! Twelve hours later poor Elan was dead.

Machinist Boyce, in charge below, got up steam, repaired the Wellington's broken pumps, and started her

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Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

on a staggering course toward Brest. They would have got the ship safely into port—even though at the last they were steering stern first—but for the squall that exploded, at about sunset, out of the Bay of Biscay.

When they saw that the Wellington must sink, the Seneca's men launched the single lifeboat. But only one of them went aboard, and he to navigate it. The rest of the seats were assigned to the sailors of the Wellington. The Coast Guardsmen watched this slender hope depart; and not one of them moved a step from his post. Brown directing, they set themselves to make a raft from planks and hatches. As she settled, the collier rolled on to her beam. By now the U. S. destroyer Warrington was approaching, her lights visible on the stormy night horizon. As the British ship turned slowly over, Brown stepped across her rail; and when she sank he was clinging to the barnacles of her hull and signaling with an electric flashlight: "Lifeboat launched; watch for her."

Brown missed the raft; the rest of that shipwreck, for him, was just swimming until his conscious mind went out. He could never remember being hauled aboard the Warrington. But her officers reported that as they drew him in he was calling out, "I had eighteen men — check up on them!" Of the eighteen, ten perished. The Warrington rescued the British sailors in the lifeboat.

Five months before she lost these gallant volunteers, the Seneca had given a blazing display of that spirit which has impelled some one to call our Coast Guard "the navy of mercy." She was approaching Gibraltar with a convoy, when a U-boat torpedoed the British patrol sloop Cowslip. "Submarine in sight port quarter—stay away!" signaled the Cowslip gallantly. This was standard naval practice in the World War.

BUT Captain Wheeler, on the bridge of the Seneca, was a Coast Guardsman to the marrow of his bones. Even if he remembered orders, his instincts took command. There lay the Britisher, sinking and with comrades in arms aboard. Without a protest from his officers or a grumble from his men, he put alongside the Cowslip. The explosion had killed all her wardroom officers and several of her enlisted men; but seventy-nine survived. Hove to, a perfect static target, the Seneca rescued them all. Later, probably, Wheeler had his anxious moments while he waited to hear from his superiors and learn whether he must stand court-martial. The papers came at last—warm praise and commendation from both Admiral Sims and the British Admiralty!

Finally, when the war was over, Captain Hamlet—who now as Admiral Hamlet commands the Coast Guard—became hero of a crazy voyage. We had accumulated on the French coast a mosquito fleet of small wooden vessels, mostly converted fishing boats. In a year and a half of intensive work against submarines and mines they had degenerated to subjects for the scrap heap. And in April, 1919, nine of these antiques were ordered home. Three small and old naval vessels convoyed them, and Hamlet, on the gunboat Marietta, was assigned to command the cruise. Most of Hamlet's nine wards were little larger than the Pilgrims' Mayflower and not half so seaworthy. The Marietta herself was far from a well ship. When in the early morning their spars sank below the horizon, the gobs at Brest remarked, "If they strike a big blow on the way across—good night!"

THE big blow came at sunset. It smote and scattered this fleet of cripples. Three of them went down before morning. From his bridge Hamlet directed the work of taking the survivors aboard sounder ships—work which called for everything the Coast Guard has learned about saving life at sea.

The last rescue was a hair-raiser. At daybreak it became apparent that the mine sweeper James could be kept afloat no longer. Three destroyers and a tug, all but one sent out from Brest, were trying to tow her. Her fires were drowned, her men were at the end of their powers, and she was fast settling. The Marietta—with two engines which might fail at any moment, and a cracked tail shaft—put alongside in a gale amounting almost to a hurricane. Launching lifeboats was possible but perilous. Hamlet used a safer but no less efficient plan. First he poured oil on the troubled waters—literally. Then he had a stout line thrown to the James. By this means the Marietta's men drew forty-seven survivors across the oiled stretch of sea on the ship's life rafts to a point where they could be yanked aboard by a bowline. When the crippled fleet straggled back into Brest, it had lost only one man.

The Life Saving Service at home had almost the only martial adventures which befell Americans on this side of the water. In the summer of 1918 two German deep-seagoing submarines made a raid on our coasts. One emerged off East Orleans, Cape Cod, and shelled the tug Perth Amboy which was towing a string of barges. A badly directed shot lit on the beach—the only foreign steel to scar our shores since 1812. The Orleans lifesaving crew picked up this strange souvenir before rowing out—literally under fire—to assist the crew, which had taken to the boats.

On August 18 a German submarine appeared off the North Carolina coast and torpedoed the British tanker Mirlo. The lookout in the Chicamacomico tower reported a column of smoke in the distance. Skipper Midgett launched his power surfboat and drove toward that cloud, which glittered now with lurid flame. The oil cargo of the Mirlo, spread on the waves, was afire.

On their way the Coast Guardsmen met two boatloads of survivors.

U. & U. News photo

A Coast Guard power lifeboat self-righting, self-bailing, nonsinkable.

Warning them not to attempt landing through the dangerous Carolina surf without assistance, they raced on to look for a third boat, launched when the Mirlo went up. The fire burned in two great spots. Between them rode the missing boat, bottom up, with six men clinging to its keel. They had been diving when the wind whirled the blaze their way, and coming up when the danger was over. But ten shipmates who put off with them had succumbed—drowned or fatally burned or both. Facing probability of the same death, Midgett and his men drove through a rift in the fire, picked up the survivors, escaped. By now there was a heavy surf; through it, Midgett's men landed safely the thirty-six survivors.

Then there was the Halifax disaster, which this side of the border may have forgotten by now, but which Canada will never forget. On the morning of December 6, 1917, the steamer Mont Blanc, loaded with munitions, collided in Halifax Harbor with the C. R. B. freighter Imo. Drifting out of control, the Mont Blanc rammed a dock—and up she went. There were two explosions, one relatively light and the other extremely violent. For hours shells hurled from her cargo burst in the town.

THE Coast Guard cutter Morrill was riding at anchor a mile away. The second explosion seemed to lift her out of the water; before she settled, a ship's boiler flew overhead and landed two hundred yards off her beam. At once her commander put ashore her whole available force. For two days, in conditions which resembled the front line, and in subzero weather, this crew rummaged through the ruined town to rescue the injured.

The British and American naval surgeons had established temporary hospitals on the water front. During the second day the British cruiser Niobe, anchored near the American hospital, sent word that her forward magazine stood in danger of blowing up and that the Yankees would better evacuate. Evacuate? To what place, in that flattened town? So part of the Coast Guardsmen threw up a stout barricade while the rest carried on.

When at last the Coast Guard renewed its civilian status, it entered a new era. National prohibition had arrived, of course; and these sea police were forced to serve as the first line of defense against liquor smugglers. That is a phase of its history which the Coast Guard is trying to forget. It had, however, the effect of uniting still more closely the lifesaving department, which works from the shore, and the Revenue Cutter Service, which lives at sea. And under their linked vigilance, as adapted to modern conditions, our shores at last grew safe for deep-water shipping.

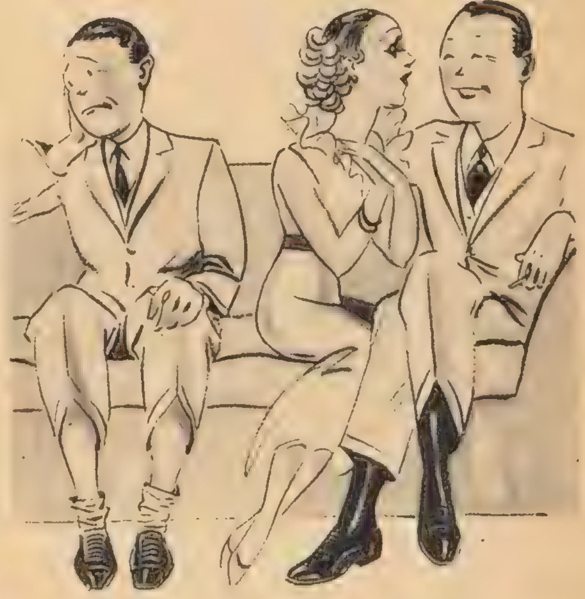
SKIPPER JOSHUA JAMES, patron saint of all good American lifesavers, died in harness in 1902. Had you told him that within twenty years of his death our coast would become so secure for mariners, he would have remarked that you had a rip in your topsails. Once we had perhaps a hundred disasters a year on our shores; now whole winters pass without witnessing one.

But lest you think that our lifesaving service has become superfluous, let me say that the toll might be almost as great as ever but for the constant vigilance of our Coast Guard patrols.

In the 1880s—as I have related in a previous article—a gale amounting to a hurricane struck the little port of Hull at a time when many craft lay anchored in its waters. That night Joshua James and his superhuman surfmen rescued the crews of five stranded vessels by breeches buoy and rowboat with some unavoidable loss of life. Almost exactly the same conditions prevailed in Provincetown harbor during the September gale of 1933.

This time, motor-driven vessels from both services of the Coast Guard funneled in from sea and shore. Working at risk of their lives—part of the day's work for a Coast Guardsman—rum chaser and picket boat, revenue cutter and power lifeboat bent a line on every vessel as soon as it began to drift, and hauled it to safety. Net loss — one schooner which blundered into a small wharf, and no human lives whatever. From Hull to Hatteras every one of our small Atlantic harbors saw similar work that night; I mention Provincetown only because it lies in my own bailiwick. But for the Coast Guard,

When they're
down
you're out!



Sloppy Sox
are taboo—

SOCIALLY AND IN BUSINESS, TOO

Little wonder! After all, the little things in life really count. A fellow who is careless about the details of his dress doesn't invite confidence. This may be unjust — but it's so.

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next day our east coast would have been strewn with wrecks and black with mourning.

Yet big emergencies still arise; and although rare, they come bigger than ever. As for example the Robert E. Lee affair off the northern approach to the Cape Cod Canal. A passenger steamer on the Boston-New York run, she approached the canal in March, 1928, during a gale and a blinding snowstorm, lost her bearings, and grounded on the Mary Ann Ledge. She was stuck fast, with the wind rising. She carried about 150 passengers and a crew of 115. The ether above Massachusetts quivered with S O S calls and orders—big and little Coast Guard craft racing toward Manomet.

SHE lay, the Coast Guardsmen found, most awkwardly. Devilish Mary Ann guarded her lee; jagged rocks and new shoals formed by the storm made the windward approach extra perilous. Nevertheless, the picket boat Bonham edged in and tried. Once she almost succeeded; but the Lee's crew missed a line heaved from her decks; and a shift of the wind made further attempt impossible. But the weather reports prophesied that the gale would moderate. The steamer could not sink and was not breaking up. The high command sensibly decided to suspend operations until daylight and then attempt the rescue with a more agile craft.

At dawn, therefore, Skipper Gracie started from the Wood End station, across the bay, in his fine new noncollapsible lifeboat. He drove nineteen miles through gale and snow. Gracie knows the Mary Ann, as he knows every square foot of that bay. Without reporting to Commander Shanley, commanding the operation from the Tuscarora—an omission for which he was lightly criticized later—he saw what was to be done and did it. Skirting rocks and shoals, he maneuvered to that dangerous windward of the Lee and, smashing three planks of his rail in the process, lashed alongside.

Then began the ticklish job of transferring passengers and crew. Surfman Oliver spun me some reminiscences last autumn. "It wasn't much, once we got alongside," he said. "We'd just wait till we rose on the top of a wave, and then pick 'em off the rail. One girl I took aboard said, 'My, this is fun! It's just like bumping the bumps at Coney Island!' We pitched like a porpoise on our way to stow 'em on the Redwing, and pretty soon she felt different."

So, sixty at a time, Gracie ferried passengers and crew to the Redwing, the Bonham, and the other larger vessels. The official report on the Lee affair, finishing off this canto of the epic, remarks, "It was only by skillful work of the station boat [Gracie's] that catastrophe was averted a dozen times."

MEANTIME a tragedy had broken the smooth course of this operation. When the Lee first struck, her captain broadcast an S O S to the shore stations. Manomet was the nearest. At the moment its power surfboat was laid up for the winter and the station depended solely on an oared boat. Also, Skipper Young, in command, was absent on sick leave. W. H. Cashman, his bowman, had charge. Picking up Ernest D. Douglas as a volunteer, Cashman tried in vain all that night to launch his boat through a furious surf. At daybreak he transferred operations to the lee of Stage Point and, the surf having moderated, shot through to open water. But when he came within hailing distance of the Lee, the bridge called out, "Go back! You're not needed any more!"

Cashman and his oarsmen put about. As they reached the dangerous rip stretching southward from the Mary Ann, the boat suddenly "pitchpoled"—rose up at the bows, performing a half loop, and came down keel up. No one to this day knows exactly how or why this happened; the survivors remember only that they were rowing at one instant and swimming at the next.

Surfman F. W. Griswold, a giant of a man, never came up at all. Either his oar or a gunwale of the overturned boat had struck him on the head. The rest clung to the keel. In that freezing weather they could not last long.

Gracie, returning from the Redwing for another load, saw this catastrophe. The overturned boat was riding on the other side of the ledge. If he tried to round that obstacle he might arrive too late. With the approval of his crew—indeed, with the crew urging him on—he drove full speed across those rocks. Twice he felt the keel scrape; but his boat came through undamaged.

The Manomet crew was going fast. Three had already been swept away, swimming feebly. Volunteers from the shore dragged them out of the surf. Two revived; but Cashman died on the beach. Already Surfman E. P. Stark had succumbed to the cold and lost his grip on the overturned boat. Douglas and Wood, with the last of their strength, pulled him in and clamped his hands on to the metal keel, hoping that they would freeze in that position.

When Gracie came alongside they all lay on the hull, submerged by every wave and apparently drowned. The lifeboat was towing a dory. Silva, the bowman, manned it, rowed alongside the wreck, and got them aboard the lifeboat.

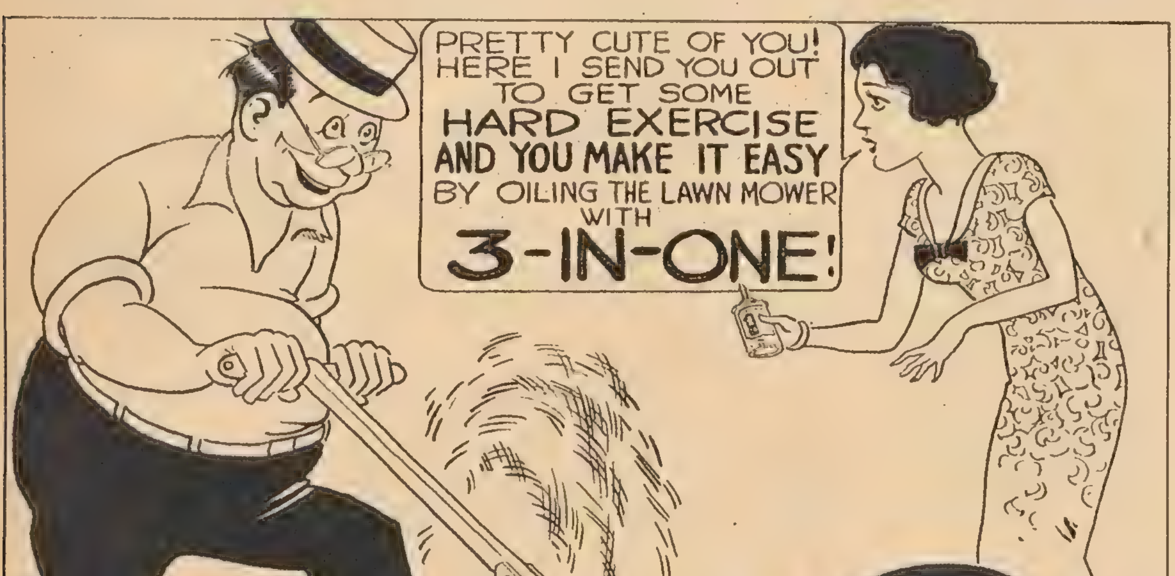
Stark died on the Redwing. Wood and Douglas, who seemed dead, revived.

BOATSWAIN GRACIE'S official report, as filed at Washington, is a model of laconic brevity. It ends: "Estimated cost of operation: for oil and gas, $60.01."

A pleasant last act lightens this tragedy. All who live in sight of the open sea consider wreckage the good gift of God. The Lee was jammed hard aground, but in such a position that she could not possibly sink. A Boston salvage company took a contract to float her off. The lighterman found it necessary to jettison the cargo, consisting mostly of leather, paper, safety-razor blades, shoes, candy, chewing gum, and baseball supplies.

A fortunate west wind arose. It drove the cream of the loot straight across the bay to Provincetown, Truro, and Wellfleet. Next Sunday the inhabitants came to church in brand-new shoes; that spring term worn-out teachers had to relax all rules against chewing gum in school; that summer every eight-year-old baseball team on the tip of Cape Cod boasted an equipment like that of the Boston Red Sox.

THE END



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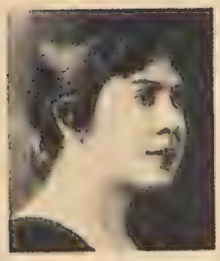
Like Mary

A Short Short Story

by MARGARET WIDDEMER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



© Marceau

MARGARET WIDDEMER

was born in an old stone rectory near Philadelphia, of old American stock. She began to write poetry and prose at an early age and her first novel became a best seller. Winters she lives in New York City and summers in the Adirondack Mountains.

"I DIDN'T kill him," the Vardo girl said. She faced the prosecuting attorney sullenly. Her hazel eyes dilated between too thickly mascaraed lashes; her face was too brightly painted. She had on a cheaply smart bright-green dress under a tweed coat. She did not look like a mother; she looked a handsome hard flapper of seventeen—the sort who might be found gun-toting for a gangster. "Isn't it bad enough to have my baby dead without pinning it on me I did it?"

Judge Wade eyed her. She reminded him of some one, and the reminder annoyed him. He couldn't think who it was. Benny Levine was a fool not to have made her borrow a black dress and leave off the make-up. Had the boy no jury sense? But then, you couldn't expect assigned counsel to take much trouble.

"You mustn't answer like that," he told her.

"You had tried to get rid of the child, after your husband's death, by asking your married sister to take it over?" suggested the prosecutor suavely.

"I didn't want to get rid of Billy. It was only till I got back on my feet. They'd warned me at the store—I'd lost a lot of sleep and my work was slippin'."

"Isn't it a fact that you were in love with a young man, a floorman, and that you knew your chances with him were better with your baby out of the way?"

"No. We'd broken off."

"Call James O'Brien."

James O'Brien was big-shouldered, blue-eyed, black-haired. Floorman's sleekness had not yet conquered his young vitality.

"She's told you. We'd broken off," he testified.

"Isn't it a fact that you said to her, 'If it wasn't for that kid of yours everything would be all right'?"

"I don't remember. You say lots of things you don't mean when you're like that over a girl."

"Stand down," said the attorney. "Mary Vincenzo."

Miss Vincenzo, glove buyer. Thirty-odd, black-satined, over-marcelled. Bright thin lips, arched hairline eyebrows. A hard, handsome black Sicilian eye that stared at young James O'Brien obsessed and unforgiving.

She had heard the quarrel. He had said just those words. "He's the kind makes love to everybody," said Mary Vincenzo bitterly. "Vardo took it too serious."

"She couldn't take it too serious," burst out James O'Brien suddenly. "I was crazy over her. I never cared for—anybody else!"

". . . We have proved the motive," said the prosecuting attorney, when they had been reproved and dismissed. "We have proved that she made a first effort to rid herself of the child by—"

"I protest, your Honor," said Benny Levine. "The prosecuting attorney is making too much of trivial circumstances."

"I propose to prove," said the prosecuting attorney weightily, "that she intended to do away with the child, and that she said so. I have here the affidavit of the landlady of her rooming house, now in Bellevue with a broken leg, to that effect."

The Vardo girl looked around her like a scared animal. They hadn't told her about the affidavit. She glared with those wild mascaraed hazel eyes that continued to remind Judge Wade of somebody— Well, it wasn't to the point whom she was like; and it looked as if she had done it.

The clerk droned through the affidavit. The landlady related how she had come in at Catherine's screams; how the baby lay in the bed, smothered. How Catherine, when she quieted enough, had said that she wakened in the morning, when her alarm rang, after the dead sleep which followed a wakeful forepart of the night. That she had lifted the baby to dress him, and found he was cold. That she supposed a pillow had fallen over his face— And then that the landlady had added, "But I'm sure about her. Because she asks me only the night before, 'How could any one kill a little baby?'"

"I didn't say it—I didn't! Mrs. Haggerty never said so. Get her here and ask her if she said so! Get her here!" the Vardo girl screamed.

It was a preposterous request. Judge Wade leaned forward to say so, when the wild gesture of the thin brown hand with its scarlet nails arrested him. . . .

Mary! His daughter Mary. It was Mary whom this girl was like; Mary, ringleader of school escapades that were as honest as they were wild—Mary, who might have done just the fool thing this child had done: slashed on extra make-up so that nobody could tell she was frightened to her bones; put on her brightest clothes; answered with furious anger and pride against the people who accused her of such an incredible thing.

Judge Wade pulled himself up. Likenesses proved nothing. Yet, before he knew, he heard himself speak:

"See if Mrs. Haggerty can be brought here."

The prosecuting attorney shrugged; even young Levine looked puzzled. The girl was so unquestionably guilty. . . .

THE old woman came in a wheel chair. They showed her the affidavit, and she nodded.

"Sure; I said just what it says I said, but—"

"Read it to her," ordered Judge Wade.

"'But I'm sure about her. Because she asks me just the night before, "How could any one kill a little baby?"'" droned the clerk.

"You recall this as correct?" asked the judge.

"She said them words," said the landlady, "but she didn't say 'em that way. We was talkin' about a baby that was found strangled in an ash can. An' she hugged up little Billy and she says:

"'How *could* any one kill a little baby?'"

If she hadn't looked like Mary—

THE END

LIBERTY'S GAME OF STATES

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

HERE IS SET NO. 11 OF THE SERIES
THE 333 AWARDS ARE IN SIGHT!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each $10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each $5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	$3,000

HERE they are! Maps Nos. 41, 42, 43, and 44 in Liberty's Game of States. When you have identified and bounded them you will be within four maps of the prize awards. The race is nearly run. The prize money awaits you at the finish. Stay in the fight. Your chance to win is as good as ever. After you have worked on this week's maps you will be wise to reread the contest rules carefully. Don't overlook the requirements of an essay of not more than fifty words. It is important that you include this with your maps.

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

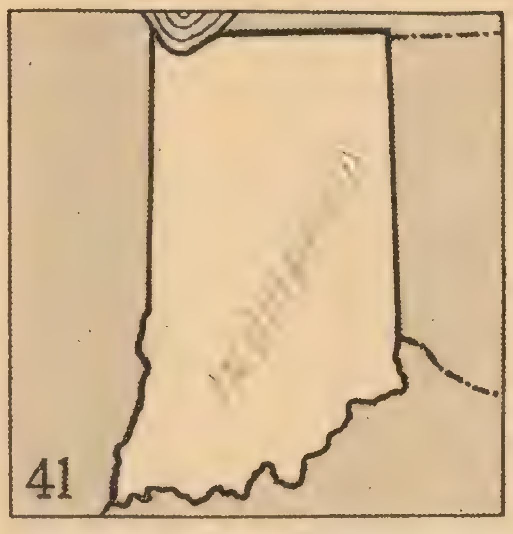
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

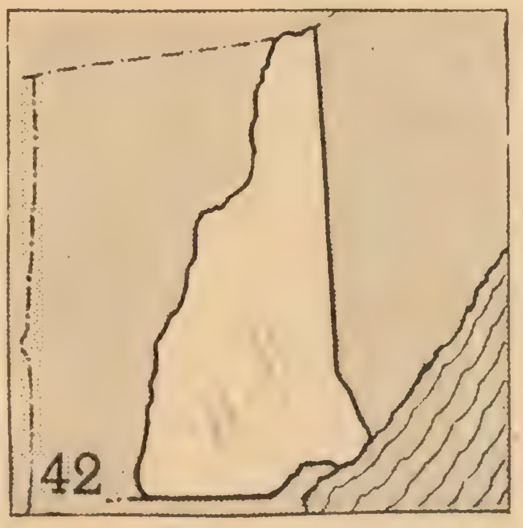
SET NO. 11


41

This state is separated from its southern neighbor by a commercially important river. One of its cities is the largest hardwood market in the country.

Name of state ....

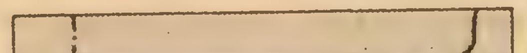
Bounded by ....


42

Named for the county in the south of England sometimes called Hants, this state has a series of mountain peaks named for Presidents of the United States.

Name of state ....

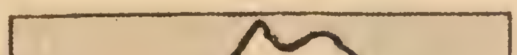
Bounded by ....


43

" The Father of Waters " forms the entire eastern boundary of this state which produces nearly the entire supply of bauxite in the Union.

Name of state ....

Bounded by ....


44

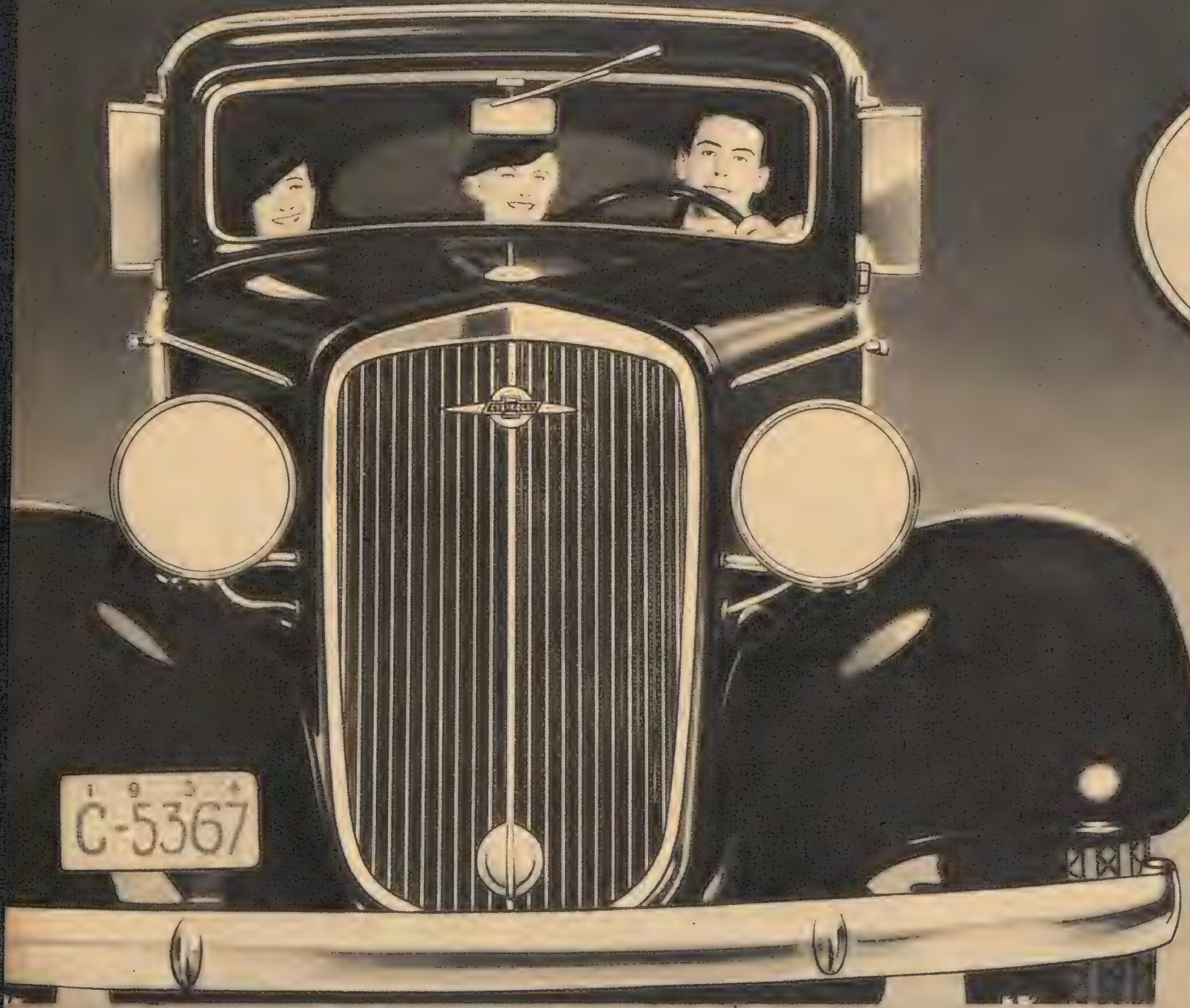
Nearly 2,500 lakes and twice as many rivers and streams make this state a Mecca for recreationists. Lumber is the principal manufacturing product.

Name of state ....

Bounded by ....

THE FINAL SET OF STATE MAPS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

SOLD on CHEVROLET



the moment they TOOK THE WHEEL

PEOPLE are comparing *quality* today—counting *values.* And they're buying more CHEVROLETS than any other car! The reason? Well, do a little comparing on your own account and you'll find that no other car in Chevrolet's class gives you *even one* of these famous Chevrolet features: fully enclosed, *protected* Knee-Action . . . valve-in-head engine with Blue Flame head . . . built-in, Fisher Ventilation . . . positive, cable-controlled brakes . . . rigid YK frame . . . and Octane Selector, to mention just a few. Look into "reputations" and you will discover that Chevrolet holds all records for lowest operating and upkeep costs. Check up on prices and you will learn that Chevrolet prices and G M A C terms are the very lowest in Canada. Then, "take the wheel" yourself! Drive the new Chevrolet just once and *you'll never be satisfied with any other low-priced car.*

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BLUE-FLAME CYLINDER HEAD

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STURDY, SMART BODY BY FISHER

SAFETY GLASS WINDSHIELD & VENTILATOR

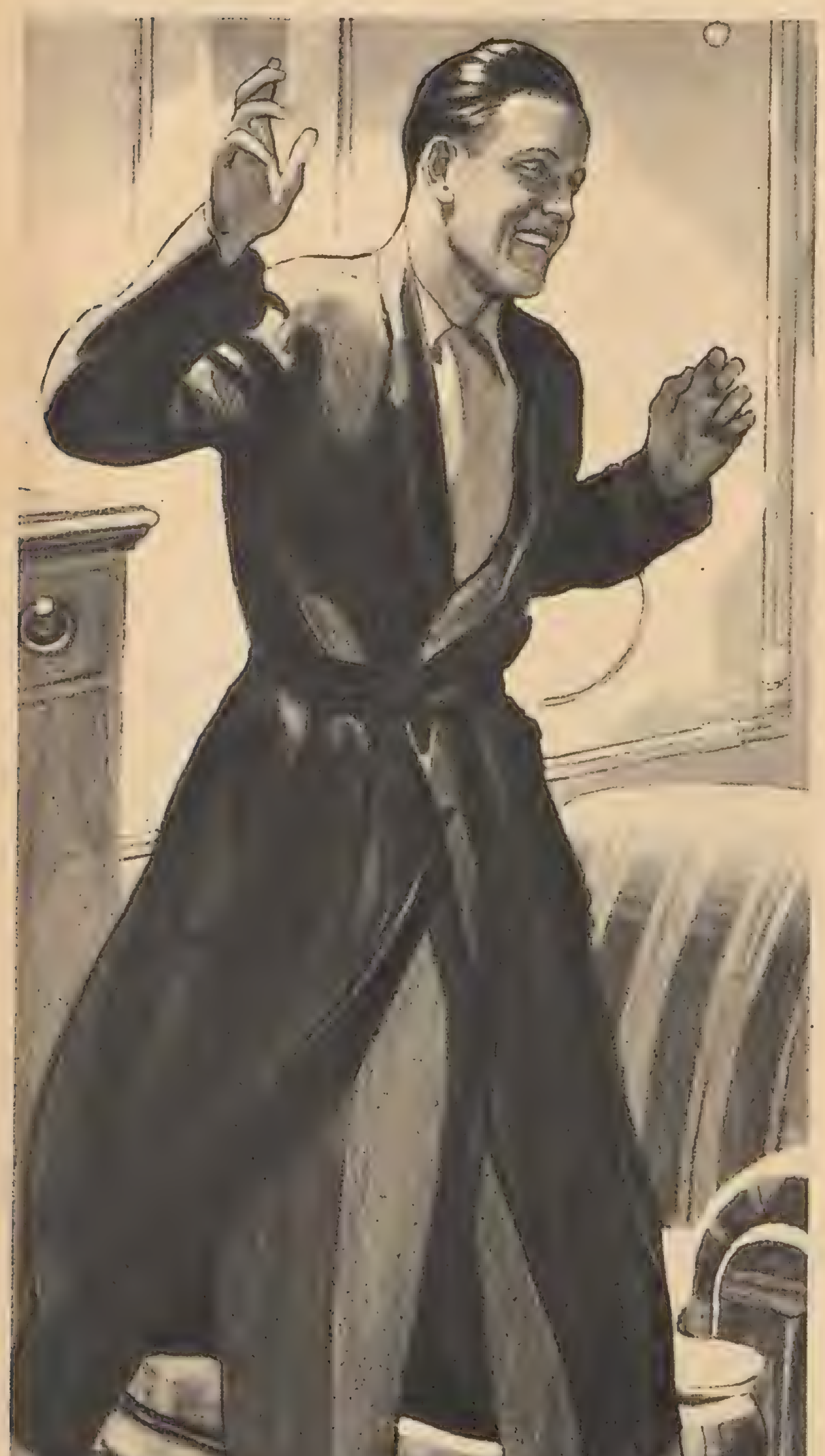
PRICED AS LOW AS $844 * FOR THE MASTER SIX
*Chevrolet Standard Series prices begin at $710**

**Delivered, fully equipped, at factory, Oshawa, Ont. Freight and Government License only extra.*

Brassbound

An Absorbing Drama of Murder and Mystery, and a

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Up went his arms in simulated fright and surrender. As Linda circled about the room he turned continuously to face her, his arms aloft, his eyes derisive.

IN the minds of the jurors, the spectators, and the reporters at the trial of Linda Stuart for murder, Wilmott's imputation to her of an intention to kill her fiancé, Clay Carroll, that with his money she and Scott Barclay might marry, must be still unerased and even emphasized at the juncture where this week's installment begins.

But the reader, being privy to Linda's memories, knows that Clay, after accusing her of an affair with Scott, admitted that he had lied in order to find out what really had been going on between them. Through the short time remaining before Scott was to leave for Europe, Clay continued to enchain her to himself by lavishing gifts upon her. She wearily accepted them; what did all that matter now? She wanted to see Scott once more, to explain. Instead, Clay made her write him a stiff, formal note, advising him that their friendship must be terminated.

It was to this note that Scott wrote the fervent answer which Wilmott was to introduce in evidence—the letter pleading with Linda to reconsider "a decision which could only bring you grief." It is clear that the decision was simply to bid Scott good-by forever and to remain engaged to Clay, instead of leaving Maplewood with Scott to become his wife, as he had implored her to do.

The evening that was set for Scott's departure, Clay spent with Linda in her garden. He had prevailed; he was in high spirits. But after he left her, Scott—with his train time only two hours off—appeared, discovered her alone there, and took her in his arms. Again he begged her to reconsider and again she refused, although she confessed that she did love him. Then the imminence of their parting overpowered them both and passion supervened—with consequences, unknown to Wilmott, which possibly account for Linda's cheerfulness after Scott went abroad. Wilmott is attributing it to a resolve on her part to kill Clay and free herself to join her lover.

PART SIX—"IF YOU MOVE I'LL KILL YOU!"

ONE afternoon Aunt Rilla looked up over her spectacles. "You're very sweet these days, Linda," she said timidly.

Linda smiled back. "Am I?" she replied, and kissed her. "So are you sweet."

It was true. There was a curious new softness in Linda's manner, even with Clay—a dreamy acquiescence to whatever he required of her, a readiness to agree with him; giving her a passive charm which obviously pleased him.

And yet she was often unconscious of his very presence and would discuss household matters with Aunt Rilla as if they were alone. Only his caresses she could not accept placidly; but she avoided these by managing always to have Aunt Rilla with them. The old lady, pleased and flattered, had never felt so popular before.

Nothing seemed to matter except her beautiful secret inner life in which she was so fiercely happy. Scott was gone. She had given him up and he was gone. She felt quite definitely that she would never see him again.

And yet she woke mornings feeling that she had just been created, a new person in a new world. Every pore of her felt gloriously alive and glowing. For the first time in her life she was fully conscious of a thou-

The FIRST CHOICE Out of 7,000 FIRST NOVELS Submitted in Response to LIBERTY'S Recent Offer to Unknown Writers . . . . .

Strangely Perilous Love by MARY BICKEL

sand appeals to her senses. It was like a new birth, and she moved about in a haze of bliss.

Things went on in this way for days.

And then suddenly into this peace and contentment came a thunderbolt out of the blue. At first it seemed to bring the whole world crashing down about her ears.

Why she had not thought of it as a possibility, Linda afterward could never understand. It was the thing she had longed for with such intensity for so many years—and now it left her stunned, incredulous.

When she realized at last that she was going to have a baby, the panic with which she was first seized receded palely before joy. It seemed the most glorious thing that had ever happened to any one. She took the idea into her hands reverently, turned it over and wondered at it, marveling that such a miracle could happen to her, Linda Stuart.

She became frantic with dread that she was mistaken. But as time passed and there was no longer any doubt, she went about the house hushed, almost afraid to breathe, lest her eyes, her voice, her very presence betray the sacred and holy secret locked in her heart.

Never, after that first shock, was there a shadow of a regret. She who had been so shy, so proud in her unwillingness to appear scorned by Clay, found now that the town's—the world's—opinion meant nothing at all. It would be worth anything, any sacrifice whatever, to have her child and Scott's. It was the one thing that could make up to her for all those years of forced waiting.

HERE at last, she thought exultantly, was something Clay could not spoil. She was out of Clay's hands.

If she could only send some bird winging to Scott with her precious message! But no. Scott must be free. She was not willing to send him back to his old profession in order to support her. As for their living in Maplewood for Aunt Rilla's sake, that was out of the question.

She would dismiss these thoughts, and take long walks in the woods to be alone with her triumph and her joy. At first that was all she could see. She was so proud! At last she was doing what she had been born to do—to love a man utterly and bear his child.

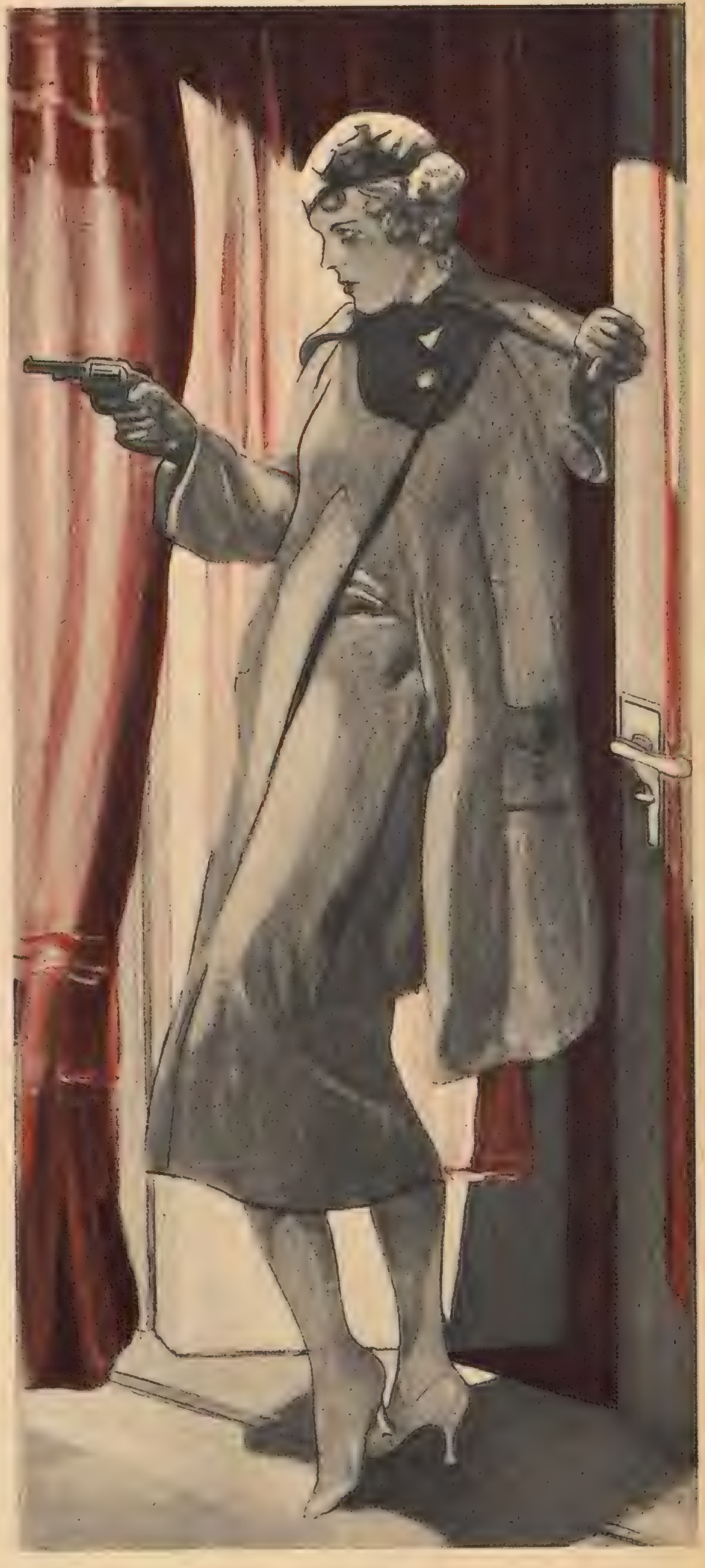
Her head lifted arrogantly and her eyes were full of dreams. But gradually into these musings began to drift the thought of the baby itself, of the fact that here was another human being to be born into the world, for her to care for.

The world she knew! She looked about her, examining that world where she had lived so painfully, and she had to admit that there were things about it, stronger than herself, which must be taken into consideration.

It was her responsibility, hers alone, that her child should not have to suffer any more than might be. She must give it the best chance she could make for it. How was she to do that?

Her mind ultimately arrived at and focused on the one consideration which, to a more worldly person, would have appeared the most important from the outset. The question of its legitimacy. She realized that to protect her baby she must give it a name.

After days of thinking about it, while her mind churned in a desperate struggle, she finally became so confused that her brain refused to function. She would go to bed at night utterly spent, only to have



The revolver shook a little. She managed to open the door at her back, and there she paused. Behind her was freedom. She gathered herself for flight.

NEW CAR?

GOING TO USE "LIGHT" OIL ?

These 1934 cars with closer-fitting pistons, rings, bearings . . . they're brilliant performers.

But what a strain they put on motor oil! What a responsibility on owners to choose the *best*, since the lighter grades required by the new motors *must* be good to stand up.

If you are breaking in a new car, this letter from Henry M. Lethert, of St. Paul, will interest you:

"In 1928, I bought a Nash Special Six Sedan and immediately treated it with Quaker State Oil. I have used nothing else. Today, after 54,000 miles, the engine runs as smoothly as it did in 1928. Nothing has been done to the motor except one valve-grinding job at 49,000 miles."

Why aren't ordinary motor oils as safe for your new car? Because every gallon contains one quart, more or less, of thin, watery material. This fails to lubricate, burns up quickly.

But Quaker State removes that non-lubricating material at the refinery . . . gives you "an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."

Look for the green-and-white Quaker State sign in your community. Have your car serviced from the drum or refinery-sealed cans. Quaker State Oil Refining Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OILS
Made in Canada
"First choice of Experience"

her thoughts begin whirling again next morning. How was her child to have its chance?

One day, almost in despair, Linda let herself through the rail fence that led up into the pasture on the hill where she loved to lie, dreaming, in the sunshine. She stopped to watch the cows grazing, to listen to their nuzzling breathing as they wrinkled back their noses to eat. She could see the soft down around the nostrils, like the skin of a peach, like the rosy sweetness of a baby's cheek. Linda turned away from them and went on up through another hillier meadow full of rocks and thistles, to the top, where she sank on the quiet grass.

Below her she saw the town, the church spire rising whitely; beyond the railroad the shacks of Shantytown; the square and, flanking it, the solid bulk of the First National Bank, within which Clay was piling up, bit by bit, the structure of his fortune and his power. Majestically the sun was dipping into the hills beyond the river which gleamed pale and still in the last sunshine. Nearer at hand, and almost directly below, lay the Aldrich house, a reminder of her bondage. Unconscious of the lapse of time, Linda sat on a fallen log and stared at that house as if somehow it could supply the answer to her problem.

And as she gazed slowly the whirling kaleidoscope in her mind slackened and came to rest, and the pieces stood out sharp and clear. She had found the solution. It was very simple.

She would marry Clay.

When she started retracing her steps she walked with calm precision and her face was coldly peaceful; all the feverish activity of her mind was stilled. A sense of power invaded her. This was the result of her will. She had desired it and it was done. She had created the solution. She felt exalted—as if she shared some of the power of God himself.

AT her front gate Clay was waiting for her.

"I just wanted to tell you that I can't be over tonight. My broker's in town and I'm having dinner with him at the hotel." He laughed uneasily. "He's making my life miserable with his unreasonable demands. He must think I'm made of money."

"Oh!" Linda said blankly. She had wanted to settle it at once. She had counted on this evening. She took off her béret and ran her fingers through her hair.

"Where have you been?" he asked curiously.

She glanced at the hills vaguely in reply.

"How's Susie?" she murmured. She lapsed into a reverie, thinking of Susie, whose time was nearly up. How wonderful to know you would soon have your baby in your arms, holding it close, its lips at your breast, giving it your life.

He was saying something: "Oh, I meant to tell you. She went to the hospital about three o'clock. Griggs looked for you and then came rushing to the bank like a lunatic. As if I could do anything! To get rid of him I told him he could have the night off and stay with her at the hospital. The doctor says the baby won't be born till morning."

Linda thought, "Poor little thing. I wish I could do something to ease the pain." Aloud she said, "What will you do for dinner tonight, then? Oh, I forgot. You said you were eating at the hotel."

"Yes. And Griggs will be back in the morning to get my breakfast."

(Annie's baby! Perhaps it's born and she's been allowed to see it. Oh, how could I ever bear such ecstasy?)

"CLAY—" she said suddenly, and stopped.

"Yes? What is it?" Clay's eyes were curious at her tone. She went on slowly, in a low voice, choosing her words.

"I've been meaning to tell you. You remember the night you said we'd get married now, and I said I didn't want to? I've changed my mind."

Into his eyes sprang an alert and watchful sentinel. His voice was smooth, cautious. "Yes, I remember. So you've changed your mind."

Linda went on—oblivious: "Yes. I've been thinking it over. I would like to be married, after all. I'd like to be married right away."

Had she been looking at him she might have been warned by the gleam brightening in those strange eyes of his.

"Why, Linda! I'm overwhelmed! What do you mean by 'right away'?"

With her eyes averted Linda said, "There's no reason to wait any longer, is there?" Then she turned back to him eagerly. "I could be ready at once! I wouldn't need any trousseau. You see, we wouldn't have to go on a honeymoon. I ought not to leave Aunt Rilla, anyway. I've always hated weddings."

Linda, who had seen herself in orange blossoms and her mother's rich yellowed satin!

"Couldn't we be married very quietly, with no fuss—at once?"

Clay said, "Just what do you mean by 'at once'?"

She forced herself to form the words: "Next week."

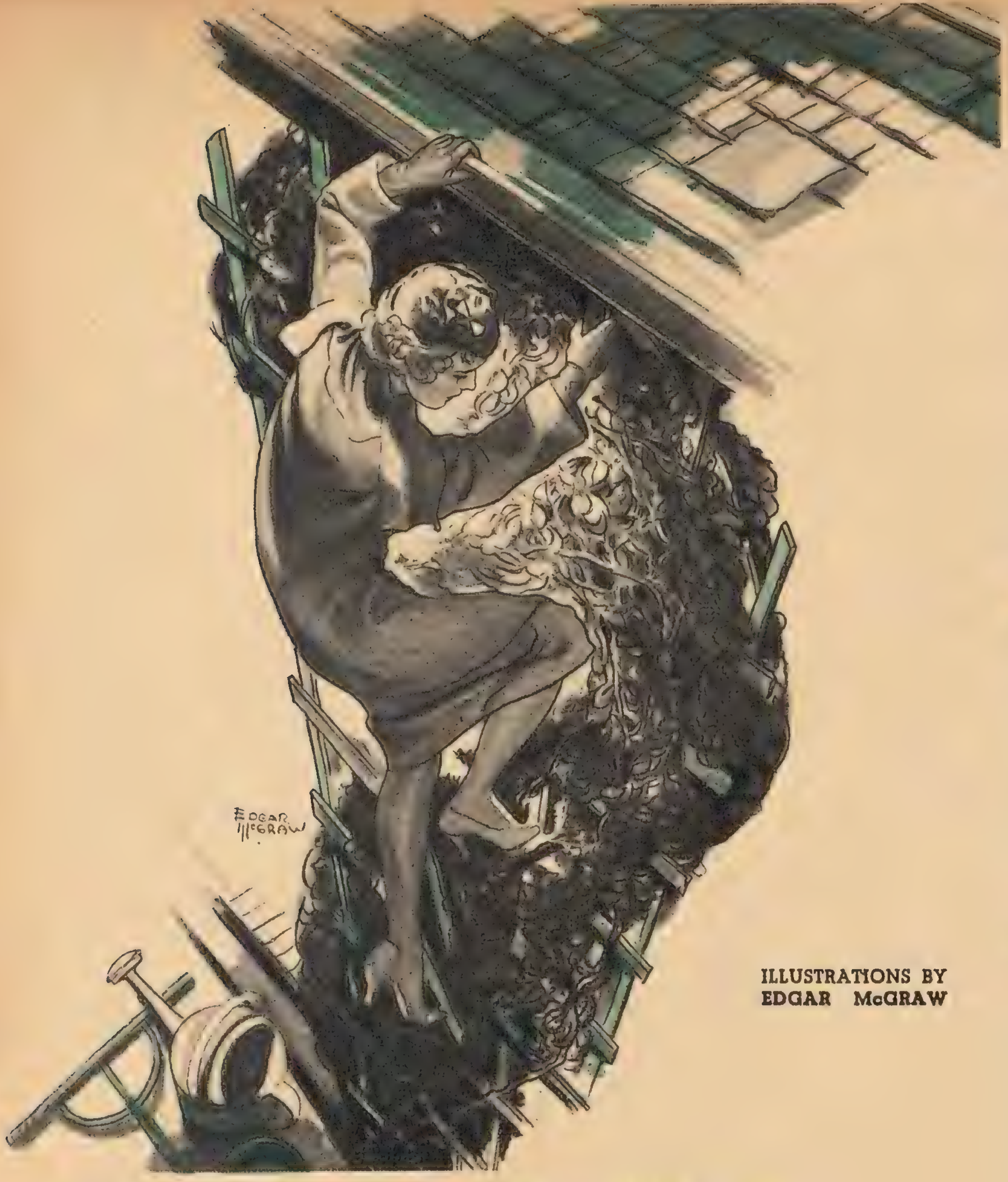
There was silence, and she lifted her eyes to look at him.

And paled.

For a long time he held her eyes with his, mocking, intent, triumphant. When she could bear it no longer, she let her lids drop, frightened.

At last Clay said softly, "No, Linda; that's too soon. I want my girl to have a wedding and everything right. What would the town say if you had no trousseau? And no honeymoon? No; you must have the best that money can buy. Suppose we set the date for next June instead."

Under his eyes Linda was unable to utter a word.



The trellis was not so easy to manage. Suddenly a slat cracked and she had to clutch the vines.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDGAR McGRAW

Finally he said evenly, "We'll consider it settled, then. Shall we? I'm glad you've decided to marry me—you've kept me waiting a long time, Linda! I must run now. Good night." He smiled his brilliant smile.

Linda did not reply. She watched him go, while in the depths of her was born a slow white anger. Her will stiffened, stubborn and implacable. Motionless she waited until he was out of sight. Then she turned abruptly and went into the house. In the hall she encountered Aunt Rilla, carrying the heavy rubber plant which had been soaking in the kitchen.

"Here, I'll take it for you," she said gently. She put it down on its thick white china plate in the bay window. At the foot of the stairs, she said calmly:

"Dear, I've just been talking to Clay. We've decided to get married." Her voice was steady as she added, "We're going to be married right away."

"Why, Linda! Well, for goodness'—well, I declare!" The old lady began to tremble. She clutched Linda's arm for support. Linda laughed.

"Clay is so impatient, auntie! He says he can't wait another moment. Fancy that, after all these years! No wonder you're surprised. So we've set the date for next Thursday."

"Next Thur—" Aunt Rilla sat down weakly.

AT the top of the stairs Linda was halted by her aunt's voice, eager, trembling: "Oh, Linda, would you mind if I just ran across to tell Mrs. Summerwell? She's been so—well, you know—lately—about it. I guess this'll hush her up!"

Linda's voice floated down to her, cool and clear as ice water: "Tell anybody you like, auntie! Call up the Courier and let them announce it. You'll just catch them before they close."

"Do you mean it?" Aunt Rilla demanded, incredulous.

"Of course I do. Tell them there's to be no wedding—just you and the witnesses. Clay hates weddings."

Two minutes later, Linda, listening with a faint smile, could hear her aunt at the telephone, her voice shrill and fairly stuttering with excitement:

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Students of smoking pleasure are graduating by the thousands to this mildly mentholated cigarette. In the first place, it's refreshing. Then, the smoke actually *is* cooler—your throat never gets dry. And KOOLS are so mildly mentholated nothing interferes with the full enjoyment of the fine tobacco flavor.

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KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED

MADE IN CANADA

DRIVES HIMSELF TO WORK AT 82

And Still Plays a Little Golf

How many of us, when we are 82, will be the equal in health and activity of this vigorous old Scottish engineer? In a letter he says :—

" I arrived here from Scotland on the 7th April, 1870. I am over 82 years old. I drive my Ford car 40 miles over hills and dales to a factory, and can still play a little golf. I have taken the little dose of Kruschen Salts in my cup of coffee every morning for some years, and I believe it is keeping me in good health and enabling me to keep on working at the factories as engineer."—L. A.

Whether you are still in your 'teens or past your prime, it is neither too early nor too late to start on the " little daily dose." Just a tiny, tasteless pinch of Kruschen Salts in your morning cup of tea or coffee! They ensure internal cleanliness, and keep the blood-stream pure. New and refreshed blood is sent coursing to every fibre of your being. Rheumatism, headaches, indigestion and backache all pass you by.

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FREEZONE

" Is this Main 850? . . . Is this the Maplewood Courier? . . . My niece—my niece—"

Linda turned into her own room and sat down on the bed. Well, she had burned her bridges! There was nothing now but to make Clay do her will.

. . . . .

" Now at last we come to the fatal day. Miss Stuart, I want you please to describe your movements on the afternoon of September 27."

The truth. The whole truth. Nothing but the truth.

" I took a long walk in the afternoon and got home about six o'clock."

" What were you wearing? "

" A dark-blue suit."

" Did you wear gloves? "

" No."

" Are you sure? "

" Why, yes. There was a pair of gloves in my pocket, but I did not wear them."

" I see. Were you alone on this walk? "

" Yes."

" Were you walking all the time you were gone? "

" No; I was sitting in a pasture part of the time."

" What were you doing there? "

" Just thinking."

" As one would do if one were planning something—plotting something—working out a scheme? "

" I object to his insinuations! " Barnard cried. " How much of this is the Court going to allow? It's distinctly—"

The judge's voice was highly peremptory. " Confine yourself to the questions, Mr. Wilmott! "

" AND then did you go directly home? "

" Yes."

" Did you see Clayton Carroll that day? "

" Yes. He was waiting at home when I arrived, to say that he had to have dinner at the hotel with his broker from New York."

" Did he admit that he was worried about his investments? "

" No."

" You did not suspect from anything he said that he was on the verge of bankruptcy? "

" No; he seemed just as usual."

" Please give me the conversation as well as you can remember it."

Faithfully Linda repeated what she and Clay had said to each other, and how he had told her that Susie and Griggs had gone to the hospital.

" And he told you, did he not, that he had let Griggs off until morning? "

Silence hovered over the courtroom, over Linda, waiting for her to speak; but she did not hesitate.

" Yes."

" So that you knew Clay was to be alone in his house that night? "

Outside a trolley car screeched to a stop, its bell ringing insistently. Angry words between drivers floated up to them, then it clattered on. " I did, yes."

" What else did you talk about? "

" I told him I had changed my mind about getting married—that I would be ready to marry him next week."

" How did you happen to do that—so suddenly? "

Through the court went that quickening expectant thrill.

" I had been thinking about it all afternoon. I decided that I had kept him waiting long enough."

" I see. And so, without warning, after ten or twelve years, you turned suddenly remorseful and nothing would do but you must marry him within the week! How do you explain such erratic behavior? "

" I don't explain it. That's the way it was."

" IT wasn't because you decided that in case anything happened to Clay that night it would look better for you to be firmly engaged and about to marry him? "

Judge Townsend's voice came harshly: " Strike that out! " Mr. Wilmott, unrepentant, went on happily:

" Let me see. At the time of the shooting you were sharing your home with your Aunt Marilla, who testified that you retired early that night, and with Minnie Anderson, your cook. Is that right? "

" Yes."

" Minnie is the one who ironed out your damp suit the next morning and cleaned your muddy shoes? "

" Yes."

" How do you account for that suit being damp and your shoes muddy, Miss Stuart? "

" The shoes had become muddy that afternoon."

" And the damp suit? "

" I had put my suit over the back of a chair near my window. And it rained during the night."

" Miss Stuart, were you asleep all that night? "

" Yes. Certainly."

The prosecutor inquired triumphantly: " Then how do you know that it rained during the night? "

But instead of consternation, Linda's eyebrows went up innocently. " Because my suit was damp the next morning! "

It was Joe Barnard's turn to be triumphant. There was a titter of relief among the spectators. Then the air tightened again.

" Is that the only way you knew it had rained? "

" No. The ground was wet the next morning."

" Ah, yes, quite so. Obliterating all footprints, unfortunately. Now tell me this, Miss Stuart: What explanation have you to offer for the fact that your gloves, although rolled tightly into a ball in your coat pocket, were as damp or even damper than your suit? "

Linda looked at him thoughtfully. " I'm sure I don't know."

The prosecutor paused, allowed her ignorance on this point to become significant. Then he went on:

" Now, after Clay left, what did you do? "

"I went into the house and told Aunt Rilla that Clay and I had decided to be married the following week."

"And was she happy about it?"

"Why, yes. Naturally."

"Whose suggestion was it that she telephone the newspaper? Hers or yours?"

With no hesitation, Linda replied steadily, "Mine."

"You were quite anxious, weren't you, for the world to know at once that you were about to become Clay's bride? It couldn't even wait until the next day. Well, and then what did you do?"

"My aunt and I had our supper."

"And you retired at what hour?"

"About nine thirty."

"That was earlier than your usual bedtime, was it not?"

"Yes; I was tired from my walk."

"And then, of course, it's easier to perfect plans in private—"

The judge's warning hand stopped him but he had said what he wanted to say. "And when you retired you placed your blue suit in front of the window on a chair. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"This window that you speak of. It opened out on to the roof of a veranda, did it not?"

"Yes."

"Would you say that it would be possible for a person to climb to the ground by means of the trellis at the north side of that roof?"

"I wouldn't think so. Not a grown person."

"But a child might?" he insisted.

"Yes."

"What makes you think so? Did you ever do it?"

Linda hesitated, with a swift glance at Judge Townsend. "Yes. I climbed down the trellis once as a child. It was the night my father died—I was running away from home." Her lips trembled slightly.

The prosecutor tried to conceal the triumph in his eyes.

"Of course you heard the testimony of Officers Grady and O'Sullivan that the trellis was found to be freshly broken the morning following Carroll's death?"

"Yes, I heard it."

There was an oppressive silence.

"Now, Miss Stuart, you knew Clay was to be alone that night. You knew—Leon Griggs has testified to that—that Clay habitually kept a revolver at his bedside for protection. You knew also that under Clay's will you were to receive his entire fortune at his death. Do you admit all that?"

"Yes."

"And you admit that you loved Scott Barclay?"

In spite of Joe Barnard, who had half risen, Linda raised her chin proudly, and deliberately said, "Yes."

The prosecutor was richly enjoying himself. "And in the face of all that, and the fact that you had a pair of wet gloves in your pocket, whose wetness you do not even pretend to be able to explain, do you sit there and tell us that you went to bed and slept soundly all that night?" His voice rose with harsh impressiveness. "Linda Stuart, you have sworn to tell the truth. Do you swear on the Bible that you did not go out of your house the night of September 27 and take the path that leads from your garden over the brook and through the grove of pines? Do you dare to swear it?"

. . . . .

THE trellis was not so easy to manage this time—she was no child now—and suddenly a slat cracked and she had to clutch the vines to keep from falling. She jumped to the ground and held her breath. That snap—surely it would awaken Aunt Rilla! But no sound came from the quiet house. Linda was thankful that her aunt's room was on the other side, and that Minnie went home at night to sleep.

Guided by the light from Clay's room, she sped through the garden. It was this light, visible from the bathroom window, which had told her that Clay had come home half an hour before.

In the deep shadows of the pines she halted suddenly, her hand at her throat. Eerily through the trees came a thin, plaintive melody that belonged to Willie Collins, a tuneless, wordless little song that Willie was forever singing to himself.

Her thrill of fear melted to one of relief. Assured that what she heard was only the song of a half-wit who was as harmless as a kitten, she took stern rein on her nerves and sped forward. It couldn't be helped if he saw her. It was a matter of no importance.

In the grove she saw that she would have to pass within a few feet of him. He was sitting at the foot of a tree, a dim figure hugging his knees, his face, a pale wavering spot, turned toward her in the gloom. She could not tell whether he saw her or not, although he paused in his singing for a moment as she passed. His voice trailed her through the woods, over the brook, weird and disturbing and diminishing.

Instantly she forgot him. She crossed the wide lawn that surrounded the big house and made straight for the stairway to the balcony which led to Clay's room.

AS she went up the stairs she could see that the French doors were open, the curtains idly fluttering in a tiny breeze which held a hint of storm. A moment later she stepped over the sill and into Clay's room.

She was halted at once by his sharp voice from the bed: "Who's there?"

In silence she looked at the leveled revolver in his hand. She remembered, then, that Griggs had told her that he always kept one at his bedside.

He was sitting up in bed in a dull-purple dressing gown, the pillows piled behind him. His body was taut and ready to spring. The book he had been reading slid with a little *plop* to the floor. The light from the table beside him was in his eyes and he had to squint past it in an effort to discern the shape in the doorway.

She stepped forward, conscious of only one thought: to settle this thing quickly. It seemed so easy.

As he recognized her he exhaled sharply and replaced the revolver on the table. Then he lay back among the pillows with an amazed smile.

Between you and me..

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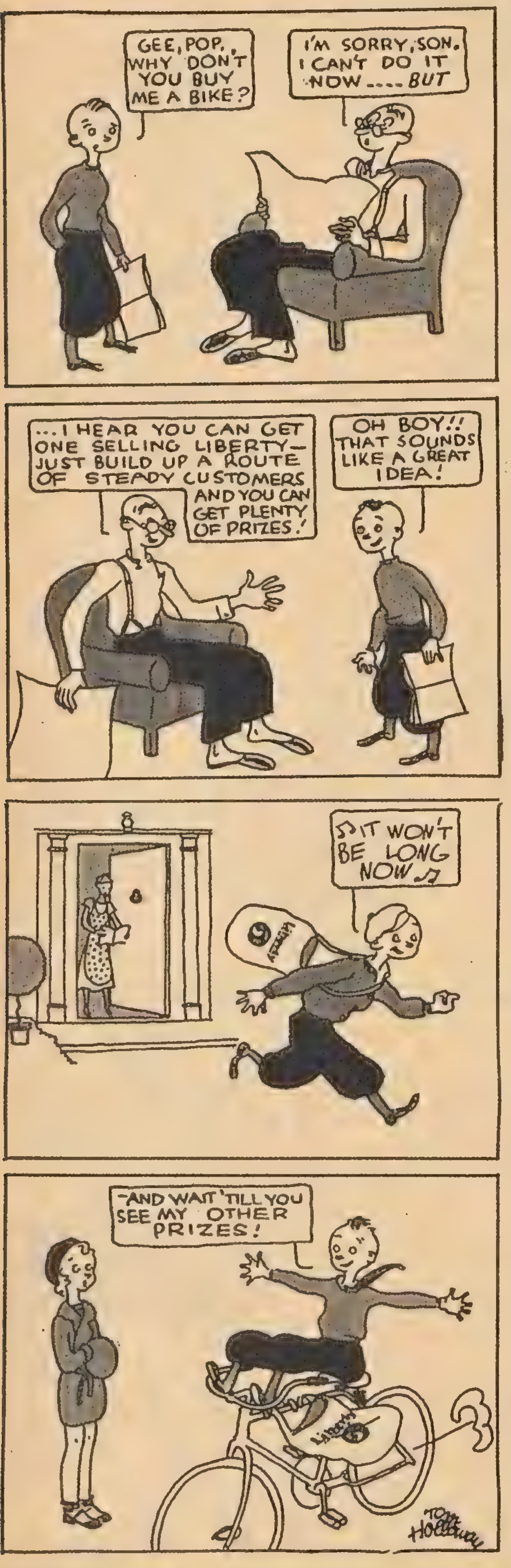
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She came in slowly, with a firm step. She was dressed carefully, as if for a formal call, in a dark suit and toque. There were even gloves on her hands.

She approached and stood at the foot of the bed, her somber, unsmiling eyes on his.

Too astonished to move, his expression changed gradually to a certain excited curiosity which increased its intensity as she did not speak. But underneath was something else, something ugly. A snake that had not yet raised its head.

Linda was in too deadly earnest to notice. She knew that a false step would be fatal, and with the cunning born of desperation she was prepared to play her cards warily.

"I wanted to see you," she began breathlessly. "I thought it would be better to see you here. Aunt Rilla is so easily upset. We can talk here more—"

"Yes. Well?"

She raised her head proudly. "I only wanted to tell you that I really meant what I said this afternoon—about getting married. I thought perhaps you got the impression that I was joking. I was not joking."

The snake stirred a little, feeling its power. "No, I didn't think you were joking," he corrected.

"My mind is made up. I'm not going to wait any longer. I told Aunt Rilla she could put an announcement in the paper saying that we were to be married next week."

There was an utterly incredulous pause. "You told her *that*, after I said that we would wait until June?"

"Yes." For several seconds they looked at each other. Then he uttered the single word, "Why?"

SHE had been expecting this. She said, "Because I wish it. I have waited long enough."

And now his eyes began to dance with excitement, and Linda might well have quailed. But she was still too absorbed to notice.

Softly, softly, like a cat stalking its prey, he put his cigarette down on the ash tray.

"But, Linda dear!" he said. "I feel flattered to think that you would come here in the dead of night—alone—to see your beloved, to confess your impatience to be in his arms forever! It's—it's positively romantic! I hadn't suspected you of anything like this."

He looked up at her, smiling, and slid out of bed. Standing, he belted his dressing gown around him.

"Come and sit down, Linda, where we can talk more comfortably. Won't you take off your things? I'll light the fire and it will be warm in no time."

He closed the French doors carefully, playing the host. He put a match to the fire and poked the logs until it crackled. Then he led Linda to an armchair, and she sat in it stiffly. She would not allow him to remove her wraps.

He stood before her, with his back to the fire, and with his magnetic eyes shining on her softly he said:

"And now, my dear, tell me all about it. Why all this sudden impatience? Believe me, I don't know what to make of it. It's so unlike you."

Linda realized that she must give him some kind of plausible explanation. Picking her words carefully, her eyes on the flickering fire before her, she said slowly:

"YOU think I'm cold, perhaps. Years ago, in the ravine, you thought I was too cold because I refused what you wanted of me.

"Well, the fact is that I'm not cold at all. At that time I was too young, too unawakened. But in the years that have passed since then I have learned that I have desires, just as you have. And because you did not marry me—why, I never knew; perhaps to punish me for that refusal—I have been very unhappy, very repressed and miserable. But I was too proud to let you see.

"And now I find that I can't wait any longer. Not even until next June! I've reached the end of my rope, I tell you! I want to be married next week!"

When the silence drew out unbearably, Linda's eyes dragged themselves upward to his face. And shrank in horror from what she saw there.

In no human countenance had she ever seen such utter, triumphant contempt. In a flat, dreadful voice, totally unlike the soft encouragement he had been giving her, he said deliberately, as if it were a curse:

"Like my mother!"

The words hung in the air like a living thing, and then receded slowly, as if a snake had struck. Then it darted forward again; the voice went on harshly:

"Ah, Linda, you don't know how I've waited for this moment! She, too, was like that. She, too, couldn't wait until she was decently married to satisfy her lust. My mother—*my own mother!*—betrayed me!

"And now you! I knew that I could prove that you were rotten too, if I tried—if I waited long enough. When you repulsed me that day in the ravine it was only a ruse—wasn't it?—to lead me on. And then, when you laughed at me—yes, I must have looked very funny sprawling there on the ground!—I swore to myself that I would lead *you* on—on and on, keeping you a virgin by force until you broke under the strain and I would have you groveling at my feet—as you are doing now.

"And tonight, at last, I have my way. You come sneaking to me in the middle of the night to tell me that you cannot wait until June!

"Oh, you fool! You little fool! Didn't you know that I never, after the beginning, had the slightest intention of marrying you?"

Linda was on her feet now, wrapped in a flame of pure anger. Before she could speak, however, he cut in on her sharply, his voice rising in pitch.

“What a shame you couldn't have held out just a little longer!” he sneered. “A little more and I might have been convinced that you were chaste. Then everything might have been all right. I might have married you, and never have found out, perhaps, that you were no better than the rest.” He began walking about the room.

When he returned to her his very manner was an insult. “Frankly, Linda, the rôle of temptress does not particularly become you. There are plenty of that kind lying about loose who do very well for a night or two.”

At the shrinking repugnance in her eyes he laughed loudly. “Why, certainly! I'm a man, you know. Did you think I wasn't human? What did you think I was doing with my evenings on all those trips of mine—twiddling my thumbs?” He thrust his jaw forward and added brutally:

“And every time I had one of those women, just as when I was baiting you along, I was paying my mother back! Can't you imagine the bitter, devilish joy I got out of that? Don't you see?—I was outraging my own mother, dragging her in the mud where she belongs. I was paying off the score. It was almost as if I were ravishing my own mother.” He put his hand to his head. “And you thought I loved you! Oh, God, I think I'm going crazy!”

There was, indeed, something insane about him.

She found herself saying dully, “You beast! You beast! How could I have cared for you all these years?” She was thinking: Everything's gone now. I couldn't marry him now anyway. But she was beyond caring. “How could I have waited for you—kept myself for you?”

SHE stopped, appalled. She had not kept herself for him! Was she, then, no better than he?

Something in her eyes when she stopped so suddenly must have betrayed what was in her mind. For, with a wave of nausea, she saw that here was yet another triumph for Clay—that he had jumped with deadly certainty at the truth. She could see it dawning in his eyes.

“So!” he said slowly. “So!”

She was only conscious, then, that she was very tired. She longed to be at home and in bed. All she wanted now was to sleep. She was beaten. She would give up.

She hardly knew that she was speaking when she said simply: “Yes—that is the reason I wanted you to marry me. I'm going to have a child.”

Clay did not move. There was a dead silence, broken only by the clock ticking over the fireplace. It was a quarter to one. A log fell apart with a tiny display of fireworks. At last Clay spoke:

“So! My fine fish has slipped out of my fingers, after all! I kept you waiting too long, did I? Well, I suspected it. I suspected that it would happen when I saw you and Barclay together, the day I got back from the coast. I felt, if it hadn't happened then, that it would before he went away. I suppose it was in the cards.”

For a moment he stared into the fire, then turned away indifferently. “Of course you understand that there can never, now, be any question of marriage between us.”

Linda burst out: “Oh, Clay, don't you see? All I want is your name! For God's sake, have you no heart or sensibilities—*nothing?* I don't want to stay married to you. We'll get a divorce right after. But you must do this—you must! Haven't you made me suffer enough?”

CLAY looked at her as if he could not believe his ears. “Marry you—now? So that I can be father to another man's child? You amuse me, my dear—do you know any more jokes?” His rage rose as he went on:

“Why don't you marry your lover? Don't you know where he is? I'll find him and bring him back to you if you like.”

Linda said painfully, “No. I don't want him to come back. I'm not going to let his life be ruined.”

“Oh, I see! You would spare him but it doesn't matter about *me*. It's easy to sacrifice *me* to this little conspiracy. Ha!”

He studied her while he lit a cigarette, and then he sat down in the armchair opposite her, with a kind of sprawling familiarity in his posture that she had never seen before. His eyes had a new mockery in them.

“Now that we understand each other”—his tone was easy—“we might as well enjoy our visit. Shall we?”

He puffed at his cigarette and then leaned toward her, favoring her, amazingly, with his charming boyish smile. “You know, something has just occurred to me—I've just begun to wake up! Here I am, entertaining a beautiful woman in my bedroom in the middle of the night, and only this moment realizing how I've overlooked the romantic possibilities of the situation!” His confidential manner, his quizzically raised eyebrows were asking her to forgive his stupidity.

Linda, choking, rose uncertainly to her feet. In her mind now was only one thought—to get away.

As she stood up, Clay also sprang to his feet. Slipping his arm through hers, he guided her to the bedside table.

“I've been reading such a fascinating book,” he said conversationally. Seating himself casually on the bed, he drew her down beside him. “Here, let me read you a few lines. It's the most gorgeous poetry.”

He read, in his deep melodious voice, but the words meant nothing to Linda. She sat there staring before her, thinking dully, “I must go home. I must get away!”

But when she moved as if to get up, he rose and put his hands on her shoulders.

“How I envy the lucky man who was your lover, Linda! Tell me, do

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you think I could make love as well as he did? How did he do it, my Linda? Did he breathe sweet nothings in your ears? What did he do?"

He went on almost dreamily, his eyes holding hers. "Did he—caress you—like this?" His fingers inclosed her throat, just the merest pressure of a thumb to betray the steel in them. Linda's eyes drooped and she wondered if she were going to faint.

His voice was like velvet now, his fingers stroking her cheek. "Show me what you did with him, my dear. Teach me the art of love."

His hand went on stroking her cheek softly, his voice a low voluptuous murmur. "And maybe some day I'll marry you after all—who can tell? Perhaps those charms that I'm going to enjoy tonight will prove so alluring that I won't sleep after this for thinking of them—" His voice died away but the stroking continued rhythmically.

Linda sat like one turned to stone, her hands clenched to keep from losing consciousness. At last, swallowing with difficulty, she exclaimed hoarsely:

"Take your hands away!"

His fingers tightened slightly, just the merest pressure.

"Why should I take my hands away? What was good enough for Scott Barclay is good enough for me, I suppose? Besides"—he smiled, his eyes narrowing to slits—"you're just—anybody's woman now, aren't you?"

BEFORE the deadly meaning in his words her eyes dropped, strayed to the cigarette burning itself out on the ash tray—to the revolver, its barrel gleaming evilly—

She raised her face with a startled movement.

"What's that?" she breathed. She seemed to listen, her eyes on the French doors behind him. The stroking ceased. "I—I thought I heard something!"

Slowly he turned his head toward the doors, listening intently. His hands on her shoulders relaxed.

In that second Linda, who had never handled a gun in her life, had grasped it and pushed it against the front of his dressing gown.

"Now will you take your hands away?" she repeated.

The new note in her voice did not escape him. His arms dropped and he sprang back.

Then he saw the revolver in her hand, but at the sight his eyes only danced with laughter. Up went his arms in simulated fright.

LINDA stood up. She was swaying slightly, but the revolver was aimed at him steadily enough. Her other hand groped behind her and, using it as a guide, she began slowly to back toward the door. As she circled about the room he turned continuously to face her, his arms ludicrously aloft, his eyes derisive.

But Linda did not share his amusement. The revolver shook a little. His laughter seemed carved on his face.

Without turning she managed to open the door at her back, and there she paused. Behind her was the night and freedom. Before her wavered the face of the man she had once loved. In the grate, the coals, with a heavy sigh, suddenly collapsed into ashes. The cigarette on the tray had burned itself to ash. What had been between them was ashes. Ashes and silence. A clock ticking.

Linda glanced swiftly into the night behind her, gathering herself for flight. She could hear the patter of rain outside. When she looked back at Clay his hands were still aloft, but it seemed to her with a difference. She had the impression that he had moved closer, that he was getting bigger, that his hands were moving into a position to strike. . . .

Her voice leaped into the silence—shrill, hysterical:

"If you move I'll kill you!—I'll kill you!"

So there stood Linda with the revolver aimed—threatening to do the very deed in consequence of which she is on trial for her life! Did she fire? And if she did, can Wilmott prove it to the jury? Read next week's installment, in which a surprise witness takes the stand.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—They were named for Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, a reformer, who wore them about 1848.

2—One—Herbert Hoover.

3—In round numbers 550,000,000 and 950,000,000.

4—An agent that causes a chemical change in another substance.

5—Phi Beta Kappa at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1776.

6—An Italian painter, sculptor, and architect.

7—At Titusville, Pennsylvania, 1859.

8—A British physician who discovered that the mosquito carries malaria germs.

9—Resident commissioners.

10—A collection of bee colonies.

11—The Netherlands and Great Britain.

12—First President of the Czechoslovakian republic.

13—Diamond, ruby, emerald, and sapphire.

14—At the battle of Verdun, in the World War.

15—Yellowstone.

16—A long time ago.

17—James Whitcomb Riley.

18—A reddish or yellowish brown, a grayish red color.

19—A wooden wind instrument, now called the oboe.

20—In South Dakota and northeast Wyoming.

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1

Guarantees Travel Comfort

Will 400,000,000 Chinese Go Communist?

by FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WE sat sipping tea in his "palace" on the outskirts of sprawling Hankow. He was dressed in a long fawn-colored silken robe that accentuated his slender figure. He looked far more like a scholar than a Marshal of China—*the* Marshal—the great Chiang Kai-shek.

In a day or two he would embark on a major campaign against the Reds—the Chinese Reds, who flaunted their banners across the river a scant fifteen miles away. Scattered here in five provinces there were millions of them—somewhere between twenty-five and fifty millions, it was estimated. They were insolent and brazen; they proclaimed that were it not for foreign gunboats they would capture Hankow itself—rich manufacturing Hankow, "the Chicago of China." They have their own armies, print their own money, and have a loose central organization that heads up in the International Settlement in Shanghai.

U. & U. News photo

Marshal Chiang Kai-shek

"Within six months we will crush these Chinese Communists' armies," Marshal Chiang explained, while his very attractive American-educated wife translated his words. "Only about a third of them are genuine Reds; the rest are little more than bandits. It is hard to break them, but we are determined to do the job. It is something like killing rats: when you run them out of one hole they scurry to another. But force, allied with education and propaganda, will finally win."

But to date it has not won. There are more Reds in China today than there were twelve months ago. No longer does Soviet Russia have to bother to sow seeds here. Long ago China—with the help of cruel nature—prepared the soil, so that a handful of seeds grew and multiplied themselves until there is a mighty crop to harvest. And it is distinctly a Red Chinese crop—not a Red Russian crop.

FRAZIER HUNT

is a world-roaming reporter, as his new book, This Bewildered World, shows. In 1917-18 he created "Yaphank Bennie" and then became a war correspondent. Rock Island, Illinois, is his old home, and his nickname is "Spike."

Let me make this last point clear. These Chinese Reds have actually little to do with Russian Communism. Red Communism is incidental to this flaming revolt of discouraged beaten masses against oppression and loot, civil wars and army cruelties, banditry and unbearable taxes, corrupt officials and inefficient governments—with floods and famines thrown in. More than 90 per cent of all this is of Chinese manufacture.

In 1923 the great Chinese revolutionary leader Dr. Sun Yat-sen invited Michael Borodin and a group of Moscow Communists to come to Canton and assist the Kuomintang, or People's Party. A great wave of antiforeign feeling was fanned into white heat. For a time the Russian and Chinese Communists dominated this People's Party; but the brilliant young General Chiang Kai-shek drove them out of control, and in 1926, following a temporary reconciliation, made his famous push northward and captured Hankow. Again the Reds plotted for power, and Chiang Kai-shek fled to Nanking and Shanghai and led a "purification movement" that resulted in the expulsion of Borodin and his Russians and the wholesale execution of Chinese Reds.

Temporarily the movement was crushed. But soon the roving armies of bandits and looting government troops, aided by corruption and usury and by unparalleled famine and floods, brought the broken peasants and city workers to a point where they felt that any change would be for the better. They were ready to follow the first radical leader who offered them relief. It was a made-to-order situation for silver-tongued young Reds. And if these leaders happened to be genuine Communists, they gave them thrilling pictures of a flaming new religion of brotherhood and coöperation.

By the million the peasants of the Yangtze Valley swept behind these Red banners of revolt. I repeat that it was primarily a Chinese peasant revolution. Except possibly in its inception, it had nothing to do with Moscow and the formal doctrines of Red Communism.

IN a hospital in Hankow I talked with a Chinese Nationalist colonel wounded in fighting the elusive Red battalions. "We can do little against them," he told me. "The masses of the people are with them. Our own soldiers are only half-heartedly against them. Many of our soldiers sell their arms and desert."

And an old "China hand" said to me: "I have been in districts where the Reds have been in control for several years, and the peasants and poor workers are better off there than in districts under the central government. I do not believe that the Nanking authorities can defeat these Red armies. The people themselves will slowly evolve some purely Chinese form of government and society. It will probably embody certain elements of Soviet Russia and much of the American machine civilization. And it is not at all impossible that it may capture all of China."

A U. S. S. R. C.—a Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of China!

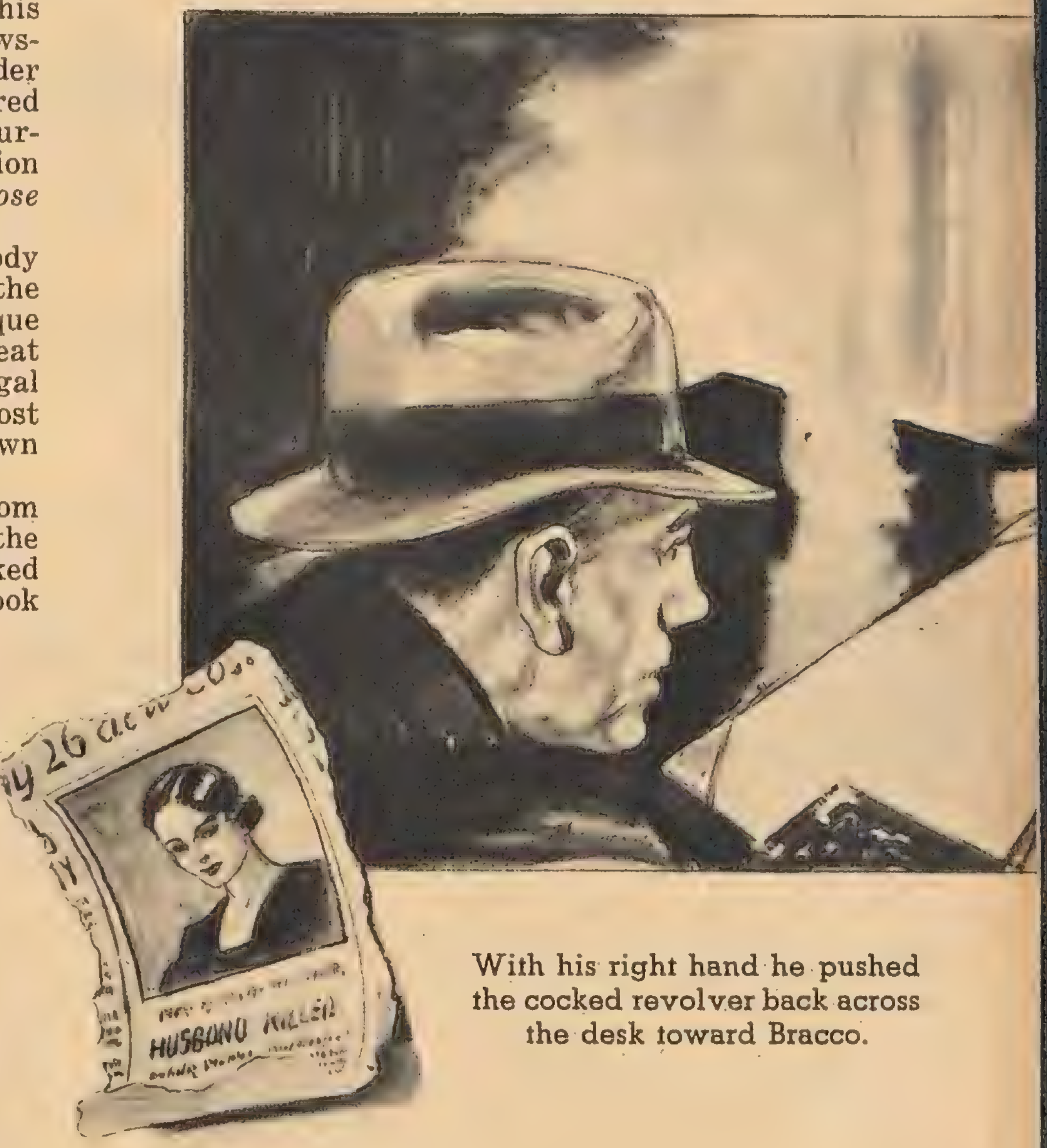
It is at least a picture to contemplate. THE END.

ILLUSTRATION BY
HUBERT MATHIEU

Beauty in

The Story of a Haunting Memory

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



With his right hand he pushed the cocked revolver back across the desk toward Bracco.

IT was after dark of a chill winter evening. Lawyer Gail Morton was alone in his office, which was lighted only by his desk lamp and the faint reddish glow of a coal fire in an old-fashioned grate. Sitting hunched over his desk, his chin in his big hands, Gail stared at a newspaper clipping, about four inches square, which lay under the lamp before him. The clipping revealed the blurred photograph of a woman whose faded prettiness had survived even the newsman's cruel camera. The caption with the picture read: *Mrs. George Pendexter, Whose Husband Was Killed in Local Cigar-Store Holdup.*

As he studied the picture, Gail's long, lean body drooped. His massive bony face looked haggard in the lamplight. It was a face stamped with a Lincolnesque ugliness. This suggestion of a resemblance to the Great Emancipator had helped Gail enormously in his legal career. He was known as an honest man and the most successful lawyer in the large sprawling industrial town of Wakingham, Massachusetts.

Suddenly he straightened up and pulled his watch from his pocket. It was five minutes to seven. He put the clipping into his top desk drawer. He got up and walked to a closet beyond the fireplace. From the closet he took his overcoat and his black fedora hat. He put them on. He drew on his yellow pigskin gloves and buttoned them methodically. Then, instead of leaving the office, he went back to his desk and sat down—to wait.

In a few minutes he heard footsteps in the outer office. Immediately the door of his private office opened and a man stepped quickly, with a catlike movement, into the room. The man was short and squat; swarthy. His eyes were black and cold, yet curiously glittering; the eyes of a wary animal—or of a professional gangster.

"I'm Johnny Bracco," he said in a taut guttural voice.

Gail nodded.

"Sit down, Bracco. I didn't know whether to expect you or not."

"You says seven o'clock, alone here in your office, and I—"

"Yes. But I wasn't sure you'd show up." Gail indicated his hat and coat. "As you see, I was ready to go home. But you're right on time."

"And you're alone, Mr. Morton?" The man's eyes were bright with suspicion; but the lawyer met his gaze frankly, calmly.

"Certainly. You may search the place if you want to."

Bracco sighed and sat down in a chair on the other side of the desk, facing Gail. "No," he said. "I gotta trust somebody, and you're supposed to be a straight guy. That'll help me a lot, see? That's why I sent word to you I wanted you for my mouthpiece, see?" The dark man paused, and again the gleam of suspicion appeared in his eyes. "But what I wanna know is why you was willin' to talk turkey with me this time, when you wouldn't never take no business off me before? You're the smartest lawyer in this town. I and my mob could of used you all durin' the prohibition racket, but you al'ays turned me down cold. What's changed you, Mr. Morton?"

"I'll answer your question in a moment," said Gail. "First, let's consider the facts. From what I've read in the papers, you have been arrested for complicity in the Pendexter case. You are now out on bail. Is that correct?"

"Yeah! But they ain't got a thing on me. They didn't have no right to pinch me. I could sue them damn' dicks for false arrest. I—"

"You probably could," interrupted Gail. "Legally, no man can be arrested on an officer's suspicion. But practically it's done every day. The chances are you'll go to trial, Bracco. Public opinion will demand it. The whole town is worked up over that Pendexter murder."

"It wasn't no murder, Mr. Morton! Honest to Gawd it wasn't—"

"How do *you* know?" snapped Gail suddenly.

"I—well, I read the papers too, see? And I seen where this guy Pendexter was found dead behind his counter with a gat in his hand. So nacherly we—I mean the other guy would of had to shoot in self-defense and—"

"Baloney, Bracco!" Gail laughed briefly. "You certainly need a lawyer. You've practically admitted to me that you or your thugs killed that cigar-store clerk—"

"I never—"

"Don't lie to me, you rat!"

Involuntarily the gangster's right hand jerked toward his left shoulder, then fell limply to the desk.

"All right," Bracco said. "All right. I'll take that from you, on account I need you, see?"

"Then tell me the truth," Gail said sternly. "Or get out of my office. Jump your bail bond and run away. That'll be as good as a confession. Then, when they catch you, you won't need a lawyer. You'll need a priest."

"Now wait, Mr. Morton. Don't get sore. I'll tell you the truth, see? Only first I wanna know why you're takin' this case? Are you my mouthpiece or ain't you—and *why?*"

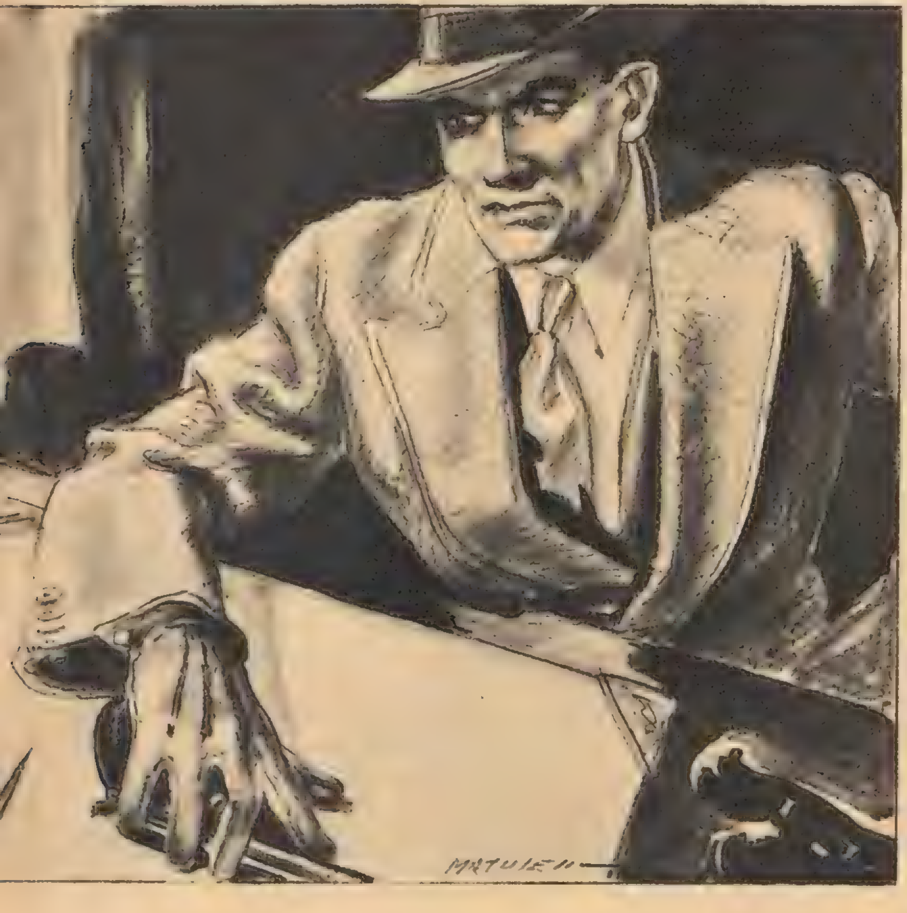
Gail's homely face, the face that resembled Lincoln's, was an imperturbable mask.

"This Pendexter case," he said, "interests me. Ac-

His Brain

and a Strange Retribution

by
DANA
BURNET



cording to the newspapers, an innocent man was shot down in cold blood. There was no evidence of robbery, nor any other reason for the killing. From a legal standpoint the complete absence of motive interests me, Bracco. It fascinates me."

"Oh, yeah, Mr. Morton?" Once more the glittering black eyes darted suspicion. "So you're takin' the case becuz you're interested, huh? Just becuz you're interested!"

The worried skepticism in that harsh voice struck a note of warning in Gail Morton's brain. His expression changed; softened.

"Maybe you don't know it, Bracco," he said almost lightly. "But there has been a depression in the legal profession too."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I get you, Mr. Morton."

"I take it you'd be willing to pay me well for my services?"

"Sure! There'll be five grand in it for you anyways—just as a retainin' fee."

"Five thousand dollars! That's a lot of money, Bracco."

"I'm in a lotta trouble," growled the gangster.

GAIL spoke slowly: "A man will do things for money that he wouldn't do for any other reason. You understand that, don't you, Bracco?"

The gangster grinned with relief, showing his ragged tobacco-stained fangs. He was on his own ground now.

"Sure! It's the best reason in the world for doin' anything, ain't it? Money! Why, sure, smart guy. I un'erstan' that, all right."

"Then let's have your story," said Gail. He shoved a box of cigars across the desk. "Smoke?"

"Much obliged," grunted Bracco. He stripped off a pair of expensive fur-lined gloves, put them in his pocket, and lighted a cigar. "You want the truth, huh?"

"Yes," said Morton.

"Maybe I'm trustin' you with my life, see?"

"You can trust me or not, as you choose. There's no danger to you, because there are no witnesses to our conversation. Besides which, no lawyer who expected to continue in practice would betray a client's confidence. But make up your own mind, Bracco."

The gangster removed the cigar from his mouth; wet his thick lips with his tongue.

"Well, it was like this," he said huskily. "One night a coupla weeks ago me and a bird named Sailor Red—he's one of my mob—we went in this cigar store about nine P. M. to buy a package of snipes."

"Just to buy cigarettes, eh?"

"That's right, Mr. Morton. That's straight. We didn't have no other idea in our heads. Then when we got in the store, this bird Sailor Red he sees there ain't nobody in the place but the clerk. So, before I can dope his move, he pulls out his heatin' iron and tells the clerk to hand over his cash. Well, the clerk—this fella Pendexter that got killed—he says he'll have to open the cash register. So he turns around to do it, and Red looks at me and winks. But right at that second I see the clerk reach for his pocket, so I flash my rod and let him have it in the back. It all happens in a coupla seconds."

"I see. What then?"

"Why, then we just walked outa the store and went home."

"And nobody saw you go out? Nobody heard the shot?"

Bracco shrugged his bulging shoulders.

"Plenty of people musta saw us—after we got outside. The street was crowded. But nobody paid no attention to us, and if anybody heard the shot they musta thought it was a car back-firin'. It was more'n an hour before a cop found the body behind the counter."

"THE newspapers were right, then," said Gail evenly, without emotion. "It was cold-blooded murder. But, as I've already pointed out, the lack of motive is in your favor. What about this accomplice of yours, this Sailor Red?"

Bracco's lips twisted in an evil grimace.

"He got his in a crap game, in some joint down by the railroad yards, a week ago."

"He's dead?"

"Yeah."

"Your handiwork, Bracco?"

"Naw. I don't even know who stuck the knife in his ribs. I wouldn't depend on no knife, myself."

"I believe you," said Morton, and added thoughtfully: "That simplifies matters. But why should the police suspect you of the Pendexter killing?"

The gangster's voice was a snarl: "I'm suspected of everything that goes screwy in this town. If a millionaire gets snatched or a kid gets lost walkin' home from school, some flat-foot from headquarters starts tailin' me. I'm sick of it, see? I can't stand no more of it—"

"You think the police have no real evidence against you?"

"Naw! But what's a cop care about evidence if he's got a piece of rubber hose in his hand? I'm out on bail now, but that won't keep the dicks from crackin' down on me, see? That's where you come in, Mr. Morton. You gotta get me outa town, or sumpin', till I gotta go to court. I can't stand no third-degree stuff—"

"Steady, Bracco," Gail said sharply. "Keep your shirt on. I can protect you from the police easily enough—*if* I decide to defend you at all."

Bracco half rose from his chair.

"What?" he gasped. "What'd you say? You mean you ain't sure you'll take the case, after I come here—"

"It all depends—"

"—here and told you I killed a guy? Why, damn you—"

"Sit down," Gail said, so quietly that the other, after a moment, sank back into the chair. "Now. I've already told you that your confession is safe with me. Even if I wanted to betray you, no court would take my unsupported testimony as evidence."

"Then what's the idea, huh?"

"It's this," Gail said, and paused long enough to create in Bracco a tension of acute interest. "Before I decide finally whether or not to become your lawyer, I want to make absolutely sure of two things."

"What are they, smart guy?"

DANA BURNET *was born in Cincinnati and was graduated from Cornell, where he received a law degree. He was on the staff of a New York newspaper for several years, then resigned to devote himself to fiction, poetry, and dramatic writing.*

"I want to be sure of your nerve, and of your confidence in me."

"I got plenty of nerve," blustered Bracco.

The lawyer looked at him. "Yes; you've got the nerve to shoot a helpless man in the back. But have you got the kind of nerve you'll need on the witness stand—with a jury watching every move you make and every expression on your face? I can build a defense for you, Bracco. I can coach you in the lies you'll have to tell. But have you got the guts to follow where I lead you? Above all, will you—at all times and without reservation—really trust me? Trust me with your life?"

A muscle twitched in the gangster's dark face.

"Say! Would I be sittin' here in your office if I didn't trust you?"

"You've got to prove it to me," Gail said in his quiet voice. "I can't afford to take the slightest chance of losing my reputation in this community. It's my life as well as yours. You've got to prove your confidence in me."

"Prove it—how?"

Gail stretched a long arm across the desk.

"Give me your gun."

"I ain't— How do you know—"

"Hand it over, Bracco."

The killer reached under his left armpit and drew out a thirty-eight-caliber revolver, which he placed in Gail Morton's hand.

"What's the game?" asked Bracco, scowling.

Gail didn't answer. Now he had the revolver out of sight under the desk. He was doing something with it. The mysterious movement of his hands under the desk sent muscular ripples up his arms and into his drooping shoulders. Finally he thrust his left hand into his overcoat pocket. With his right hand he pushed the cocked revolver back across the desk toward Bracco.

"I want you," he said, "to put the muzzle of this gun against your temple and pull the trigger."

"You want—*what?*"

"You heard me, didn't you?"

"Say, lissen, you! What's the gag? D'you think I'm nuts?"

"Listen yourself, Bracco. I've taken all the cartridges out of that gun. It's empty."

"How do I know it's empty?"

GAIL thrust his huge torso halfway across the desk. His ugly Lincolnesque face gleamed like marble in the lamplight.

"You *don't* know, Bracco! That's just the point. You've got to take my word for it. Before I accept your case you've got to prove to me that you're willing to *trust me with your life.*"

The gangster's swarthy skin turned swiftly to parchment; his black eyes stared wildly out of a mottled, repulsive, yellowish face.

"What the hell!" he shrieked faintly. "What the hell?"

"Do what I say!" roared Gail Morton in a voice whose thunders had shaken many a courtroom. "Do what I say—or walk out of this office straight to the electric chair!"

Bracco made a sound—an inarticulate animal sound, deep in his throat. Then, as if hypnotized, he slowly raised the revolver (it seemed a great weight in his hand) and placed the muzzle against his right temple. His eyes grew enormous as they stared into Gail's.

"O. K., smart guy! I'm trustin' you, see? I'm trustin' y—"

The shot shattered with crazy echoes the silence of the room. Bracco's body leaped convulsively off the chair, struck the floor with a soft crashing sound, and lay still.

Gail Morton acted quickly then. In an instant he was bending over the gangster's crumpled form. Bracco was dead. Picking up the revolver that lay on the floor near by, Gail took from his pocket the five cartridges that he had removed from it and, breaking the gun, replaced them in the chamber. The empty shell of the sixth cartridge, which he had *not* removed, remained where it was.

Carefully replacing the revolver on the floor, near the dead man's outstretched hand, Gail rose and went to the clothes closet near the fireplace. He took off his hat and overcoat and hung them in the closet. He removed his yellow pigskin gloves and stuffed them into his overcoat.

HE strode back to his desk and telephoned police headquarters. Then he sat down, lighted a cigar, and waited.

In a remarkably short time two patrolmen, a coroner's assistant, and a detective sergeant arrived at his office. Gail met them at the door. They all knew lawyer Morton.

"Evenin', sir," said the sergeant. "What's happened?"

Gail pointed to the corpse on his carpet. He said quickly, "That is—or was—Johnny Bracco, sergeant."

"Bracco! You mean Bracco the gangster?"

"Yes. He came here tonight to try to engage me as his attorney. He confessed to the Pendexter killing and—"

"Johnny confessed he done the Pendexter job?"

"Yes. He wanted me to defend him. He felt that he was in grave danger."

"He was right," said the police officer grimly. "But—go on, Mr. Morton. What's the pay-off on this story?"

"It's very simple, sergeant. Bracco was desperate—frightened out of his wits and yellow to the backbone. When I refused to have anything to do with the case, he went all to pieces.

"I ordered him to leave my office. Suddenly he pulled out his gun and shot himself. Temporary insanity, I suppose."

"That tough gorilla croaked himself?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be a son of a gun," said the sergeant softly. He looked at Gail Morton. "Knowing Johnny, it's a wonder he didn't croak *you.*"

Gail smiled and shook his head.

"He lacked the nerve, sergeant. You see, I didn't turn my back to him. I kept looking him straight in the eye."

The sergeant nodded understandingly.

"Yeah," he said; and added with dispassionate final judgment: "the rat!" . . .

Once more alone in his office, Gail Morton went to his desk and took from its top drawer the newspaper clipping that he had concealed there before Bracco came in. He walked to the fireplace; stood looking down at the picture of the woman whose faded prettiness still aroused repercussions of beauty in his brain.

Mechanically he murmured to himself the bleak words printed above it: *"Mrs. George Pendexter, Whose Husband Was Killed—"*

Gail Morton's ugly face took on a light other than that from the glowing grate.

"You'd have done better to have married me, my dear," he said aloud. "But you loved Pendexter, and that was that. At least I've avenged his death this night.

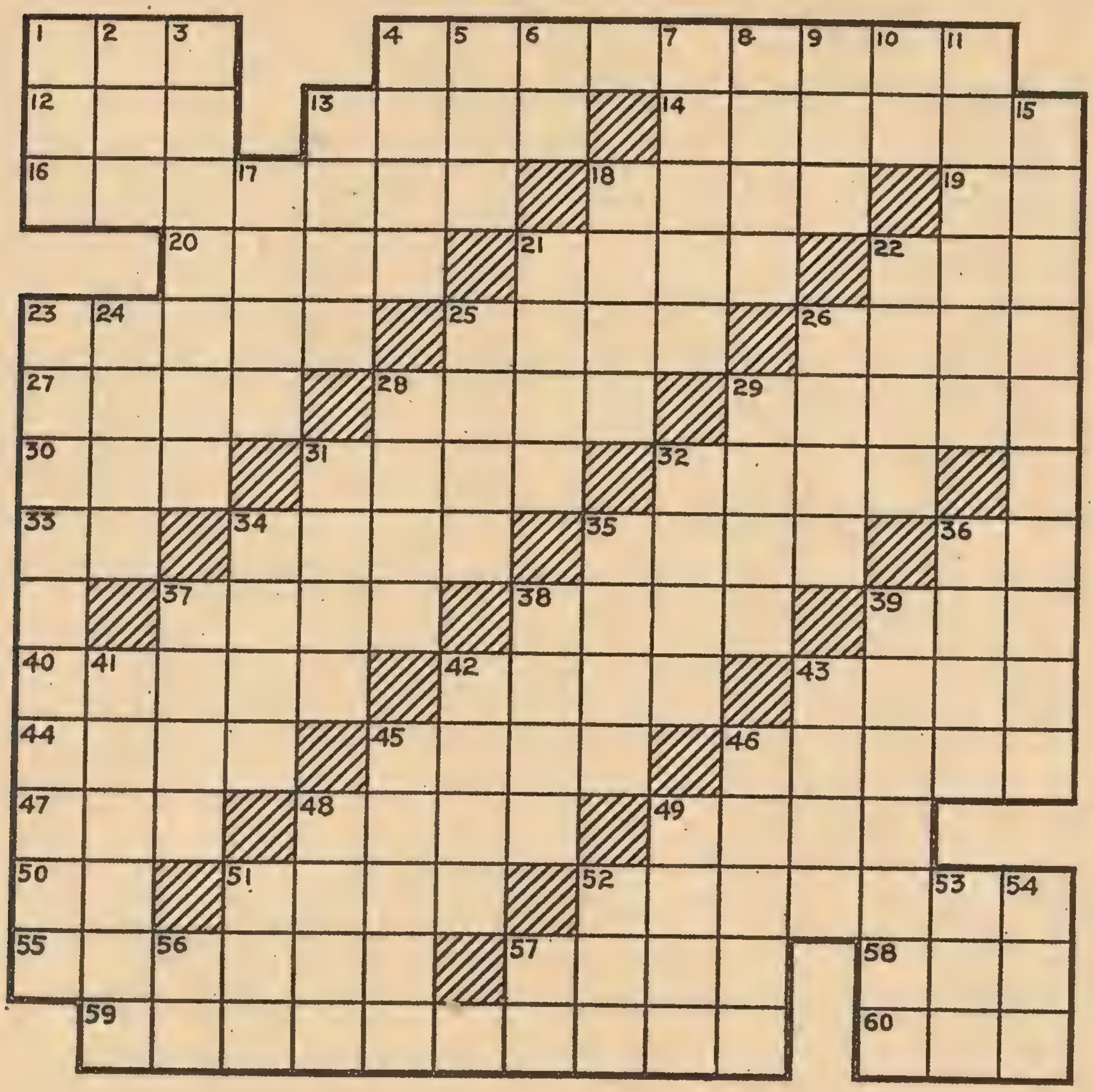
"A small service, but eminently satisfactory. Adroit, too. Very adroit, if I may say so. Good-by, my only dear, and may the Lord of all our twisted fates be kind to you."

He threw the clipping into the fire.

THE END

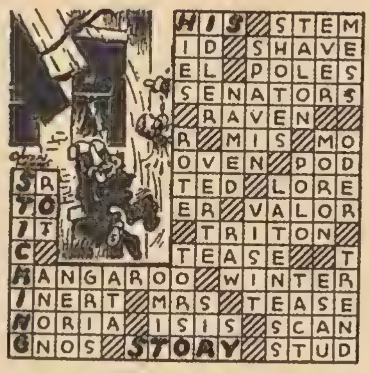
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The first meal of the day
4 Give an Italian enough rope and this is what he'll make of it
12 An eternal question
13 These have been waving in Hawaii for years
14 Mathematical sure things
16 Bull throwers
18 A foot fault
19 Half a muse
20 These are showy things
21 What fussbudgets do over budgets
22 When an irrepressible body meets an irresistible one this is what they do
23 Just moons away to practically nothing
25 Preposition
26 The piano fish
27 These are caused by missing bats
28 "When good Reds get together"
29 A chip from the old blockhead
30 When offs aren't off they're these
31 Framed and put up against the wall
32 Chinese find this pleasant, but it sounds pretty terrible to us
33 A pink elephant (abbr.)
34 Some new Sally Rand dance frocks
35 The Scotchman gladly gave this to his girl for her birthday—by phone
36 A woman of family
37 Kind
38 To take a quick dip when no one's looking
39 Pea jacket
40 What poetic motorists do when they see red
42 To put two press agents together and cause heat
43 Gave away for money
44 David Copperfield was born with one of these lucky things



Answer to last week's puzzle

45 What nice girls do to color easily
46 This is very foolish
47 Here's a baby that eats tin
48 This sometimes takes the place of a sentence
49 Cycle
50 What to take to go around in the upper circles of New York
51 The plumber's favorite vegetable
52 What she played the old skin game for
55 Here's a fellow who takes things easy
57 This isn't that—it's this
58 What every woman knows but won't admit
59 Where girls who look good enough to eat always wind up
60 A handy little article

VERTICAL

1 A wise old bird
2 A dirty laugh
3 They made the Roman Scandals
4 What a hen party does
5 She wrote these letters as an afterthought
6 How asthma starts
7 Turkey love nest
8 Scram out
9 This is only a point in Scotland
10 The start and finish of Toronto
11 What he was against disease
13 Nut shells
15 A gold digger's mine
17 Frozen assets in summer
18 A foxy step
21 Even in good times he's got something to croak about
22 An undainty morsel, eaten on Toidy-toid Street
23 He's always knocking on wood—this bird
24 Your father's father's daughter
25 Piscatorial motors
26 What angry Chinese stick out at each other (singular)
28 Half pint
29 Baloney
31 Irish instrument of torture
32 Here's a sticker for you (plural)
34 This fellow's always separated from his money
35 Iron moss
36 Milady of the underworld
37 A game you play around kitty
38 To put away the groceries
39 A best smeller
41 Gobs and gobs of fellows are this
42 A slight tie-up in the upper story
43 What aviators use for gas
45 He had plenty of money so he crowned her with this
46 The day the due falls heaviest
48 Dogs that help their masters get along
49 A sharp drop in the weather
51 Weighty matter (plural abbr.)
52 Double this and add it to Ha and you have the cry of the great Durante himself
53 A long conversation with an Indian
54 This is on the safe side
56 Exist
57 Big Stick (inits.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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☐Civil Engineering
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VOX POP

IMAGINE 45 POCKET BATTLESHIPS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — Admiral Henry A. Wiley's article, Can We Depend on Our Fleet? in May 5 Liberty has given a decidedly unjust condemnation of the pocket battleship of the Deutschland class. He claims that in order to mount the guns and engines of the size she used her armor protection or cruising range, or perhaps both, will have to suffer. On the contrary, her armor protection is as good and in some cases better than the large battle cruisers of about 30,000 tons displacement. Her cruising range excels that of any American 10,000-ton cruiser.

It might be interesting to know that 45 such ships will have about the same displacement as 15 battleships now in service.

Battleships carry at the most four airplanes each, where 10,000-ton ships carry four or five. Imagine 45 pocket battleships against 15 battleships, each fleet covered by a smoke screen, both sides carrying four planes per ship. The 45 ships could put 180 planes into the air against 60 from the 15 ships. These 180 could easily wipe out the 60, and where would the 15 battleships be with no planes to direct the fire of their guns? They would be hopelessly defeated.—*Francis L. Gould.*

LOOK OUT FOR LOCKJAW HERE

AINSWORTH, NEB. — While perusing the Tariff Act of 1930, Par. 27 (*a*) (1), Schedule 1, Subtitle I, of Chapter 4, I happened on the following word: "Tetramethyldiaminodiphenylmethane" and wonder if any of your Vox Poppers can tell me how to pronounce it without danger of lockjaw.

I would send this as one of Liberty's Twenty Questions, but I understand a person must be able to answer his own question before he can qualify in that contest.—*W. M. Ely, Attorney.*

PRINCESS, QUIT KIDDIN'

CAMDEN, N. J.—One of the best features in Liberty is Princess Kropotkin's page, To the Ladies! Her stuff is interesting, instructive, and full of humor. But when the princess writes that she is constitutionally disqualified from being a wise-cracker, I'd say, "Now, now, Princess, quit your kiddin'." For if you're not the life of the party in that line I don't know a bean from a diamond.—*James C. Gibson.*

MERIT OR ASININITY?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Did you bestow four stars on Assistant U. S. Attorney Ambrose Epperson's letter (May 12 Vox Pop), Put Family Skeletons on Record to Beat Crime, for merit or for asininity? Mr. Epperson of Omaha, Neb., clothed with the uniform of law enforcement, suddenly discovers that by registering every human being in the country, issuing certificates and handing out passports, watching every man, woman, and child in their every act, crime would dissolve into thin air. His system if ever adopted will lead to but one thing eventually, as it did in Russia—to a political weapon of the cruelest variety.

The most effective means of reducing crime is to give every individual an opportunity of earning three square meals a day, a shelter for himself and his family, and enough left over to see a movie and get a copy of Liberty every week.—*David Weissman.*

SAVE US FROM SIBERIA, VOX POPPERS

GEDDES, S. D.—I think the editor of Vox Pop should be placed in solitary confinement in Siberia if he don't supply more Vox Pop write-ups than he does.

The human mind craves spicy new unusual information, and we readers get more honest-to-goodness information and up-to-the-minute live-wire mind twisters from its columns than from a whole week's reading of the foremost daily papers.

For gracious' sake give us more Vox Pops!—*John Immers.*

THOSE MYTHICAL SAILORS

NORFOLK, VA.—In reply to the gob's letter in a recent Vox Pop, is there anything technical about swabbing a deck? Relative to the marines receiving $17.65 —the government does not trust the flatfoot to take a vessel to sea. It must be armed with a detachment of marines, not only for the protection of the vessel but to keep the gobs in the straight and narrow path.

Do not let the gob forget for one moment that the intricate parts of a vessel are brass and that they must be shined. Who shines the brightwork? Not the marines!

Why is it that the marine gun crews of ships have a better score than those of the mythical sailors of the seven seas? As to the month's training required for the marines, it takes six weeks, which is the same time allotted to train a gob to holystone and climb masts.—*An Upholder of Marines.*

LET THE WOMAN DO THE WORK

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Do you know who I think could put the skids under this depression, and do it quick? The women—wives and mothers—of America. Millions of us mere women all over the land have had years of training, to wit: food from store to stove to hungry mouths; covering Johnny's trousers seat with a patch from dad's old ones; kissing bruised bodies; putting an arm around the old man when he is discouraged; and so on—all on a weekly pay check that is in many cases almost nil.

I claim we are great financiers at times, and if great financiering on nothing works in the home, why not for the nation?—*Ebe B. Hunter.*

JUNK FOR THINKERS

TAMPA, FLA. — Why mix up your titles? You have changed Vox Pop to Short Short Stories and give us practically no real old-time Vox Pop. Cut it out and get right or I'll quit reading your sorry junk.—*J. E. Johnson.*

BEGGS, OKLA.—Vox Pop is the best feature in Liberty. It embodies all that the word Liberty implies. It is a department for those who wish to do something more than just sit back and hope for better times. It is for thinkers.—*Dean Edward Handy.*

NOTHING MORE PRECIOUS

CHICAGO, ILL.—As the mother of a small daughter who of necessity must often find her way about alone, I wish to express my appreciation of the article Protect Children, by Tom A. Burke, in your May 12 issue.

There is nothing more precious in the world than a child, and while most mothers do their utmost to teach their children caution, we must depend a great deal on the motorist, for a child who is not care-free and impetuous is not a child.—*Mrs. J. R. Connolley.*

TALK ABOUT "SOFTIES"

LURAY, VA.—H. F. Maness of April 28 Vox Pop should wake up to the fact that the Civilian Conservation Corps is a working organization and not a plaything, as he thinks. I have served in the navy and in the army and now I am in the CCC. So I know what they are like, and since my term in the CCC I have worked more than I did in the navy or army both put together. So Mr. Maness shouldn't talk about "softies" until he knows what he is talking about.—*Odell Stipes, Carrol Ludwig, B. B. Roach, Dean Cornett, and Dan Ellis, of 344th Company, CCC, Camp No. L.*

ATTENTION, MOOSE JAW

MONTREAL, QUE.—In a recent Vox Pop I note that a reader from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, asked for the whereabouts of Tracy Richardson.

Richardson is in Denver, Colorado, at the present time according to a letter I had from a mutual friend. He informed me a few months ago that he had seen Tracy.—*G. Clarke.*

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

WINNIPEG, MAN.—A letter in April 28 Vox Pop from N. A. W. of Baltimore makes me mad. He talks about the independent grocer with his old-fashioned shop, bad lighting, dirty corners, etc., and says the chain stores are clean, well lighted, and orderly. He says the independents ought to copy their appearance. I take it this N. A. W. is sitting back on a good salary and not having to worry about where his next dime is coming from. He's always willing to give advice to others less fortunate than himself.

Of course a merchant should make his store modern and keep it clean and orderly. But the independents' money is all tied up in accounts while the people who incurred these accounts are probably shopping at a chain store. Let N. A. W. and the millions of others like him buy from the independent and he will fix up his store soon enough!—*R. R.*

A GOAT, SOME CHICKENS, AND RABBITS

DENVER, COLO.—How many of the millions who are undernourished in this country know that with little effort they could have milk, eggs, and fresh meat free? A goat gives fourteen quarts of milk a week. The sale of two quarts will pay for its upkeep. Fifteen laying hens will give a medium-sized family more eggs than it can use. The sale of surplus eggs will pay for their feed. Five rabbits will supply fresh meat three or four times a week. The sale of their skins will pay for their upkeep.

The man struggling with adversity can thus get wholesome food for his family, and have fewer doctors' bills and more money for clothing, education, and amusement.—*A. Logan.*

THE MOST READ BOOK

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.—In Twenty Questions for April 14 you declare the Bible to be the most read book. I don't agree. I admit there may be more Bibles sold than other books, but how many read it? Can you name any who do? Do your friends? And how about yourself? I'll wager you haven't looked in your Bible since you declared it to be the most read book!—*H. C. Hamilton.*

HATING AND HISSING

RICHMOND, IND.—Back in 1914 we were told to hate the German people. Huns, they were. Well, we hated them. Then toward 1917 it was suggested we kill 'em. We did that too. When that became monotonous, we were told to hate Woodrow Wilson. We followed that up for about eighteen months, then sat down to lick our chops.

But " the freedom of the press " didn't approve of our self-sufficiency. There was Russia. Nobody hated her! Hate and hiss the Russians! We didn't know what it was all about, but we kept that up for thirteen years! But the other evening there was a grand reception in the Russian embassy in Washington. Every Russian present seemed nice and nobody was hating 'em any more.

We were just tickled to death at the new era of good feeling. Then the report came we had to " hiss Hitler " until further notice. We have kept that up now for about a year, but there are signs that we'll turn our blunderbusses on one of our own prophets for the next year or so—any one suspected of having brains is going to be the target of our bean shooters.—*M. R. Kuehn.*

BACK TO THE LAND

TACOMA, WASH.—About fifteen months ago Bernarr Macfadden wrote an editorial in Liberty advocating a back-to-the-land movement. I have just reread it, and believe it is still pertinent. But while thousands would welcome such a chance, the difficulty would be a lack of funds to get started. Here is where the federal government should step in.

Let it buy and prepare tracts of one or two acres each near industrial towns and cities, build small houses and otherwise improve them. Sell these to the jobless families on a rental basis, with the first payment deferred for one year, and then on an amortization plan of monthly payments of small amounts, with no interest if paid when due. This arrangement would create work, establish homes, improve and contribute to industry, and enable a man to hold his self-respect and revive his morale.—*J. A. Vawter.*

DOUBLE-HARNESS LADIES

TOPEKA, KAN.—I was overjoyed to find in Vox Pop of April 28 a letter by Rosa H. Harris of New York relative to employment of married women. There is one woman who has the courage to tell the truth about her own sex on why married women should not be employed to the exclusion of girls, young men, and men with families.

In Topeka one railway is one of the largest employers of labor, both office and otherwise, and their departments are alive with married women. In many cases their husbands work for the road too.

The state Capitol building is next, with its departments filled with married women. Even some of the officials' wives work in departments. Also another plant is practically full of the double-harness ladies.

The department stores have their quotas, and other married women stand all day in hamburger joints and restaurants to help the slick-haired sheiks who are their husbands get pocket money to play pool.

I know whereof I speak, but it seems nothing can be done about it.

I have bucked this unemployment game a long time, partly due to the employment of married women working just to pass the time.—*M. C. King.*

WHAT! SPLIT INFINITIVES?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—
I'd rather be a Vox Pop scribe
Than any one who lives.
What fun to call each other names
And split infinitives!

—*E. C. Baird.*

WE ARE SUNK?

MACON, MO.—Your good editorials have suggested everything imaginable to end the depression. If Liberty don't find a way out for us, we are sunk!—*Dr. J. L. Bridgford.*

UPON THOSE MISTAKES WE WILL BUILD

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—President Roosevelt with his recovery program may have made mistakes. But what business institution or any activity doesn't show a record of mistakes in plenty? No progress would ever be made except for mistakes.

Few recovery programs have been subjected to such a rigorous control as that exercised by President Roosevelt. Few have ever had their mistakes subjected to such immediate corrective measures. We may complain that his supervision and regulation by various code authorities has not been necessary; that it has cost the taxpayers a tremendous amount of money; that it has accomplished nothing.

But thank Heaven there no longer remains a question in the minds of sane people as to his doing everything possible to insure the maximum benefit to the majority of our people.

Every plan has its record of failures and successes and—let us shout it from the housetops—mistakes too. But upon those mistakes we will build for the future.—*Henry Frank Kane.*

THEY DON'T CARE A HOOT

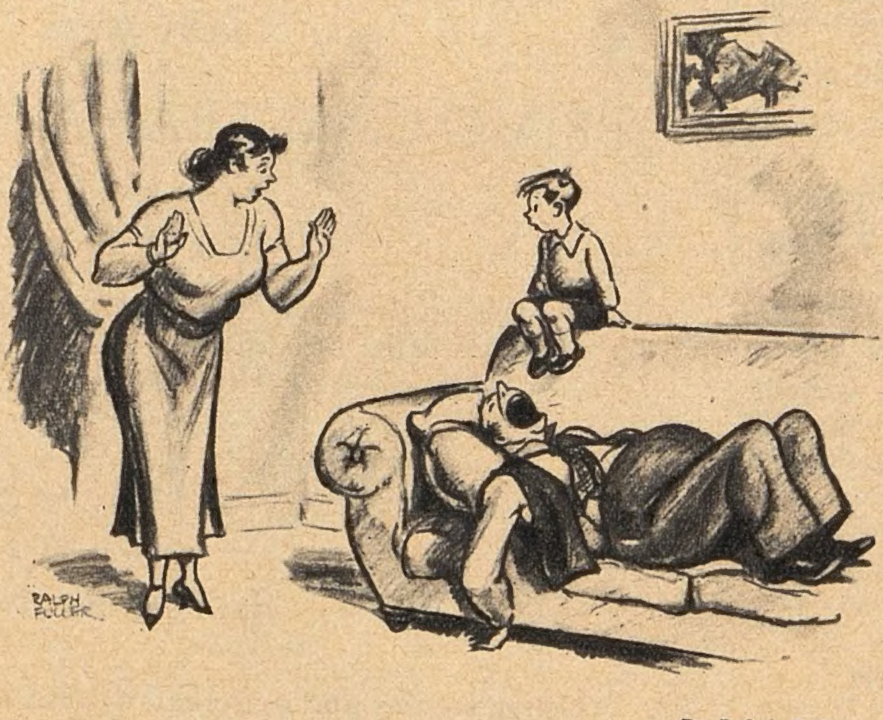
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—Surely you realize that ninety-nine people out of every hundred do not care a hoot about Rudy Vallee, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, or any other movie star or prize fighter. They enjoy a good picture show or a good prize fight, but personally such people have no interest whatever for the general public.—*W. H. Faulkner.*

"I TOLD YOU SO"

MOUNT VERNON, IND.—A medal to Jesse Lasky for his interview in April 28 Liberty defying popular jealousy and defending the salaries of screen stars.

When they succeed, if they do, they usually have only a brief taste of the success for which they have worked so hard. Why begrudge them the glorious fling?

Let us hope that Lasky finds his Pavlowa. My own nomination for the rôle is Ann Hovey, 1934 Wampus Star.—*M. A.*



By Ralph Fuller

"Careful, Willie! Papa's sleeping with his mouth open."

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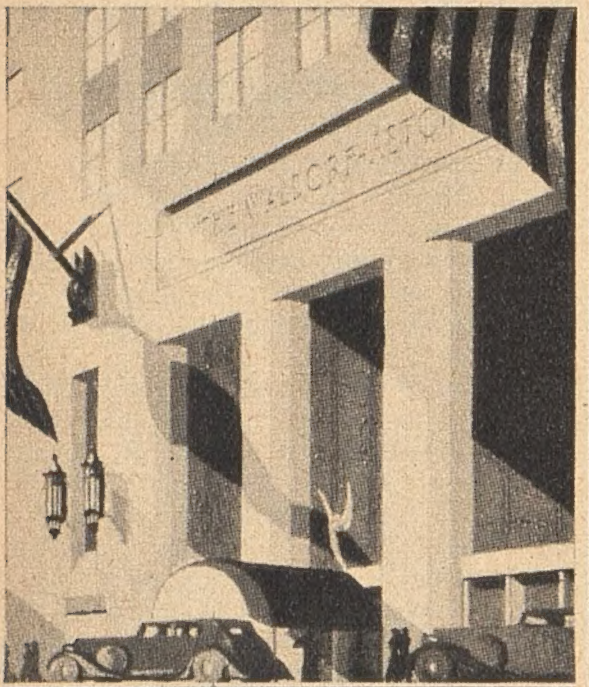

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WKBF KOIL WSYR WLW CFC

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PRIMO CARNERA—A REVELATION

By

Dick Williams

"He's on the spot," the wise ones say, and he's more than a little bewildered—You'll know the Italian Goliath better when you have read this article

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a Love Story by

Kathleen Norris

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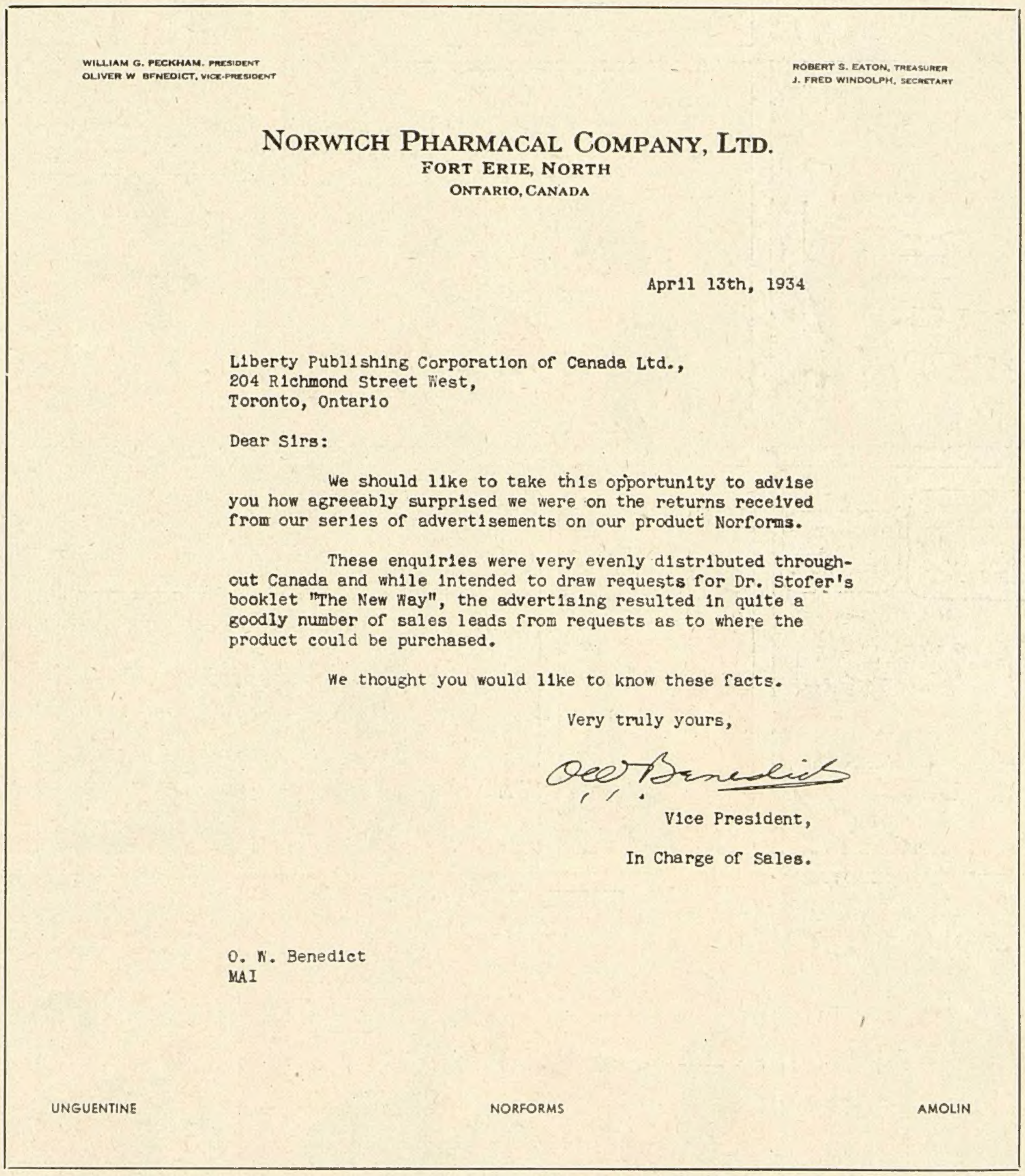

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April 13th, 1934

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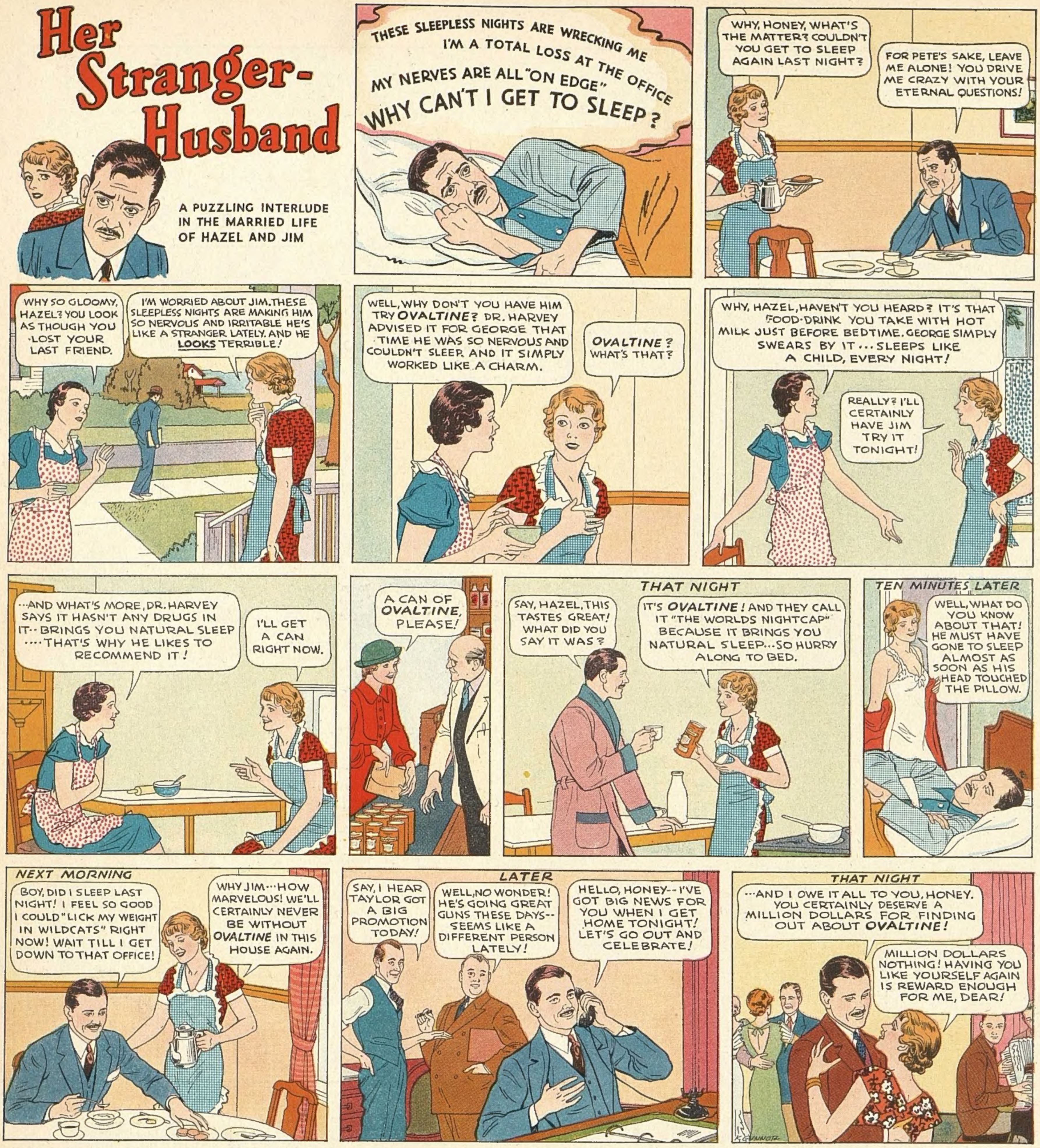
THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE WRECKING ME
I'M A TOTAL LOSS AT THE OFFICE
MY NERVES ARE ALL "ON EDGE"
WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP?
WHY, HONEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? COULDN'T YOU GET TO SLEEP AGAIN LAST NIGHT?
FOR PETE'S SAKE, LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY WITH YOUR ETERNAL QUESTIONS!
WHY SO GLOOMY, HAZEL? YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT JIM. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING HIM SO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE HE'S LIKE A STRANGER LATELY. AND HE LOOKS TERRIBLE!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HIM TRY OVALTINE? DR. HARVEY ADVISED IT FOR GEORGE THAT TIME HE WAS SO NERVOUS AND COULDN'T SLEEP. AND IT SIMPLY WORKED LIKE A CHARM.
OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT?
WHY, HAZEL, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? IT'S THAT FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE WITH HOT MILK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME. GEORGE SIMPLY SWEARS BY IT... SLEEPS LIKE A CHILD, EVERY NIGHT!
REALLY? I'LL CERTAINLY HAVE JIM TRY IT TONIGHT!
...AND WHAT'S MORE, DR. HARVEY SAYS IT HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT.. BRINGS YOU NATURAL SLEEP ....THAT'S WHY HE LIKES TO RECOMMEND IT!
I'LL GET A CAN RIGHT NOW.
A CAN OF OVALTINE, PLEASE!
THAT NIGHT
SAY, HAZEL, THIS TASTES GREAT! WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
IT'S OVALTINE! AND THEY CALL IT "THE WORLDS NIGHTCAP" BECAUSE IT BRINGS YOU NATURAL SLEEP...SO HURRY ALONG TO BED.
TEN MINUTES LATER
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! HE MUST HAVE GONE TO SLEEP ALMOST AS SOON AS HIS HEAD TOUCHED THE PILLOW.
NEXT MORNING
BOY, DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT! I FEEL SO GOOD I COULD "LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS" RIGHT NOW! WAIT TILL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE!
WHY JIM...HOW MARVELOUS! WE'LL CERTAINLY NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN.
LATER
SAY, I HEAR TAYLOR GOT A BIG PROMOTION TODAY!
WELL, NO WONDER! HE'S GOING GREAT GUNS THESE DAYS-- SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON LATELY!
HELLO, HONEY--I'VE GOT BIG NEWS FOR YOU WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT! LET'S GO OUT AND CELEBRATE!
THAT NIGHT
...AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, HONEY. YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR FINDING OUT ABOUT OVALTINE!
MILLION DOLLARS NOTHING! HAVING YOU LIKE YOURSELF AGAIN IS REWARD ENOUGH FOR ME, DEAR!
K. GUNNOR

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So remarkable are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, during the Great War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Thousands of nervous people, men and women, use it regularly to restore vitality when fatigued. And it is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, under-developed children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

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